

# THE TIMES

50P

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SATURDAY JANUARY 4 1997

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## Gyngell praised for setting example ITV firm bans 'Hollywood Lovers' series

By ALEXANDRA FREAN AND RUSSELL JENKINS

A LEADING independent television executive took an extraordinary stand against sleaze yesterday by banning *Hollywood Lovers*, a prime-time documentary series, expected to attract huge ratings.

Bruce Gyngell, the managing director of Yorkshire Television who last year launched a crusade against sex and violence on screen, has withdrawn the four-part series from his region's schedules and replaced it with an Alan Whicker travelogue. The company, which serves eight and a half million viewers, said that several sequences were unsuitable.

Mr Gyngell's stand was praised by Virginia Bottomley, the Home Secretary, who said: "I am greatly encouraged by the way in which regulators, programme-makers and broadcasters are responding to the public mood, and setting an example." But the move has angered some other ITV executives who believe the regional companies need to show a united front in the face of unprecedented scrutiny on matters of taste and decency. All the other regions will show the programme after the 9pm family viewing watershed on Wednesday.

*Hollywood Lovers* is the fourth in a series that started in 1993 with *Hollywood Women*. That attracted an audience of nearly 12 million — one of the biggest audiences for a documentary programme — and was followed by *Hollywood Kids*, which received a BAFTA nomination, *Hollywood Men*, and *Hollywood Pets*. All attracted audiences in excess of 10 million.

In banning *Hollywood Lovers*



Gyngell, calling for Alan Whicker

ers, Mr Gyngell is understood to have objected to a detailed description of a plastic surgery procedure carried out on female genitalia and to have disliked a sequence depicting the "Mile High Club", which shows "private" planes equipped with double beds.

Mr Gyngell had already banned several late-night shows such as *The Good Sex Guide*, the dating game *God's Gift*, and the sex quiz *Canal Knowledge* from his region's schedules. But this is the first time that he has banned a prime-time programme, and his company — which has paid about £120,000 towards the costs of *Hollywood Lovers* — is expected to lose advertising revenue as a result.

Claire Rayner, who worked as the agony aunt for TV-am breakfast show for seven years, said that Mr Gyngell had a "gut feeling" for what the public would tolerate. "The problems we are dealing with here is that people don't seem to know the difference between morality and taste. By all means people can say 'I don't want this programme

because it is cruddy' so long as he doesn't dress it up by calling it morality," she said.

Gerald Kaufman, the Labour chairman of the National Heritage Select Committee, agreed: "There is very great deal of trash going out on television. This seems as if it may be just such trash. I have no objection to it being shown and no objection to it being prevented from being shown."

But Mary Whitehouse, honorary president of the National Viewers and Listeners Association, said that Mr Gyngell was to be congratulated. "He is someone who has shown quite a sharp mind in these matters." He also appeared to have the support of some viewers in the Yorkshire-Tyne-Tees region. In a telephone poll run by *The Yorkshire Post*, 320 callers supported Mr Gyngell's campaign and only 38 against.

But David Green, managing director of September Films which made *Hollywood Lovers*, accused Mr Gyngell of censorship and of "living in a television Jurassic Park". There was nothing in the programme that could not be shown in children's hour, he said. "At a time when there are important issues to fight about such as violence, it's astonishing that a programme that is pure entertainment should be banned. There is nothing very intellectually profound in it, but it has a very sharp ironic edge."

And a senior ITV source said that many in the industry, including advertisers, regarded the decision as ridiculous. "There is nothing in these programmes that would damage or harm Mr Gyngell's audience," he said.



Emergency feeding for starving swans, geese and ducks at Fairburn Ings, North Yorkshire, yesterday. A ban on wildfowl shooting has been mooted

## Europe-wide freeze claims 200 lives

By MICHAEL HORNEWELL, SUSAN BELL AND MARK HENDERSON

THE big chill that has killed more than 200 people across Europe is expected to persist over the weekend, although forecasters expect the easterly winds responsible for the sub-zero temperatures to relent next week.

The weekend's sporting programme has been devastated and travel all over the Continent has been disrupted, with breakdown and rescue services stretched to the limit. In the South of France, 30,000 travellers were stranded as the region came to a standstill. Ten thousand people spent Thursday night trapped in their cars, trains, railway stations or camping out in emergency shelters set up in schools, barracks and sports centres.

In Britain, fresh snowfalls and temperatures as low as -10C have led to the postponement of 12 of today's FA Cup ties, while others are dependent on late pitch inspections. Rugby and racing will also be severely hit and the World Pooh Sticks Championship in Oxfordshire has been postponed until March because the Thames has frozen over.

But with Scotland enjoying a sunny 4C (39F), record numbers of skiers and snowboarders are expected to take advantage of the excellent conditions at the country's five winter resorts.

The death toll from the cold snap continued to rise yesterday, adding to the problems at

mortuaries already overcrowded because the ground is too hard to bury the dead. In Bucharest, where 50 people have died in the cold, the main mortuary has 120 corpses in an area normally set aside for 40. In Bonn, gravediggers used pneumatic drills to penetrate the frozen earth and in Leipzig glowing coals are being used to soften the ground.

Yesterday's victims included four people killed in Spain when a bus overturned on the ice, injuring another 22.

Two elderly German tourists died of heart failure while stranded by the snow in southeastern France, and another man froze to death after falling on ice in a Brittany wood, taking the total number killed by the cold in

France since Christmas Eve to 25. Two skiers, one Dutch and one German, died in separate avalanches in Switzerland, where the weather service has issued warnings after heavy snowfalls followed by rising temperatures.

The weather may also have contributed to the death of the musician David Hartigan, who was found collapsed in snow in Cheshire after spending the weekend at Sir Hardy Armes's country home. He is

believed to have had a brain haemorrhage. In the Ukraine, six new year revellers froze to death after falling asleep outside. In Warrington, however, a shelter dog saved the life of a teenager who lay for five hours in an alley 50 yards from his home. The dog, Gizmo, ran back to his home and alerted his owners, who followed him back to the alley.

Continued on page 2, col 4

Shooting ban, page 4  
Forecast, page 20

### Rate rise fears

Fears of an interest rates rise heightened after official Bank of England figures disclosed that personal borrowing rose by a record £1.1 billion in November. The Government attempted to play down fears of a runaway consumer boom. Page 21

### Spread the word

Preachers are invited today to submit sermons for the Preacher of the Year award, sponsored by *The Times* and organised by the College of Preachers. This year preachers will be permitted to submit tapes. Page 8

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WEATHER  
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## Critics call for humiliated England to return home

By OUR SPORTS STAFF

A CHORUS of criticism greeted England's final cricketing humiliation in Zimbabwe last night. There were calls for the captaincy to be taken from Michael Atherton and even for the rest of the tour, to New Zealand, to be abandoned.

England were crushed by 13 runs in Harare, bowled out for 118 after Eddo Brandes, chicken farmer and part-time cricketer, took a sensational hat-trick. The defeat gave Zimbabwe the one-day international series by a clear 3-0.

Brandes finished with five for 28 after wrecking England's top order, taking the wickets of Nick Knight, John Crawley and Nasser Hussain in successive balls.

At one stage Atherton's side were in danger of failing to pass their lowest ever one-day international total of 93, against Australia at Headingley in 1975. The England party is to leave for New Zealand today, but yesterday's result leaves the tour in crisis.

Bill Cash, Tory MP for Stafford, described the team's performance as "abysmal", adding: "English cricket has reached a new low. We have to



Michael Atherton and manager John Barclay yesterday

shake the whole thing up and produce some new talent."

Geoffrey Boycott, the former England batsman, criticised the lack of preparation for the tour. "I don't call going to Portugal for a bit of golf and a bit of running about preparation for a winner cricket tour," he said.

Former England captains also joined in the criticism. Brian Close said: "This was supposed to be the best-prepared team we have ever sent on tour. They want their backsides kicking. I don't

know what you can do with them." Bob Willis believes Atherton's days as captain may be numbered. "He will see out the tour, but after that he may resign, or be sacked."

Atherton himself was bloodied but unbowed. "You have two options: you give up or you fight on, and I see no point in myself or the players giving up. We have the second leg of the tour coming up, and we will be trying our best to put things right."

Report, page 40

## Israeli coalition at risk over Hebron

FROM ROSS DUNN IN JERUSALEM

THE Israeli Prime Minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, has warned elements in his coalition that he will form a government with the Labour opposition if they do not support him over Hebron.

He made the threat when it began to seem possible that he might not get a majority in the Cabinet to approve an accord transferring most of the West Bank town to Palestinian self rule.

Mr Netanyahu's threat came as it became clear that a further two ministers in the fundamentalist religious Shas Party, as well as his Justice Minister, would abstain in the vote approving the deal if a harder line were not taken with the Palestinians. Earlier, seven ministers had warned the Prime Minister that he could not rely on their vote.

As the debate over Hebron continued yesterday, tensions rose in the West Bank. More than 200 Jewish settlers established mobile homes on a hillside outside Ramallah in an attempt to extend their settlement. They agreed later to move. But a settlers' spokesman said they planned to open negotiations with the Israeli

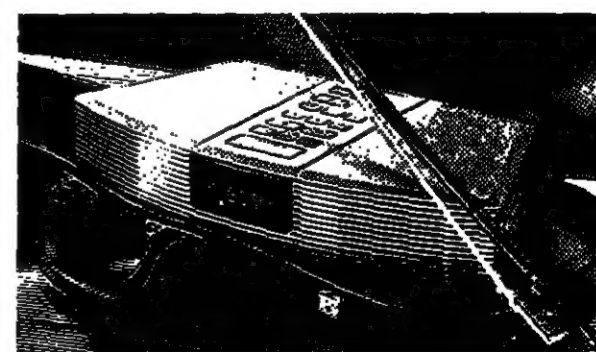
military about starting to build on the land.

In Gaza City, Nabil Abu Rudeina, a Palestinian Authority spokesman, warned Israel against any new building for Jewish settlers. He demanded that the Government should remove immediately the settlers "whose actions seriously threaten the peace process".

Earlier this week, Mr Netanyahu told some of his coalition partners that he would have to think of forging a national unity government with Shimon Peres's party if the governing majority "continues to be so irresponsible."

"I cannot get anything passed with such a majority," Mr Netanyahu said just before it emerged that as many as 18 ministers in the Cabinet would turn against him over the Hebron issue. Seven have said openly that they would vote against the accord and an eighth, Tzachi Hanegbi, the Justice Minister, has said he would join them if the Palestinians did not agree to hand over terrorists wanted for attacks against Israelis.

Attack planned, page 10



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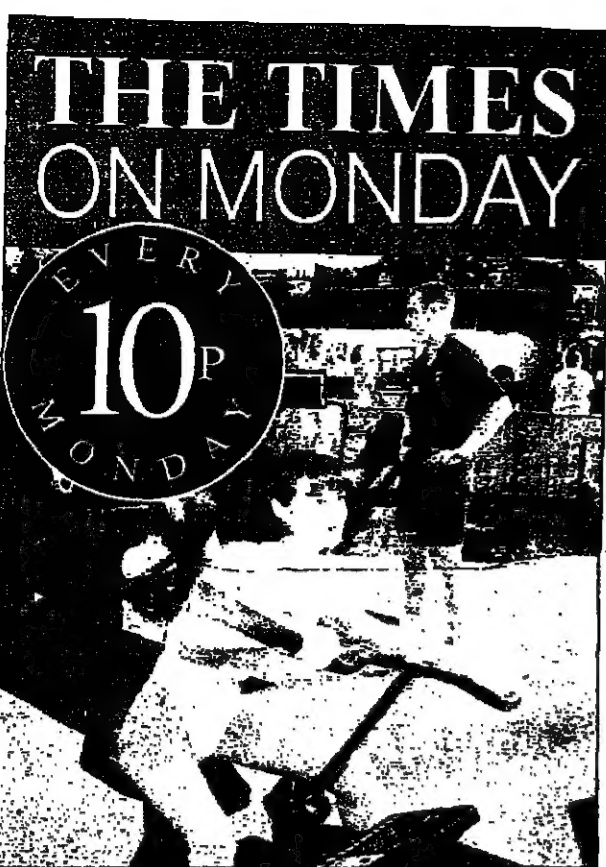
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OBITUARIES  
SIMON JENKINS

BUSINESS NEWS 21-24  
WEEKEND MONEY 25-31  
SPORT 34-40

SHOPPING: WEEKEND 3  
PROPERTY: WEEKEND 7-9  
TRAVEL: WEEKEND 13-19





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The Columnist of the Year

## Eyecott planned as prisoner in 'Dunblane' pledge is freed

# Parents shun threatened schools

By STEPHEN FARRELL

PARENTS were planning to withhold their children from schools yesterday after a violent prisoner who threatened to "do a Dunblane" was released from prison.

Mothers of children in Eltham, southeast London, demanded tighter security with primary school David Jennings, 30, who has convictions for assault and possessing a firearm in a public place.

Jennings, 30, was freed from Swaleside Prison, Kent, at 7.30am the day after Greenwich council won an emergency injunction banning him from schools and council buildings. He was immediately driven away in a van under police guard.

The former soldier, a father of ten children, admits that he made the "Dunblane" threat to a prison chaplain at High Point Prison, Suffolk, last year while serving a 30-month sentence for assaulting a social worker. He insisted that it was not a serious threat, but that he was simply angry at social



Parents at one Greenwich school sign a petition urging legal action against Jennings

services for not arranging a visit from his son.

Schools were warned of his threats in a letter from Greenwich Education Service on December 19. Parents of pupils at one unnamed primary school, formerly attended by his children, refused to send them back when term

begins next week. Building contractors were inside the school yesterday, but the council refused to discuss security measures. Parents say that they have been promised panic buttons and security cameras.

Shirley Barnes, 41, said: "Everyone is petrified. They

told us not to worry, but how can you not? My boy is not going there until I know what is happening. Nobody is sending their children back."

Scores of residents signed a petition in local shops urging the council to take legal action. The council confirmed yesterday: "We have issued security

guidelines to every school in the borough. Any school where we have had particular concerns has been visited by our security staff and the police and, if they have recommended any measures, that has been taken on board."

The interim injunction granted at the High Court on Thursday will stay in force until a full hearing on Monday, at which Jennings will contest a 250-yard exclusion zone around some schools and council buildings. He claims that the measures are unnecessarily onerous and would stop him living a normal life in an area where he has lived for 25 years.

Jennings's second wife, Samantha, refused to answer questions yesterday at her home in Abbey Wood, Greenwich, after saying earlier that her family would be forced to move from the area.

His mother, Dorothy, from Charlton, said: "I haven't heard from him today and I didn't even know he was getting out. We get on well, but I do not think he will come here."

## Official Solicitor takes up abuse case

By DOMINIC KENNEDY

THE Official Solicitor is taking the Government to the European Court of Human Rights over "inhuman treatment" suffered by five children abused by their parents.

Peter Harris, whose role is being investigated by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Mackay of Clashfern, over a film deal he agreed about the murderer Frederick West, will embarrass ministers if he wins. He is acting on behalf of five sisters and brothers who are trying to sue Bedfordshire County Council for failing to protect them from their parents. Local authorities could face huge claims for damages from other children in the same position if he is successful.

The House of Lords upheld a decision to strike out the case, on the grounds that councils do not owe a duty of



Harris inquiry into role

care which can result in civil action, to protect all youngsters in their area from risk.

The youngsters, now aged between seven and 14, suffered sustained ill-treatment and neglect from their parents between 1987 and 1992, when they were under ten.

Despite repeated reports of deprivation by the police, neighbours, relatives, the NSPCC, the family doctor, a social worker and a health visitor, the council allegedly did not take effective steps until 1992. It placed them on the child protection register and sought care orders.

## Graduates lack basic skills, says Shephard

By JOHN O'LEARY, EDUCATION EDITOR

STANDARDS of the three Rs among graduates are causing concern. Gillian Shephard admitted yesterday. The Education and Employment Secretary, launching a drive to spread the Government's "back to basics" message throughout the education system, also conceded that many school-leavers were suffering from poor literacy and numeracy training.

Despite the millions of pounds devoted to raising basic skills, many job applicants still could not read satisfactorily, she said.

Mrs Shephard told the North of England Education Conference, in Sheffield, that she would act in the next few weeks to bring together the work of numerous agencies covering schools, higher education and the Employment Service.

She acknowledged the concerns of employers, who are

saying in increasing numbers that students are leaving university poorly equipped in literacy and numeracy. A national centre due to open later this month is likely to be given additional responsibilities, including setting targets for improvement.

The action follows an internal review of the various government-sponsored programmes, which concluded that there was insufficient co-ordination. Some initiatives were found to overlap, wasting public money.

Measures to be announced later this month will include refresher courses for young people who leave schools with borderline reading skills. Mrs Shephard said: "There are many who, even if they leave school with a reasonable grasp of literacy and numeracy, could find themselves in difficulty again by the age of 19 or 20 unless their

skills are refreshed and reinforced."

The minister said the "battle for basics" now ranged from nursery education to work-training. There was scope for the individuals and agencies involved to achieve better results.

A small but significant minority of young people faced a bleak future after leaving school without adequate levels of literacy and numeracy. About 100,000 teenagers leave school each year without a GCSE pass in maths or English.

"Low basic skills close the door on a life of learning and on countless job opportunities. They raise levels of dependency and deny access to the all-consuming technological revolution," Mrs Shephard said. "Employers are quite clear in their views about education. Even the suitability of graduates is doubted."

## Cabinet support for Dorrell puts pressure on Clarke

By ARTHUR LEATHLEY

CABINET ministers yesterday intensified pressure on Kenneth Clarke to take a more Euro-sceptical position as they backed Stephen Dorrell's call for a shake-up of Britain's relationship with Brussels.

Malcolm Rifkind, the For-

eign Secretary, led ministers in supporting his proposal. However, the Cabinet confusion caused by Mr Dorrell's move was underlined when Mr Rifkind admitted that he had telephoned the Health Secretary at home on Thursday evening to clarify the position he was taking. Mr

Dorrell "recognises, as does the Cabinet as a whole, that if [the European Union] has to be more than a free trade area, but must never become a European state," Mr Rifkind said. The Foreign Secretary insisted that Mr Dorrell's stance was in line with government policy.

Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, was also swift to welcome the comments made by Mr Dorrell, previously considered one of the most Europhile ministers.

However, senior Tories privately admitted that Mr Dorrell's move had shifted the ground from which the Gov-

ernment would campaign. One said: "Dorrell has changed the Cabinet's centre of gravity on Europe and it is now up to every minister to support that line." The Chancellor is still blocking moves to rule out Britain's joining a single European currency during the next Parliament.

## Stress forces Tory MP to quit

A multimillionaire MP announced last night that stress has forced him to stand down from the Commons (Arthur Leathley writes). Barry Field, Conservative MP for the Isle of Wight, said that he had made his decision to retire at the general election after receiving medical advice.

Mr Field, the 63rd Tory MP to announce he is standing down, said: "I don't feel representing the biggest constituency in Britain is a job you can do without giving 110 per cent."

## Bail appeal lost

A Crown Prosecution Service appeal against a magistrate's decision on Thursday to give bail to Michael Gallagher, 53, accused of involvement in an IRA mortar bomb attack on Heathrow, was rejected by Judge Neil Denison, Common Serjeant of London.

## Teacher jailed

A teacher has been jailed for six months after pleading guilty to inciting an 11-year-old to commit an act of gross indecency. Angela Quinn, 26, of Widnes, Cheshire, passed notes to a pupil suggesting they have sex. Warrington Crown Court was told.

## Lottery cash veto

The Millennium Commission has withdrawn a pledged £3.45 million total of National Lottery funding from a £5 million scheme to attract more tourists to the River Thames and a £1.4 million plan to build a tourist railway in Northern Ireland.

## Girl returns

A girl who had been missing for three days went to the police yesterday after hearing a plea from her brother to come home. Lisa Barrow, 15, walked into a police station in Glasgow three hours after her brother's public appeal. She is described as healthy.

## Rottweiler attack

A bride-to-be has been forced to postpone her wedding plans after her face was mauled by a rottweiler named Tyson. Helen Doyle, 21, buried her head in snow to protect herself during the attack on New Year's Day in Leeds.

## Planets found

George Salit, the third Briton to discover a planet this century, has spotted two more. Mr Salit, 44, of Basingstoke, Hampshire, found Salit One between Jupiter and Mars. Salit Two and Salit Three are in the same asteroid belt.

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## Shops fight for organic market

By ROBIN YOUNG

BRITAIN'S biggest conference on organic food production began yesterday with a demand from Sainsbury's for more organic farming.

It has recruited ten of its conventional produce suppliers to attend the conference, and said that it hoped the initiative might persuade more suppliers to convert to organic production to help to meet demand for produce free of chemical pesticides and fertilisers.

The three-day conference at the Royal Agricultural College in Cirencester, Wiltshire, is organised by the Soil Association, which said that Britain's 870 organic farms still represented only 0.3 per cent of the total farmed land. In Austria, a tenth of farmed land is

registered for organic production.

Tesco have a trial promotion in which 13 lines of organic produce are being sold at the same price as the conventional products in other stores. Demand has increased by half in the South East stores where the experiment is in operation.

Sainsbury has been able to meet demand for organic fruit and vegetables by importing almost two-thirds of them.

The top 12 organic products are: 1. Fruit juices; 2. Carrots; 3. Semi-skimmed milk; 4. Free-range eggs; 5. Kiwi fruit; 6. Lettuce; 7. Avocado; 8. Cheese; 9. Mini-cucumbers; 10. Whole milk; 11. Meats; 12. Sausages. (Source: Planet Organic.)

## YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

Mary Kallen on how a biopathic diet made her reduce stress and lose weight: the start of a series in *The Times* next week

## Cold claims 200 lives

Continued from page 1 where they found 18-year-old Stuart Fitzpatrick and called an ambulance. Mr Fitzpatrick's mother, Jane, said: "The nurse at the hospital told me he was like a frozen turkey and lucky to be alive."

Wildlife has also been suffering in the cold: hundreds of swans with hypothermia have been rescued from the Thames in Oxfordshire and Berkshire, while the National Swan Sanctuary at Egham in Surrey has been receiving injured

birds from all over the country. In Poland a fox killed six swans frozen into a river as they slept and at Amsterdam zoo blackfoot penguins have been moved indoors because it is too cold for them outside.

Hydrofoil services between Copenhagen and Malmö were halted because of ice in the strait between the two cities. In the Caucasus mountains, rescuers were trying to free 30 lorry drivers still trapped after a week in the Roksby tunnel between Russia and Georgia.

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# Lesbian novelist tells of sex for Le Creuset saucepans



Winterson: insists her latest revelation is true

THE award-winning novelist Jeanette Winterson is to set literary tongues wagging once again with revelations about her colourful past.

In an interview in *The Times* magazine today she says that she once worked as a lesbian "prostitute" for married women from the Home Counties in hotel rooms off Knightsbridge and St James's. And, with a typical bluntness, she adds that she was paid in kind, with Le Creuset saucepans.

As fantastical as it sounds, the author insisted last night that the tale was true. Describing it as a "sexual adventure", she said that in her early 20s

she went to parties organised for older, married lesbians. They would give her presents of saucepans, sweaters, scarves and expensive meals in return for sex and companionship.

She said: "This all took place around 16 years ago when things were very different for older women in their fifties who found it more difficult to come out as lesbians. It wasn't just gay married men who led secret lives."

In those days I was a bit wild - I would go to bed with anything. It was great fun and I enjoyed being taken out to dinner and made a fuss of. I

Winterson, 37, was born in 1959, grew up in the village of St Catherine's, Oxford (the book *Whitbread* is set there). She is married to a man and has two children. She has written several books, including *The Stone Gods*, *Written on the Water*, *The Book of the Day*, *The Book of the Year*, *The Book of the Month*, *The Book of the Week*, *The Book of the Day*, *The Book of the Year*, *The Book of the Month*, *The Book of the Week*.

Winterson's *Who's Who* entry names her partner

was never preyed upon or exploited - there was a lot of tenderness. I never regarded myself as a prostitute at the time and I don't care what people think now. It was a long time ago and it seems like another life."

The author has already been accused, some would say unfairly, of embellishing and reinventing her own past in her bestselling semi-autobiographical novel *Oranges are not the only fruit*. The 1985 novel, which won the Whitbread prize and was later serialised by the BBC, portrayed her adoptive parents as religious zealots who would let her read only the Bible and who cast her out of their home in Lancashire for being a lesbian. Although the novel was an obvious mix of truth and fiction, it caused a rift

with her parents which culminated in her not being invited to her mother's funeral.

Winterson has said that the novel was never purely autobiographical, but conceded that she was something of a "storyteller" when it came to tell a good story, whether it's an anecdote about something that really happened, or a piece of fiction.

She was adamant that her latest lurid tale of a weekend "job" was no fabrication. She said that it took place over a two-year period when she came to London after graduating from St Catherine's College, Oxford. She was invited to the parties by friends she met at Gateways,

a lesbian club in Chelsea which closed in 1985.

Winterson, 37, said: "When the club closed I moved to north London and lost touch with these people. I don't think this scene exists anymore. Things have changed quite dramatically since then and it is easier now for middle-aged women to be openly lesbian or bisexual."

Jackie Forster, former editor of the lesbian feminist magazine *Sappho* and a member of Gateways, said that Winterson's story rang true. "The club certainly catered for and attracted these women and there are others that still do today. There are still lots of lesbian women outside London and other big

cities who are forced to lead secret lives."

Winterson lives with the academic and broadcaster Margaret Reynolds, whom she lists as her partner in *Who's Who*. A spokeswoman for the publication said: "This isn't the first time we have had lesbian partners listed."

Dr Reynolds lectures in women's studies at Birmingham University, is a presenter for Radio 3 and edited the *Penguin Book of Lesbian Short Stories*. She and Winterson once arrived unannounced at the home of Noel Gernard, a journalist, to criticise an unflattering profile she had written of Winterson.

Magazine, page 8

## Police hunting Nicola's killer warn women not to go out alone at night

### Murdered girl may have been stalked from hospital disco

By Carol Midgley

DETECTIVES hunting the killer of the 17-year-old schoolgirl Nicola Dixon were last night trying to trace 220 New Year's Eve party goers after it emerged that she may have been stalked from a hospital social club disco.

Police are following numerous leads after an overwhelming public response to an appeal for information. They urged everyone who attended the dance at Good Hope Hospital Club in Sutton Coldfield, in the West Midlands, to come forward as their investigation widened.

Miss Dixon's distraught parents have issued new photographs of their daughter on a family camping holiday in the South of France last summer.

Andrew Dixon, 48, a civil engineer and his wife, Rita, also 48, a teacher, released the pictures in the hope that, by showing what they have lost, it may prompt someone with vital information to contact the police.

Detective Chief Inspector Kevin Roberts of the West Midlands Police said: "There is nothing to suggest that she was socialising with anyone other than the people she knew but we can't rule out the possibility that she may have been followed from the club. It is the kind of club where, in the main, everyone knows everyone else so it shouldn't be too difficult to trace everyone present."

Miss Dixon, an A-level student who taught local children art and crafts as part of her Duke of Edinburgh awards

scheme, was found on New Year's Day. She had been badly beaten, possibly with a brick or stone, and sexually assaulted.

Mr Roberts added: "Nicola's face was battered to such an extent that you would not have recognised her if you did not know her well. It was a terrible trauma for her parents to have to identify her. They have now gone back into shock. Their condition is worse now than when the news of their daughter's murder was first broken to them. It is dreadful for them."

Police have recovered a large concrete block which was dropped on the head of a French woman who was battered to death in Co Cork on December 22. The block, which crushed the skull of Sophie Tescan de Planter, 38, a television producer, was found near her holiday home. A Garda source in Co Cork confirmed yesterday that detectives had uncovered the concrete block and a bloodied stone.

der was first broken to them. It is dreadful for them."

Miss Dixon, who hoped to pursue a career in photography, spent about half an hour at the hospital club before setting off at 9.45pm on New Year's Eve to walk less than a mile to the Station pub in Sutton Coldfield to meet friends.

She was attacked as she took a short cut to the town centre by Holy Trinity Church. The vicar's wife, Valerie Connolly, 47, found Miss

Dixon's body dumped in a garden near a curate's house. Her injuries showed that she had put up a ferocious struggle and police say the killer would have been heavily bloodstained.

Detectives have been overwhelmed by the public's response to the murder. They have received more than 150 calls, some of which report sightings of a stranger in the area. But police emphasise that the sightings were of several different strangers and this would not be unusual since it was New Year's Eve. However, local women have been advised not to go out alone.

Yesterday PC James Winfield, 21, Miss Dixon's former boyfriend from whom she split up two weeks ago, was staying with friends and too upset to speak. Mr Winfield, who is based at Ladywood, Birmingham, collapsed when he was told of Miss Dixon's death on New Year's Day as he turned up for a drink at the Station pub.

A spokesman said on his behalf: "He is just devastated. He cannot believe that this has happened. He just needs to be alone so that he can come to terms with things."

Last night a friend of Miss Dixon's told how she sat at her table at the hospital disco. Joanne Brittan, 19, said she had heard that Nicola had left the disco early to search for a girlfriend who did not show up. Miss Brittan said: "I remember her earlier in the evening messing around and asking people to dance but none of us wanted to because the dance floor was empty. I



One of the photographs released by Nicola Dixon's parents yesterday, showing her celebrating her 17th birthday in August on holiday in the South of France

think I remember when she went because I moved into her empty chair and she asked me for her coat which was on the back of it."

Doug Ellis, the chairman of Aston Villa Football Club, who is also the chairman of Good Hope Hospital, offered a £1,000 reward for information leading to the capture of the killer. Mr Ellis said: "It is sad that she should have met her

death so soon after enjoying herself at the hospital club. We must do everything we possibly can to bring the killer to justice."

Miss Dixon's headmaster at Fairfax School described her as compassionate, hard working, sensible and level-headed. Richard Metcalf said: "Nicola was a delightful girl. She will be missed enormously."

Police are still searching for

the murder weapon and Miss Dixon's black handbag and purse which they believe may have been thrown over a garden wall or hidden in shrubbery.

Mr Roberts said: "The killer may have confided in someone or someone could be harbouring him. We appeal to anyone to think of the brutality of this murder and contact us immediately."

## Parents of drug death boy warn against Ecstasy

By Lin Jenkins

THE grieving parents of an "irrepressible" teenager who died at a New Year's Eve rave party appealed yesterday to young people not to take Ecstasy.

John and Maria Hitchens spoke of their "absolute treasure" of a son Robert in the hope that others would be prompted to shun drugs. Robert, 19, died on New Year's Day, ten hours after collapsing at an all-night rave at the David Lloyd sports centre at Heston, west London. A post-mortem examination failed to establish a cause of death, but toxicology tests are expected to show that he died from taking Ecstasy.

"I could not wish for a better son. He was likeable, comical, a cheeky little monkey. He would not listen to me if he thought he knew best. He was a wonderful son," his father said. His mother clutched her husband's hand as she overcame her choking grief to warn others: "Do not take it. It is lethal. I have lost my youngest son. Please, for my Robert, don't let it happen again."

Robert, a trainee computer engineer, went to the £25-a-head rave, which was run for the third year by Interspace Promotions, with his brother Matthew, 19, and a teenage friend. He died in Ealing Hospital, west London, where he was taken after being treated by paramedics when he collapsed at the sports centre. He was one of four teenagers and a 24-year-old woman believed to have died as a result of taking Ecstasy over the holiday.

Detective Inspector Sue Hill, who is leading the hunt for the supplier of the drug, reiterated the parents' warning: "There is only one thing that youngsters should be aware of when you take an Ecstasy tablet: you are playing

Russian roulette, and one Ecstasy tablet can kill you."

Police had established that Robert brought the tablet with him to the rave. "His brother is very traumatised. He is feeling very guilty that his baby brother is dead," she said.

The rave was well run. The organisers had employed 30 guards to police the party-goers and make sure that drugs were not brought in or sold at the sports centre. "Everything was done to prevent this, but it is very difficult to search 2,000 people," Ms

Hill said.

Mr Hitchens spoke with pride about how Robert left school last year with good examination results and set about finding a job. He would return to the family home in Uppingham, Essex, each evening talking excitedly about the job he loved and what he had done that day.

All parents, look at your children, ask them questions. Don't take no for an answer. They will tell you what they want to tell you, but be strong and perhaps we can avoid another tragedy like this."



Robert Hitchens: died at New Year's Eve rave

## Irish eyes smile on TV village that the critics scorned

By Nicholas Watt  
CHIEF IRELAND  
CORRESPONDENT

IT was scorned by Irish critics for pandering to romantic British notions of rural Ireland. Now the whimsical TV drama *Ballykissangel* is returning for a second series, with a huge following in the Republic.

The programme tells the story of an English priest posted to a fictional village. Irish critics said that viewers would scoff at its light-hearted view, filmed in Avoca, Co Wicklow, and contrasted it with a gritty, homegrown soap opera *Glenroe*, which is filmed less than 20 miles away.

In the end, viewers on both sides of the Irish Sea were glued to the first series, to watch the unfolding relationship between Father Peter Clifford and the local barmaid, Assumpta Fitzgerald.



Father Breen, left, and the cast of the fictional *Ballykissangel*. Tourism has grown in the host village of Avoca, which received a restoration grant yesterday as viewers prepared for the programme's return

More than 450,000 people watched on the Irish channel RTE - almost half the figure for the much longer established *Glenroe*.

It has not harmed the Irish tourist trade either. As the return starts on BBC1 tomorrow night - with some Irish viewers able to tune in on cable - *Ballykissangel* has already provided a boon for Avoca.

The village at the heart of the "Garden of Ireland" has been transformed by the programme. Locals are using money from the BBC to restore the centre of their picturesque village which had been in decline since a nearby mine closed 14 years ago with the loss of 1,000 jobs.

Two derelict buildings have been pulled down in the centre of the village, and a park has been built for British tourists.

Liz MacManus, the Irish Republic's housing minister, visited the village yesterday to present £2,000 of European

Union funds to restore its 15th-century courthouse, which will form the centrepiece of the park.

Mrs MacManus said: "*Ballykissangel* has been very important to the revival of Avoca. The locals know that the interest will not last forever, and so they want to build tourist facilities to build on the attention."

Father Dan Breen, the local parish priest, said he was delighted with the transformation. An avid fan of *Ballykissangel*, who has become something more of a local character since the series was filmed, he said: "You would hardly recognise Avoca now."

"I'm sure that if the village had been in this condition when the producers first came to Avoca, they would not have chosen it. They originally wanted somewhere with a run-down, seedy look."

## Vicar faces open court over woman's claims of affair

By Ruth Gledhill  
RELIGION CORRESPONDENT

A CHURCH of England clergyman is to face a trial before a church court after a married parishioner claimed he made her pregnant.

The Rev Eddie Glover, former priest-in-charge of Trindon Station, Durham, will be the third Church of England clergyman in 30 years to be tried on a charge of "conduct unbecoming to the office and work of a clergy in Holy Orders". The charge against him has been laid just weeks after the General Synod agreed to replace its 900-year-old consistory courts with private tribunals.

Mr Glover, who denies the allegations by Margaret Orpen, which relate to when he was working at St Mary Magdalene's Church in Trindon, the parish of Labour leader Tony Blair, will appear before an ecclesiastical court later this month. The

court, which will sit at Auckland Castle, residence of the Bishop of Durham, the Right Rev Michael Turnbull, will be presided over by the diocesan chancellor, the Rev Rupert Bursell, QC, a circuit judge from Bristol.

Mrs Orpen reported the affair to Church authorities in 1995 and went public with her claims in June last year. Mr Glover, who is married with two children, resigned his licence on health grounds in 1995.

Bishop Turnbull has already investigated the claims and decided there is a case to answer. Judge Bursell will sit with four assessors, two local clergy and two laymen, selected by ballot from a panel of 12. Mr Glover will be represented by a solicitor. Canon Michael Perry, the bishop's senior chaplain, has been nominated to promote the complaint.

The case is the third involving allegations of "conduct unbecoming" to be

heard under the system of justice brought into place in 1963 by the church's Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction Measure. Canon Perry said: "This particular method has only been used twice since 1963. It is very unusual."

If found guilty, Mr Glover could be rebuked, admonished, suspended or defrocked.

In 1992, the Rev Thomas Tyler was found guilty of adultery with two parishioners after two trials and two appeals which cost the church £300,000. In 1995, the Dean of Lincoln, Dr Brandon Jackson, was acquitted after being accused of improper behaviour towards a former cathedral vergier.

After Dr Jackson's trial and the publicity surrounding it, many church leaders felt it was not in the interests of justice or the church for such cases to be in the public arena. However, the case against Mr Glover will proceed in public.

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Glover: strongly denies allegations against him



Orpen: claims priest made her pregnant





Two injured swans, wrapped in blankets, under the care of Melanie Beeson at the National Swan Sanctuary. The birds can become trapped in ice after falling asleep.

Birds left weak and hungry by harsh weather offered respite from shooters

## Snow brings call for wildfowl gun ban

By Nick Nuttall, Environment Correspondent

A TEMPORARY ban on wildfowl shooting will be introduced next week if John Gummer, the Environment Secretary, accepts the recommendation of the Government's wildlife advisers.

The Joint Nature Conservation Committee is calling for the wildfowl shooting season to be halted for 14 days because of the impact of the bad weather on animals.

There is concern that large numbers of birds already weakened by the effects of the bitter cold, such as pink-footed geese, white-fronted geese, teal and mallard, will die because of the stress of trying to avoid shooters' guns.

Nicola Crookford, species and habitats policy officer with the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, said yesterday: "The reason for the wildlife ban is not the impact of the direct killing of birds but the additional distress and extra energy needed to fly around as they become dis-

turbed by the shooters and their guns."

Many birds are suffering because the harsh conditions have made it hard to feed. "The freezing weather means many wildfowl are finding it difficult to find food and they need more food to keep warm. This is severe weather where only the fittest survive. We are concerned that there could be a big die-off this winter," Ms Crookford said.

The RSPB also urged the public not to disturb wild birds during the bad weather.

The British Association of Shooting and Conservation has been consulted about the ban and has already urged shooting clubs to exercise restraint. Tony Laws, deputy director of the association, said: "It will affect thousands of shooters."

The legally-binding ban, which Mr Gummer can approve under provisions in the Wildlife and Countryside Act, would also benefit wading

### HOW TO HELP WILDLIFE

■ Frogs, hibernating in the mud at the bottom of garden ponds, will run out of oxygen and die in about five days if the pond is frozen over. The ice should be broken gently by using boiling water in saucepans.

■ Do not use de-icing chemicals to unfreeze ponds as these can be lethal. It is better to put out saucers and pans of fresh water for birds morning and afternoon.

■ Birds require fatty foods to provide energy. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds says that wrens will eat grated cheese scattered along flowerbeds. Shredded suet and peanuts are a good source for tits, finches, robins and dunnocks. Bread, especially brown, and fruit, such as, sultanas and raisins that have been soaked, are also recommended.

■ Hibernating species, such as dormice, hedgehogs and bats, are likely to benefit from the cold temperatures as they will have a lower metabolic rate and so will maintain fat supplies. But shrews, which feed on the insects that are harder to find in harsh weather, would benefit from a little chopped meat concealed beneath a rock or at the bottom of a compost heap.

birds which are not the targets of hunters but could be disturbed by them. These birds may be finding it hard to break through ice to find food such as shellfish. Birds such as the plover, which hunts

invertebrates moving across mudflats, are also having difficulty finding food because of the strong winds.

The ban could especially benefit oystercatchers on the Wash, one of Britain's premier

habitats for wildfowl and wading birds. Oystercatcher numbers have fallen by a third in recent years, with the drop linked to a decline in the birds' diet of cockles and mussels.

Swan Lifeline, a charity based in Eton, Berkshire, said that hundreds of swans had to be rescued from the Thames because the river had frozen. "The birds fall asleep overnight and become trapped in the ice. Their legs are then frozen under the water and they cannot do anything," Carol Marriot, a spokesman for the charity, said.

The Environment Agency yesterday launched an ice-breaking barge at nearby Caversham to help swans and other birds to feed. A spokesman for the government agency said: "The sheet of ice has left the swans and other birds no chance of feeding. We will be trying to break up the ice so that they can get to their feeding grounds at Caversham Bridge."

The National Swan Sanctuary at Egham, Surrey, has

received injured birds from across the country and is currently caring for about 500. Dot Beeson, the director, said it was the worst winter since the sanctuary was founded 17 years ago: "We have been inundated with swans with hypothermia and birds that have ripped their toenails out trying to get out of icy lakes and rivers."

"Most of the young birds have never endured the weather conditions we have got at the moment and they are bewildered. The birds get very weak, they can't move and the ice freezes around them."

Ms Beeson appealed to the public to provide food for birds that lived on water as well as garden birds during the severe weather.

Seal pups on the Cornish coast are also faring badly in the bitter conditions. Mandie Thompson, of the National Seal Sanctuary in Gweek, said yesterday that 11 pups were being treated in its hospital.

Forecast, page 20

## Man's greed drives more species to edge of extinction

By Daniel McGrory

EXTINCTION is a growth industry. It is estimated that greed for land and illegal trade are driving about 23,000 species to extinction each year — and the rate is accelerating.

Of the four billion life forms on this planet at one time or another, 3.96 billion no longer exist. Unless we recognise the danger, those species lost forever could soon include the tiger, the chimpanzee, the whale and the elephant.

Scientists in Britain say that there are 600 species of flora and fauna in danger of disappearing by the end of the century, including the red squirrel, the golden eagle, the dormouse and the water vole.

The charity Tusk Force is dedicated to protecting the great and the small. In seven projects across the world, from Siberia to Scotland, it is working to save scores of creatures.

Neela Bettridge, the charity's director, said: "In every case, we see the conflict between mankind and the animals and we know who wins every time. How can we deprive future generations of animals that we wantonly look for granted? The statistics shame our generation."

Barely 5,000 Siberian tigers remain in the wild. Half the African elephant population has disappeared in the past 30 years; fewer than 580,000 remain. The Amur leopard is amongst the most magnificent sights in the wild: 50 are thought to survive. The rhinoceros has been on the earth for 40 million years; of the five species that remain, there are only 11,000 left.

At a wildlife auction in South Africa, earlier this year, 139 rhinos were sold, including some for sport hunting operations. Poachers sell rhino horns for £21,000 a kilo to those manufacturing traditional Asian medicines, which remain among the greatest threats to wildlife.

In September, a joint undercover operation by police and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals found a cache of 105 white and black rhino horns in London valued at nearly £3 million.

Ten thousand bears are caged in appalling conditions in farms in China, kept for the bile which advertising promotes as a remedy to intestinal, liver and other

cardiac illnesses. There are fewer than 50,000 Asiatic black bears left and poachers grow ever more desperate.

Police in Vietnam have this year made several raids at Hanoi airport to rescue rare wild animals that were destined for consumption in China, and the smuggling trade there is growing at an alarming rate, with 500 incidents reported in the past two years alone.

"There are international agreements which are too often ignored or poorly policed," Neela Bettridge said. Established in 1989, the charity has sent £2 million to a variety of conservation



In danger: red squirrel



In danger: water vole

programmes. Tusk Force helps to fund tiger poaching patrols in Russia, ranger groups to protect the rhino in Namibia and a similar operation to defend the elephants in Zambia.

Their work is used by more than 10,000 schools and the charity has instigated a series of conservation awards to encourage more children to take an interest and a stake in saving wildlife here and abroad.

Tusk Force is also planning its most potent and controversial advertising war ever in the Far East to persuade consumers to boycott the unscrupulous trade in threatened wildlife.

## Man jailed for raping widow who answered ad

By A Staff Reporter

A HUSBAND who used a newspaper lonely-hearts column to meet middle-aged women was yesterday jailed for five years for raping a widow so violently that she was left confined to a wheelchair.

Brian Wolsgrove, 63, a former taxi-driver from Southsea, Hampshire, met more than 20 women in 14 months after placing the advertisement offering "tender loving care". The judge, Mr Recorder Roger Titheridge, QC, sitting at Winchester Crown Court, told Wolsgrove that he had lied about his name and the fact that he was married to persuade at least some of the women to have sex with him.

The court heard that Wolsgrove had begun placing advertisements in a newspaper after his wife had stopped having sex with him because of a medical problem. She devoted herself to work for the Salvation Army.

Wolsgrove met a number of women, mostly in their fifties. In November 1995, his advertisement was answered by a 62-year-old woman from Gosport who was looking for companionship after the death of her husband. They talked on the telephone, met for a chat in a local café and arranged a date at her home for that evening. She said: "He was very, very polite and well-dressed and he was a charming man. He said to me: 'How about I come to your home and see you this evening?' I said 'OK' and gave him my address."

Wolsgrove, who had told her his name was Peter, arrived at the house. Later, when the woman said she was tired and asked him to leave, he asked her when she had

last had sex and put his hand on her knee. "I pushed him away and said: 'Peter, I don't want anything like that. I just want companionship and friendship.' I got up and I thought he was going to go. But he turned around and pushed me back on the sofa."

Wolsgrove then raped her, slapped her across the face and left the house. During the assault, she suffered bruising and damage to the base of her spine. Wolsgrove, arrested two days later, later told police that the widow had agreed to sex and had responded and encouraged him. He denied the charge.

Mr Recorder Titheridge told him: "This was a wicked offence. The effects upon the victim were considerable. This is not, in my judgment, a case for leniency. You don't deserve leniency."

Stewart Patterson, for the defence, told the judge after the verdict was given that Wolsgrove's wife of 40 years was standing by him.

### Lord Robens

In a report on January 1 we wrongly stated that Lord Robens had died in 1993. We very much regret this error and apologise to Lord and Lady Robens and their family.

### Tusk Force Appeal

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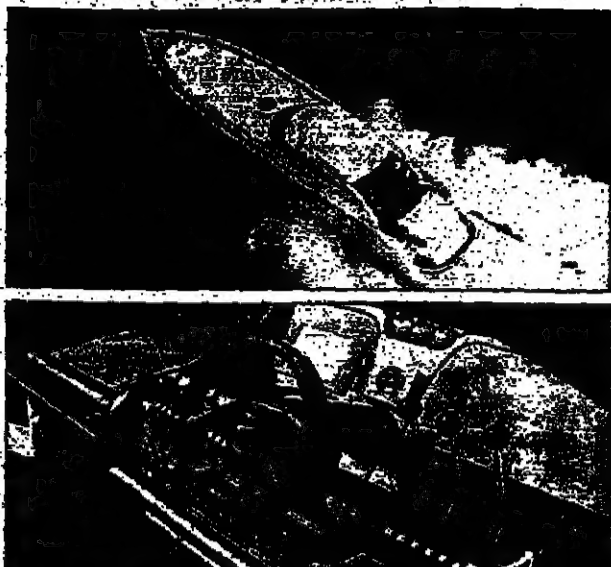
# Tide turns for boat trade as rich run away to sea

BY DAMIAN WHITWORTH

THE super-rich are back, and determined to leave clear blue water between themselves and poorer mortals.

After a period in the doldrums, Britain's most exclusive boat builders are racing to meet record demand for their most luxurious yachts. Unlike the yuppie boom of the 1980s, the new spending spree is attributed to the strength of the "grey pound" — middle-aged businessmen who have survived lean times and want to enjoy themselves again.

The sort of man who might once have been happy realising a long-held fantasy of a Rolls-Royce or red sports car is now said to be turning to the water for escapism, with a 55ft motor yacht as his first vessel. At the London International Boat Show at Earls Court yesterday, the manufacturers of boats with £1 million-plus prices said that demand was outstripping supply, with waiting lists of up to two years. The most luxurious motor yachts at the Boat Show bristle with satellite navigational technology and computer controls which allow the boats to



Predator 80 goes through its paces. Sophisticated controls make cruising easier for the amateur

be crewed by just a couple of people and still travel at speeds in excess of 30 knots. Prices of each model can vary because of the opportunities for customising furnishings and interior decor.

Christopher Rubythorn, managing director of Princess

Yachts International, who were displaying the most expensive boat at the show, a 20-metre power yacht costing more than £1 million, said: "Our customers are the more controlled and more mature buyers — people who survived the recession through their

prudence and have now got the confidence to spend."

The company's biggest vessel, a £1.5 million, 22-metre yacht, is sold out 18 months ahead. Aside from wealthy businessmen, Mr Rubythorn's customers include lottery winners.

Anyone with £1.8 million to spare, and taking a fancy to the 80ft Predator, manufactured by Dorset-based company Sunseeker, will have to wait for at least two years before taking delivery of their dream boat. This is after the company has expanded its workforce from 400 to 680 and opened a new shipyard, specifically to construct its most expensive yachts.

The Predator 80 is too big to fit into the show arena, but even the 55ft Predator can sleep six in three cabins with en-suite facilities. Like the big Fairline yachts, it has spacious sundecks and thickly carpeted, leather-furnished lounges and room for jet bikes.

"In the early to mid-1990s, the industry was in the doldrums," said Tony Morgan, a UK distributor of Fairline who had a 65ft, £1 million power boat on display on the biggest-



The 55ft Predator on display at the Boat Show. Its makers have opened a new boatyard to cope with demand

ever stand at the Boat Show. "But people who have made their profits are now spending on boats again."

Richard Matthews, chairman of Oyster Marine, Britain's largest sailboat builder by turnover, said: "People are cashing in their chips and

using the cash to buy a yacht. We are selling more to people now to sailing because boats are easier to handle these days. You can get a pushbutton boat now. People are buying a 55ft boat as their introduction to sailing."

Although he had just sold a

61ft, £1 million boat in Bahrain, he feared the strength of the pound did not make for good export business. About buoyant British trade, he had no doubts. "But the Boat Show is a showcase for us. You don't see people just walking in and signing up for a £2 million

boat." Two minutes later one of his salesmen sat at the next table with a customer. The man, who did not wish to be named, said: "I made my money and bought a boat. Now I've come back for a top-of-the-range boat to go round the world."

## Dirty dealers put City's computer secrets on the line

BY RUSSELL JENKINS

WALK into any dealing room in the City, switch on a computer and type in the passwords: *Westham, Missionary or Divine, Brown* and the chances are you'll be given access to the company's secrets.

That is the conclusion of a survey into secret passwords used by dealers in the Square Mile to log on to their computers each morning. They are almost twice as likely to be about sex or football, or an insulting nickname for the boss, than the names of wives or girlfriends.

Among the passwords, which emerged from the survey carried out for Computer Screen Service, were "GULDS" (sexual deviate), "7:15 sprinter to Borehamwood" for the most annoying train of that week, "Kiss My A\*\* Colin", a message aimed at a persistent hacker. The popular sporting passwords were *Shanks*, after the late Liverpool manager Bill Shankly, *Chelsea*, *Birdie* and *Westham*.

Fifteen per cent of respondents logged on using the name of their favourite holiday destination, perhaps to remind them of why they

were at work in the first place. Eight per cent chose the first thing they saw on their desk, creating passwords such as *Query, Puss, word and Please*.

Some of the more unusual ones were *KingsRoadmate, Gadget* and the 50-plus letters that make up the longest placename in Wales.

Marion Skinner, a lecturer in psychology at Warwick University, said: "I think the City has quite a different culture and they take a cavalier, jolly and laid attitude towards passwords. It is a bit of gratuitous rudeness."

The findings have appalled computer security experts, horrified that the hacker could walk into the average dealing room, type in a football team and access a valuable database.

Chris Hook, formerly managing consultant at the National Computing Centre, in Manchester, said the findings were horrendous, "particularly in City institutions where you are talking about very high-value transactions accessed by using the right password". Companies should insist on proper procedures and change passwords regularly.

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Reluctant homage to city that tamed a desert

# Explorer returns to the shifting sands of Arabia

FROM BARRY MAY  
OF REUTER  
IN DUBAI

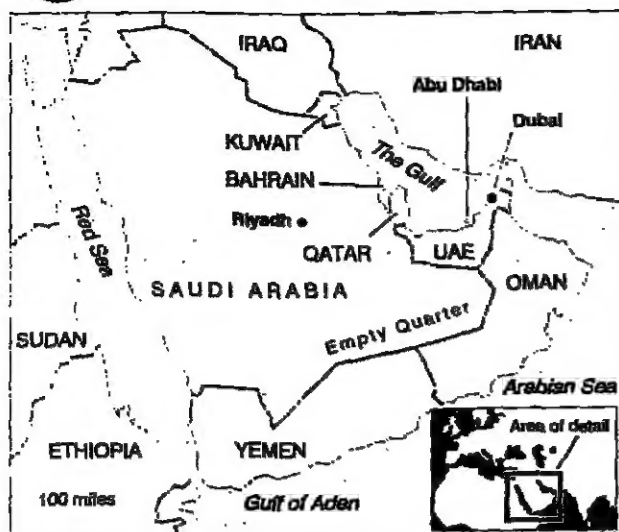
THE explorer Sir Wilfred Thesiger, reconciled but resentful of the changes caused by the discovery of oil, was reunited with two ghosts of his past when he visited Dubai to open a photographic exhibition of his travels in southern Arabia in the 1940s.

Sir Wilfred, 80, met two Beduins who, as teenagers, had been his constant companions as he journeyed across the barren Empty Quarter.

Salim bin Kabina and Salim bin Ghabaisha, now grey-haired but then young camel rustlers, were pictured bare-chested and youthfully clean-shaven atop a camel in Sir Wilfred's account of his travels, *Arabian Sands*, published in 1959.

The photograph shows them with rifles slung over their shoulders, while camels and camels carrying loads of goods and supplies are visible in the background.

Breeding and trading in camels and engaging in tribal blood feuds seemed to be their primary occupations. The two young men called the Oxford-educated Englishman — tall, lean and ascetic — *Mubarak*, the blessed one. Cursed — or



blessed — with wanderlust. Sir Wilfred first crossed the vast desert with the two nomads in six weeks in 1946. He left in 1950 after another crossing and said later that he regarded his time in the desert as "the happiest years of my life".

"I was determined to meet the challenge of the desert and be on equal terms with the Bedu," he said as he guided bin Kabina and bin Ghabaisha themselves

agony at Dubai in all its modernity — around the exhibition and smiled at the pictures of them as young

tribesmen. Dubai, a city of large, steel-and-glass office blocks, luxury hotels and eight-lane highways that are a tribute to the success of a relentless battle to tame the desert, contrasted markedly with the exhibition of some of the many monochrome photographs he took during his travels.

"The last time I was here I barely recognised Dubai Creek," he said. "It's very impressive — I'm not saying I like it."

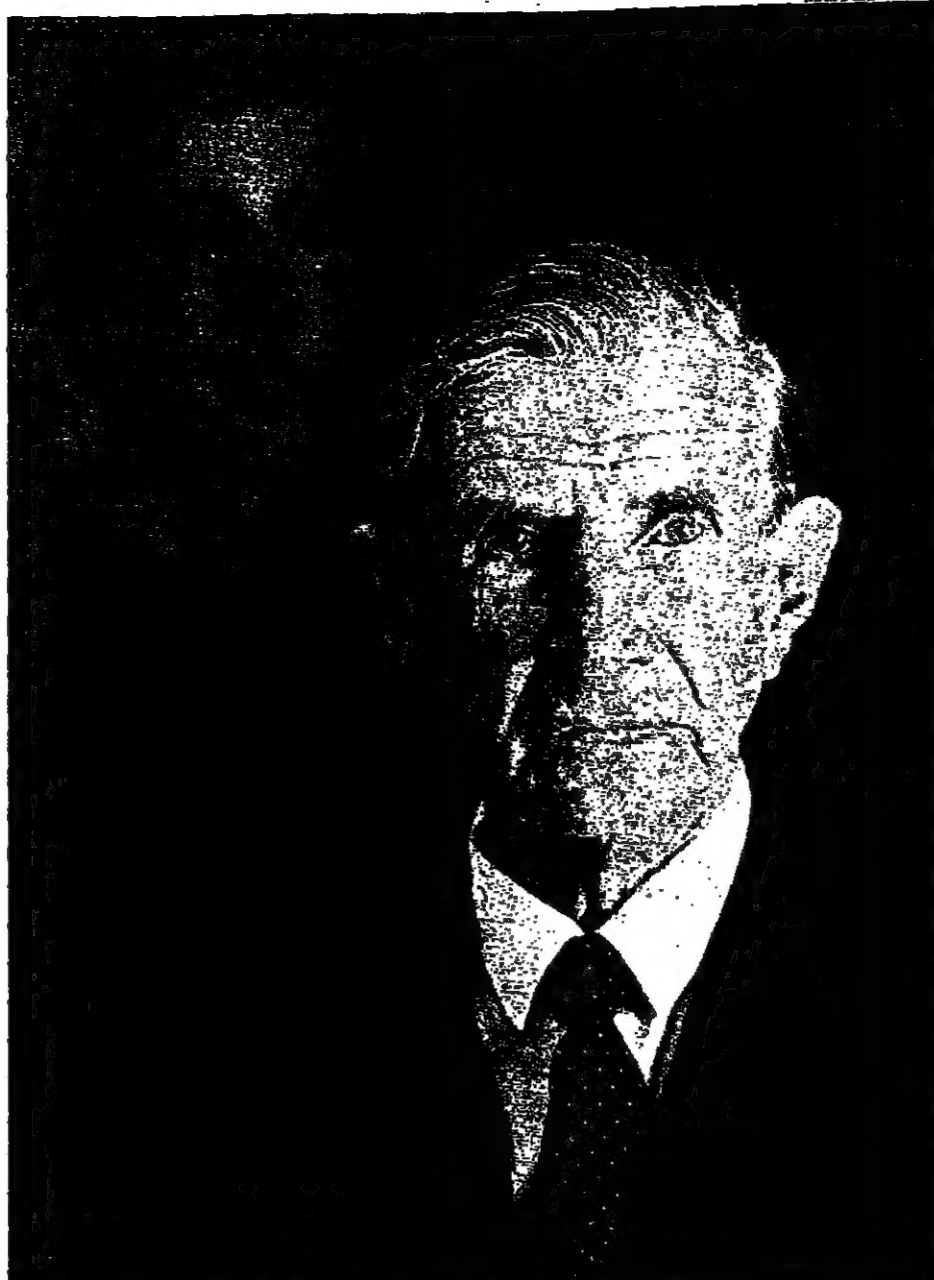
"I prefer the way it was the first time I came here. I've always detested cars and planes. They diminish the world and rob it of all its diversity."

Sir Wilfred loves the silence of the desert and blames the discovery of oil for the disappearance of the life he knew. When he first returned to Arabia in 1977, he found Abu Dhabi, capital of the newly formed country of the United Arab Emirates, "an Arabian nightmare, the final disillusionment".

Abu Dhabi's high-rise buildings and oil refineries, spread over what had been empty desert, symbolised all that he hated — modernity in all its aspects.

Back in the city in 1990 for a previous photographic exhibition, sponsored by his old friend and ruler of the Emirates, Sheikh Sultan Zayed bin al-Nahayan, Sir Wilfred found himself reconciled to the inevitable changes in Arabia which had been brought about by vast oil wealth and were typified by the Emirates.

"Abu Dhabi is now an impressive modern city, made pleasant in this barren land by avenues of trees," he wrote.



Sir Wilfred Thesiger in front of a portrait of himself as a young man, when he twice crossed the Empty Quarter in southern Arabia, accompanied by Beduin nomads

## Water firm takes £2m too much

South West Water overcharged 14,000 customers a total of more than £2 million when it collected their direct debit payments twice. The error, amounting to an average overpayment of more than £140, was noticed within a day. The company said yesterday that it would reimburse any bank charges incurred by customers. Ian Douglas, the finance director, said: "One of my staff made a mistake."

## Fall in flu cases

The number of people contracting flu dropped over the Christmas holiday. In the week to December 29, the incidence was 1222 people with flu or flu-like illness per 100,000 of the population, compared with 1289 the previous week, the Royal College of General Practitioners said.

## Stick for Punch

A women's group in Barry, South Wales, wants to ban a Punch and Judy pantomime from being held in the town. A spokeswoman for Women's Aid said: "It isn't appropriate in the late 1990s to expect children to laugh at a man bashing women over the head with a stick."

## Key moment

A Volvo driver, who was cut up on the Gloucester bypass, forced a BMW driver to stop, snatched his keys after an argument and drove off. He handed the keys to police, saying the BMW driver was not fit to be on the road. The police later returned the keys to the stranded motorist.

## In the drink

A trawler crew are the toast of the port of Ardglass, Co. Down, after netting a container holding 27 bottles of spirits and 30 of wine. More of the containers — swept off a ship in bad weather — are believed to be in the area and fishermen are determined to track down the rest.

## Roman find

A Roman wall and other artefacts were discovered by a man digging a drainage hole in his back garden. Bill Graham, of Southampton, is believed to have uncovered part of the Roman town of Clausentum. The 5ft-thick wall may have come from a beacon to guide ships up the Itchen.

## Rent rooted out

Erin Hurdman, landlady of The Rose and Lion pub in Bromyard, Hereford and Worcester, who had agreed to pay her yearly rent in pawns, has handed over the first payment to Peter Amor, owner of the Wye Valley Brewery, who had wanted the garden kept up.

## Monarch of the cliffs is found dead

BY ALAN HAMILTON

A RED deer stag that was believed to be the oldest on Exmoor has been found dead in a remote area of north Somerset, ending a decade's reign as monarch of the moor. It is believed to have been wounded by a hunter and limped away to die.

The animal, estimated to have been 18 years old, was known as the Cliff Stag from its preferred grazing grounds on steeply wooded cliffs above the Bristol Channel. Its body was discovered by chance by Graham Floyd, a local deer expert, who recognised its 14-point antlers.

The stag is thought to have been shot by a legal hunter who attempted to make an immediately fatal hit but instead wounded the animal, causing its death some days later. Six other dead stags were found on the same day. Mr Floyd said: "He was master stag around here. All the other deer are youngsters compared with him."

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# THE SUNDAY TIMES

## AGONY IN ANTARCTICA



"Morphine. I had to have morphine. I cried out as each new surge of excruciating pain gripped my stomach, back and groin. But my screams went unheard..."

Ranulph Fiennes, the veteran explorer, reveals the torture that engulfed him when he set out at the age of 53 two months ago to race a young rival to the South Pole and beyond

Read Fiennes's own story of his agony in Antarctica tomorrow in News Review

THE SUNDAY TIMES  
THE SUNDAY PAPERS

'People are looking for guidance. This is not so much a competition, more a festival'

# Your invitation to spread the word of God

BY RUTH GLEDHILL  
RELIGION CORRESPONDENT

PREACHERS are invited to-day to submit sermons for the Preacher of the Year award, sponsored by *The Times*. This year, for the first time, preachers will be permitted to submit tapes as well as written texts.

The award, organised by the College of Preachers and in its third year, has raised the profile of preaching after a decade when many had written off both religion and God as irrelevant to society.

The Bishop of Durham, the Right Rev Michael Turnbull, said that the relevance of the sermon to public life had rarely been more important, giving church leaders a pulpit from which to speak out on moral and spiritual values at a time when their contribution was needed more than ever.

The award is intended to raise the profile of both preaching and preachers. More than 800 preachers submitted sermons over the first two years.

Bishop Turnbull, who chairs the council of the College of Preachers, said: "Sermons are still a major opportunity to influence the life of the nation, reaching hundreds of thousands of people every week."

"They are presented to every community in the land, usually by someone who knows the people well. The preacher lives among the people and knows what their concerns are. He or she speaks from knowledge of

## THE TIMES Preacher of the Year

Organised by the  
College of Preachers

Preachers are invited to put themselves forward for *The Times* College of Preachers Preacher of the Year Award 1997. The winner will be presented with a specially commissioned sculpture for display in his or her church and will have their sermon published in *The Times*. Runners-up will also receive an award to mark their achievement. Entrants can submit notes or complete sermons, but no more than 2,000 words in total please. Tapes will also be accepted. Congregations or a member of a congregation may also nominate a preacher, but only if their permission is obtained first.

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Ruth Gledhill, Religion Correspondent, *The Times*,  
1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN.

their needs and aspirations. The preacher is potentially a powerful force in opinion-forming on political and moral issues, as these issues are talked about nationally and worked on locally." Most

people, while sceptical of other forms of communication, still trusted preachers, he said. The preacher's mission had been given an added urgency by the moral debates of last year, over the Dunblane shootings

and the murder of the headmaster Philip Lawrence.

The Right Rev James Jones, Bishop of Hull and a member of the college council, said: "With people looking for guidance on moral and spiritual

issues, the sermon, with one million preached each year, is one of the principal means of helping people to see the relevance of the Christian faith to the moral basis of our society. I would like to pay

tribute to the role of *The Times* in raising the profile of preaching in this country. It is not so much a competition, more a festival. Preaching is an art but requires certain skills. The award has helped



Sculptor Rosalind Stracey with her sculpture for the Preacher of the Year trophy. This year, recorded as well as a written sermon are acceptable

people to see the importance of acquiring these skills."

About 30,000 sermons are preached in Britain each week, reaching millions of people across all denominations. The College of Preachers believes that the churches could make more of the opportunity this presents if preaching was more effective.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, said: "Lively, intelligent preaching is crucial for the life and growth of the Church." The Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Basil Hume, said: "The College of Preachers has a vital task. There is a greater need than ever for skilled preachers able to bring the gospel to life, who by their words and their lives are channels of God's love for a world in search of healing and hope."

Last year's winner was Fr William Anderson, 65, of St Mary's Cathedral, Aberdeen, and the only Roman Catholic to make the shortlist of 30. He preached in the final with four others at Southwark Cathedral.

The 30 shortlisted sermons and the winning sermon from 1995, by the Rev Barry Overend of Leeds, are available in *The Times Best Sermons of 1996* (Cassell, £9.99).

The closing date for entries is March 31, 1997. If tapes are submitted, sermons must be no longer than 15 minutes.

At Your Service  
Weekend, page 11

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## Late, late show can run until the end of time

The Rev Barry Overend

AS four-letter words go, "late" is pretty inoffensive. Yet in some contexts it bristles with difficulties. Take the well-known lines from *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*: "Late in time behold him come. Offspring of a Virgin's womb."

It has always struck me as odd that it is the second line which is regarded as controversial - the virgin birth and all that - where as the first line is taken at face value and sung as if "late" was not the problem that it actually is.

Strictly speaking we can only meaningfully use the term "late" if we know to what timescale we are working. A 9pm arrival at the theatre is late for a show that finishes an hour later, but it is early for a new year's party which runs on way beyond midnight.

Undoubtedly the New Testament writers thought that time was running out. St Peter wrote: "The end of all things is upon us." From that perspective he could certainly claim that Christ was late arriving on the scene. However, the New Testament expectation of an imminent end proved to be mistaken, as have all subsequent predictions.

How much time, then, do we have? Scientists estimate that the sun will probably burn up the Earth in five thousand million years. Against such a vast backdrop, undreamed of by any of the biblical writers, it is at the very least misleading to say that Christ arrived "late in time".

The fact that our perspective on time differs so radically from the biblical view has important implications for our appreciation of contemporary development within the Church. Those who opposed any revision of doctrine, ethics and min-

istry often appeal to tradition. They make much of what they see as nearly 2,000 years of consistent teaching and practice. Their underlying assumption is that it is a bit late now to change things. Yet, seen in the context of five thousand million years, a couple of millennia is merely the blinking of an eye.

I was prompted to think along these lines by a friend's remark that Christianity seemed to be on its last legs. He meant that so much of the tradition was being undermined. There is liturgical, moral and doctrinal confusion. The Bible is being treated just like any other book. The Christian religion is being treated just like any other religion and its clergy are more concerned with politics than with prayer.

But the same scenario can be viewed from a more positive angle. Searching for the truth is being given priority over adhering to tradition. Social awareness and action are complementing personal piety and prayer. Honest doubt is taking its proper place alongside firm conviction. Interfaith dialogue is replacing arrogant dogmatism and the Bible is being approached with intelligence, not with idolatry.

These are all signs of a faith which is taking a few hesitant steps forward. Learning to walk often gives the appearance of imminent collapse. It is not necessarily because it is on its last legs that Christianity appears to be stumbling. It could be that it is only just beginning to find its feet. For far from being late in time, it is early days yet.

□ The Rev Barry Overend is Vicar of St Chad's, Far Headingley, Leeds, and won the Preacher of the Year Award in 1995

## Lawrence awards

FRANCES LAWRENCE will help to pick the winners of the citizenship awards set up in memory of her husband, the headmaster murdered outside his school in December 1995 (Richard Ford writes).

The young people honoured for outstanding achievement in helping their communities in law-and-order initiatives will be able to use the Philip Lawrence Memorial Award scheme emblem plus a prize of

up to £1,000. The first awards ceremony, in December, will draw attention to efforts to combat vandalism, racial harassment and drug abuse.

In a consultation paper published yesterday, Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, proposed that the awards be primarily for those aged 11 to 20. The scheme, to be launched in March, will operate in England, Wales and Scotland.



## Ethnic balance for Bosnia Cabinet

FROM REUTERS  
IN SARAJEVO

BOSNIA'S inter-ethnic parliament appointed a Cabinet yesterday at its first full session, approving nominations for the ministries that make up the country's weak central Government.

The Council of Ministers proposed by Bosnia's collective presidency was unopposed by the 42-member House of Representatives, elected in national polls in September, and only one deputy abstained. The Council of Ministers, or Cabinet, is led by two co-chairmen, Haris Silajdzic, a Muslim and former Bosnian Prime Minister, and Boro Bosic, a Serb.

Jadranko Prlic, a Croat who served for a time as Bosnia's Foreign Minister, kept his post in the new Cabinet. Another Muslim, Hasan Muratovic, the former Prime Minister, was named Minister of Foreign Trade, and a Serb, Spasejo Albijanic, will serve as Minister of Communications. Each minister has two deputies and the posts are distributed equally among the three national communities. The council, which primarily will handle issues touching on foreign relations, serves as a weak central authority ruling over Bosnia's autonomous Serb and Muslim-Croat territories.

Earlier, former enemies sat uncomfortably across an aisle and listened to speeches from all three members of the collective presidency in a museum room formerly reserved for aquariums and snakes in natural history exhibits.

"Now the real work must start," Michael Steiner, deputy to the international High Representative to Bosnia, told the deputies in a speech. Bosnian voters "expect you to get the country back on track," he added. "They expect you to provide them with peaceful, decent living conditions."

## Protesters spurn Milosevic concession

FROM ANTHONY LOYD  
IN BELGRADE

THOUSANDS of pro-democracy demonstrators crowding Belgrade city centre yesterday failed to be placated by President Milosevic's decision to give way, in part at least, on some of their local election demands.

In a carefully worded letter sent to the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe, Milan Milutinovic, the Serbian Foreign Minister, conceded that the opposition coalition had won nine local councils in Belgrade during November's elections. Crucially, though, the letter made no concession on the regime's defeat in the capital's policy-making assembly vote or its losses in other towns.

Furious opposition leaders from the "Zajedno" coalition branded the letter as no more than a political deception, labelled Mr Milosevic a criminal, said they would boycott parliament and called upon the thousands of protesters attending the Belgrade rally to continue the protest.

To crashing chants of "victory, victory", Vuk Draskovic, leader of the coalition, addressing the crowd in Knez Mihail Square, launched his most virulent attack so far on the regime. "Milutinovic's letter is lies and trickery," he told the demonstrators. "There is not a word in it on the city Mayor and assembly."

"Milosevic is leading Serbia back into international isolation, so that he can keep a hold on his terror mafia regime. His Government has become a base for criminals and terrorists. This is our city, and nobody should tell us where we can and cannot walk."

The crowds roared back their approval of Mr Draskovic's request to get all of Belgrade's citizens to turn off their state-controlled radio channels and join them on the streets to "peacefully and legally 'deblockade' the city".

The Serbs call it the "egg revolution" after the thousands of eggs thrown at government buildings.

If anything, the demonstrations are increasing in size as



A Serb shouts and rings a handbell in protest in Belgrade yesterday as the opposition demonstrations against the regime continued

they enter their seventh week in more than 40 towns across Serbia. Arrayed against the clumsy brutishness of the state apparatus, whose weapons include a vast police force, controlled media and unwielded legal powers, is an alliance of Serbia's most educated and free-thinking elite. The addition to this force of the Serbian Orthodox Church two days ago — as well as the army's muted ambivalence — has given the protesters a boost because many of the

country people who form the base of Mr Milosevic's support are religious. Although some Western powers believe Mr Milosevic to be the only man powerful enough to maintain the Dayton peace in Bosnia, his credibility is being called in-

creasingly into question by the worsening unrest in Serbia. "The international community may have once supported Milosevic as they thought he was the key to Dayton working," Veran Martić, chief editor of Belgrade's renegade B92 radio said. "But this consistent and lasting protest shows he cannot even control his own in Serbia. How can he possibly control the Bosnian Serbs? Even their leadership support the protests."

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## Surge in Russian HIV cases

Moscow: Some 1,031 Russians tested HIV-positive last year, more than the total number reported since the Aids virus was first registered in the country ten years ago, the Health Ministry said yesterday (Richard Beeston writes).

About 80 per cent of the new cases were drug users. Experts have warned that the number of infected people could rise dramatically due to ignorance about the disease, the collapse of health care and the increase in drug use.

## Death house

Brussels: Arsonists have burnt down the house in southern Belgium where police found the remains of two girls allegedly kidnapped by Marc Dutroux, the paedophile murder suspect.

## Airbus inquiry

Paris: Bernard Ziegler, a former Airbus technical director, has been placed under formal investigation for involuntary manslaughter over the crash of an A330 in which 87 people died in eastern France in 1992.



Now and then: a current edition and 50 years ago

## Suspicious Kohl snubs party as 'Spiegel' turns 50

FROM ROGER BOYES IN BERLIN

GERMANY'S most irreverent news magazine and a constant thorn in the side of postwar governments, *Der Spiegel*, celebrates its fiftieth birthday this weekend. A grand party planned for next week will include a sprinkling of prominent political victims — but not Helmut Kohl, the Chancellor, who has repeatedly refused to be interviewed by the Hamburg-based weekly.

The founder, long-time editor and guiding spirit of the magazine is Rudolf Augstein. As a 23-year-old in British-occupied Hamburg he managed to gain the publishing licence for the magazine, originally entitled *Diese Woche* (This Week). He renamed the magazine *Der Spiegel* (The Mirror) and set out to make it a "leading weapon in the defence of democracy". The British occupation authorities were not always happy with Herr Augstein's aggressive journalism but at least one sympathetic officer helped him keep the magazine alive.

Herr Augstein gave *Spiegel* a leftist tilt and recruited investigative journalists who broke some of the biggest scandals in modern Germany. When he published details of Nato exercises in 1962, police arrested him. That unleashed a debate about the freedom of the press and led to the resignation of then Defence Minister, Franz Josef Strauss.

Strauss, who ended his career as the right-wing premier of Bavaria, remained a constant butt of the magazine. The feud has continued even after Strauss's death: *Spiegel* has closely followed the business activities of his son Max and the politics of his daughter, Monika, a minister in the Bavarian Cabinet.

Herr Augstein's ability to maintain protracted personal feuds gave the magazine its polemical edge but also drew

criticism about its lapses in taste. But *Spiegel* always stood out in the bland media landscape of Germany in which journalists and politicians all too often seem to enjoy a cosy intimacy. It broke a number of key stories including the Flick affair which exposed secret corporate funding of political parties.

Many ministers have lost their jobs as a result of articles in *Spiegel*, read avidly every Monday morning. Most Cabinet ministers, in fact, obtain advance copies at the weekend to give them time to take legal advice. One regional minister, Uwe Barschel, accused by the magazine of launching a dirty tricks campaign against a rival in the 1980s, later committed suicide.

Herr Augstein — in regular contact with the present editor, Stefan Aust — continues to write essays, commentaries and cover stories. He has moved rightwards over the years and has become a sharp critic of the Maastricht treaty.

His relationship with the political elite remains tense. Herr Kohl is convinced that the magazine is trying to manipulate opinion against him since there have been many cover stories announcing "the twilight of the Chancellor". *Spiegel* recently tried to correct the balance with a flattering profile but the German leader remained unmoved.

In recent months the *Spiegel*'s legendary insider accounts of Cabinet sessions have dried up. The reason in part is the growing competition from *Focus* magazine, set up in Munich three years ago.

*Focus* has given politicians an alternative Monday morning outlet for leaking information. *Spiegel*'s circulation has held up well, however, if only because *Focus* articles are big on headlines and short on information.

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# Pakistan plans to entrench political power of generals

FROM ZAHID HUSSAIN IN KARACHI

THE political role of Pakistan's military is to become enshrined following the interim administration's agreement to set up a national security council after parliamentary elections set for February 3.

The proposed eight-member council will comprise the President, the Prime Minister, Foreign Minister, Defence Minister, Chief of the Joint Staff Committee and the chiefs of the army, air force and navy. The council will function as a super Cabinet and dictate policy in the foreign, defence and economic spheres.

A report published in Pakistan's biggest English-language daily, *The Dawn*, quoted senior government sources as saying that President Leghari had given his consent and that the council was likely to be formed in the next few weeks.

The move comes as Nasrullah Babar, Interior Minister in the ousted Government of Benazir Bhutto, was charged in connection with the death of Ms Bhutto's brother Murtaza last September. Mr Babar, who has not been arrested yet, has denied the accusations.

The interim rulers have also abandoned 56 development projects worth millions that were initiated by the Bhutto Government. The programmes included parks, monuments, a prime minister's secretariat and a convention centre.

With political turmoil growing, President Leghari is also expected to make an early announcement on a new constitution.

Government sources justified the creation of the council by saying it would give the military its due role and end the potential for conflict between the military and the elected government. "It would create harmony between the different organs of the state," a senior official said.

Pakistan's military has directly ruled the country for 25 out of the 50 years since the creation of the country, and it has long been demanding a constitutional role in politics. Despite the return to democracy in 1988, the military has continued to cast a shadow over the political scene. Informally, the army chief has been seen as a member of the tripartite of power, along with the President and Prime Minister.

The generals also have a strong say on issues related to foreign and defence policies. President Leghari's proposed constitutional role for the military will ensure that they become a dominant force.

The national security council will monitor the economic situation as Islamabad faces its worst financial crisis. Economic mismanagement was one of the key factors that led to Mr Leghari's dismissal of Ms Bhutto's Government. The army backed him because it considered the economic crisis a threat to national security.

Although Islamabad has averted the threat of a default on its external loan repayments with the help of the International Monetary Fund, the IMF's support has come with a condition that the administration adheres to a tight fiscal policy. President Leghari and the military want to ensure that any future government would not deviate from the economic reforms stipulated by the IMF.

## Imran rivals exploit 'love child' claim

BY ZAHID HUSSAIN

THE political aspirations of Imran Khan, the former Pakistani cricket star, may suffer a big blow with the threat by British heiress Sita White to take him to court to prove his paternity of her child Tyrion.

The issue has provided Mr Khan's main political rivals with an effective propaganda device to undermine his increasing popularity among the conservative urban middle classes.

Many Pakistani national newspapers yesterday reproduced Miss White's interview with *The Express* on their front pages.

At a news conference this week Mr Khan denied Miss White's claim that Tyrion was his child. He alleged that Miss White — daughter of the late Lord White — had been paid £50,000 by the father for the story. He questioned why she had made her claim at this stage and claimed that political opponents were using

dirty tricks against him. The claims that Mr Khan has a love child first surfaced soon after the announcement of his engagement to Jemima Goldsmith, daughter of Sir James Goldsmith, in 1995. The claims of an illegitimate child did not make any adverse impact at that time but Miss White's statement would certainly affect his position in an election.

Mr Khan formed his Movement for Justice last year with a promise to provide a clean and honest leadership. The movement has attracted educated urban professionals who are disenchanted with the corruption that has dominated Pakistan's political life.

Mr Khan has emerged as the main rival to Nawaz Sharif, the former Prime Minister, who is challenging for seats in Lahore and Abbottabad. His image as a social crusader has bolstered his popularity as a sporting hero.



Egide Gatanazi, who was yesterday sentenced to death in Rwanda for genocide

## Hutus sentenced to death

Kigali: Two Hutus were sentenced to death in a Rwandan court yesterday for genocide and crimes against humanity.

State-run radio said Desgranges Bizimana, a former medical assistant, and Egide Gatanazi, a former administrator, had 15 days to appeal. Both men were tried for four hours on December 27 before three judges in the

southeastern town of Kibungu where they were accused of organising massacres. They pleaded not guilty but had no defence lawyers. Executions in Rwanda are carried out by firing squad.

The convicted men were the first suspects to go on trial under a genocide law passed last year. About 90,000 Rwandans are in jail accused of taking part in killing an

estimated 800,000 minority Tutsis and Hutu moderates. Gerard Gahima, Deputy Justice Minister, said: "Under our law it is permissible for people to be tried without lawyers. If people think you can sweep the genocide of one million people under the carpet because there are no lawyers, they can think again." (Reuters)

## Kruger park lions devour mother and child

FROM RAY KENNEDY IN JOHANNESBURG

A MOTHER and child were attacked and eaten by lions in the Kruger National Park. South Africa's main game reserve. The victims were among a group of impoverished Mozambican illegal immigrants attempting to cross the wildlife park into South Africa to find jobs.

Every month hundreds of Mozambicans cross illegally through the park, the size of Wales. It is one of their key routes even though soldiers patrol the border and park rangers keep watch.

The border, outside the park, used to be protected by a lethal electric fence erected by South Africa's apartheid regime to keep out then African National Congress guerrillas, but the current has been switched off for some years.

Ben Pretorius, game ranger at the Punda Maria Rest Camp at the northern end of the park, said yesterday that the group of Mozambicans had been waiting in the bush near a tarred road for the moon to rise before continuing their journey. But they were surprised by a bull elephant and scattered in panic. Before they could regroup, they heard the screams of the woman and child. The fearful survivors stayed in hiding for the rest of the night and in the morning recounted their ordeal to a party of tourists.

Mr Pretorius said he found the remains of the woman and child several hours later. He estimated that at least 300 Mozambicans a month tried to cross the park. "Many more may be killed who we don't even know about," he said.

Several years ago a pride of lions was hunted down and shot by park rangers when it became clear that the beasts were stalking Mozambicans trying to cross the park and had turned into man-eaters.

□ Dar es Salaam: A lion ate a family of four on New Year's Day in a village west of the Tanzanian capital. The Kiswahili daily *Uhuru* said the victims were a man, his wife and their two children. The lion was still at large and being hunted. (AFP)

## Gambia returns to civilian control

FROM RAY KENNEDY IN JOHANNESBURG

Banjul: President Jammeh's party won a majority in The Gambia's new parliament yesterday after elections that complete a return to civilian rule in the small West African nation after his 1994 military coup.

Partial results from Thursday's poll, broadcast by state radio and TV, showed that his Alliance for Patriotic Reorientation and Construction had 26 of the assembly's 49 seats.

With four fifths of results declared, the main opposition United Democratic Party of Ousainou Darboe had six seats and the opposition National Reconciliation Party of Hamat Bah, two. (Reuters)

## Seoul peace offer

Seoul: A nuclear pact with North Korea will be rescheduled next week in an attempt to repair the political damage from September's incursion of a North Korean submarine. Seoul officials said. (Reuters)

## Bomb kills four

Srinagar: A bomb planted in a scooter taxi exploded near the home of Farooq Abdullah, Chief Minister of India's troubled Jammu and Kashmir state, killing four people, the police said. (Reuters)

## Cooking can kill

Peking: The incidence of lung cancer among Chinese women aged 40 to 59 is catching up with that of men, according to a Shanghai health survey that blamed cooking oil fumes for the increase. (AFP)

## Oil slick threat

Tokyo: An oil slick threatened Japan's western coast after a Russian-registered tanker broke in two, safety officials said. Heavy oil had gushed from the *Nakhodka* northeast of the Okhotsk Sea. (Reuters)

## Camp is closed

Hong Kong: The colony has closed one of its last two big detention camps for Vietnamese migrants. About 1,000 Vietnamese were moved from Whitehead detention centre to High Island camp. (Reuters)

## Coin find starts Australian row

FROM ROGER MAYNARD IN SYDNEY

NEW evidence suggesting that Australia may have been discovered by the Portuguese in the 1520s was disputed last night after a row about the origin of a coin, left, found near Melbourne (Roger Maynard writes).

A beachcomber with a metal detector came across the coin, believed to be a 500-year-old Portuguese real, buried on Victoria's Mornington Peninsula about three months ago.

The Victoria State Museum verified the country of origin and the age of the coin. However, Ken Downie, a Melbourne numismatist, said that

the coin was not Portuguese, was not early 16th century and was almost certainly counterfeit. He said it came from Spain and probably was struck about 1580.

Portuguese historians have long speculated that their navigator ancestors reached Australia early in the sixteenth century.



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you buy what you need — and not what the salespeople want to sell you — and much more besides! This fact-packed book from *Which?* gives independent, unbiased advice and is essential reading for anyone planning to buy a computer, or who wants to get the most from their existing system. *The Which? Guide to Computers* costs just £19.99 (P&P FREE), so why not order your copy NOW using the order form below? Full refund if not satisfied.

## Britons relish Chile wine boom

BY GABRIELLA GAMINI SOUTH AMERICA CORRESPONDENT

CHILEAN wine exports are enjoying a boom. In 1995 Chilean winemakers exported \$150 million (£92 million) worth and last year it shot up to \$280 million, with 10 per cent going to Britain. More than 26 million bottles of Chilean red and white reached the shops in Britain last year.

"We have become popular in Europe and the United States. But we are already looking to sell to a bigger market in Asia where they are just beginning to integrate wines into their habits," said Rodrigo Alvarado, director of Chile's main wine export control body.

Sebastian Ruiz, who makes chardonnay at the Vina Gracia winery in the Cachapual Valley, calls himself "a new winemaker". Vina Gracia's 1996 Four Rivers Chardonnay and 1995 Four Rivers Cabernet Sauvignon were selected last Christmas as "star buys" by *The Times* wine critic.

The secret of Chile's success derives from the 15 hours of sunshine during dry summer months. Winemakers say the climate is ideal, offering hot days and cool nights and very little rain, with the addition of fertile valleys that stretch between the Andes and Pacific Ocean. Señor Ruiz put it down to a "miracle" of nature. "We can have a wine ready in less than three months, so we always have young wines on the market quickly and we can guarantee their fresh fruit quality," he said.

## Tax-efficient ways of passing on property

Would you like to pass on money and property without wrapping your gifts in an unnecessary tax bill? Then read *The Which? Guide to Giving and Inheriting*. Easy to understand, and with case histories throughout, the book explains how to use the tax system to increase the value of your gifts, enabling you to plan ahead and control your finances. In fact, "it could be the wisest investment you will ever make" (Irish News). The guide covers • inheritance tax • capital gains tax • setting

up trusts • making use of covenants • estate planning • making and updating a will • special rules for family businesses • inheritance laws in Scotland • the National Lottery • passing on property. *The Which? Guide to Giving and Inheriting* is a must for anyone who wants to avoid paying more tax than necessary and could make a big difference to those to whom you give. It costs just £9.99 (P&P FREE), so why not order your copy NOW using the order form below? Full refund if not satisfied.

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Leading article, page 17

## first direct

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## Punters ride their luck as floods sweep western US

FROM IAN BRODIE IN WASHINGTON

FLOODS raged throughout the western United States yesterday, forcing many thousands to evacuate their homes, trapping more than 2,000 visitors and staff in Yosemite national park, but failing to stop the action in Reno where gambling continued in sand-bagged casinos.

A string of torrential storms that began last week brought flooding, mudslides and power failures. Rivers burst their banks and roads were inundated in Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, Washington state and northern California. At least 17 deaths are blamed on the bad weather.

Four towns in northern California with a total population of 95,000 were evacuated on the orders of sheriff's deputies after an embankment of the rain-swollen Feather River collapsed. Authorities feared that the banks downstream would give way as well. Eighteen evacuation centres were opened for the residents of Marysville, Yuba City, Linda and Olivhurst as they jammed the roads to make their escape.

Police patrolled the empty streets overnight. "They told us to hit the road and we did just that," said Freida Williams of Yuba City as she rested on a camp bed at a Red Cross shelter.

Long queues of cars snaked out of Yuba City, past recreation grounds and picnic spots that had been submerged in depths of up to 30ft. Police said that the break in the Feather River's bank appeared to be twice as big as one ten years ago when 40 miles were flooded, including all of Linda and parts of Olivhurst.

More than 6,000 of the evacuees headed for safety to Beale air force base, home of the U2 spy plane. 40 miles

north of Sacramento. They included elderly patients moved from a convalescent home and hundreds of children. The air force opened up a gym, a skating rink and hangars to accommodate the influx. Rows of cars were parked on the flight line, many laden with bedding, photographs and other mementos hastily gathered up in the flight from threatened homes.

In Nevada, the normally placid Truckee River overflowed, sending a torrent of water through homes and businesses in Reno. At the airport, several airliners were stranded in water up to their engine cowlings. Some hotel casinos were forced to close for the first time in memory, but others remained open.

In Yosemite, new year party guests were still trapped in two hotels with nowhere to go and nothing to do but play board games, read old newspapers and watch the Merced River surging by, flooding all roads into the park. It was the second setback for 300 of the stranded tourists who had waited more than a year to get in. They had won a draw for tickets for New Year's Eve 1995, but the park was closed by the budget impasse in Washington so their trip was put off until now. The hotels reported that everyone was safe and there was plenty to eat and drink.

Seventy counties in five states have been declared disaster areas since the storms began swamping the region with snow and rain on Boxing Day.

There are likely to be appeals to President Clinton for federal aid to help those whose homes, businesses and crops have been destroyed. The weekend forecast was for dry weather at last.



Some of the top Dutch amateur skaters train for today's Elfstedentocht, the 15th race in the 88-year history of the gruelling 160-mile event

## Rare skating marathon warms Dutch hearts

FROM MARK FULLER IN AMSTERDAM

THE Netherlands will come to a stop today for the rarely run Elfstedentocht, the legendary Frisian "11-cities" skating marathon which is one of the most gruelling sporting events in the world.

This skating-crazy nation has been waiting 11 years for a freeze to provide sufficient ice to carry more than 16,000 skaters along the 160-mile route through waterways and lakes linking 11 towns and villages in the northern province of Friesland. Today's marathon will be only the 15th race in the event's 88-year history.

One million spectators are

expected for the start at 5.30am and the rest of the nation will be glued to live television coverage of the day-long marathon. Such is the passion for the race that parliament went into recess during the last two races in 1985 and 1986, and Queen Beatrix cut short a foreign holiday.

To qualify for the race skaters either have to hold a Dutch marathon skater's licence or be members of the Elfstedentocht club. The organisation also holds a special lottery for additional racers. Funding comes from a mixture of provincial government

subsidy, local sponsorship and broadcasting rights.

Attention will focus on the 300 top amateur marathon skaters. These fanatics, all Dutch and including dairy farmers and a police detective, will be released first from the steel cages at the start of the tour in Leeuwarden, the Frisian capital.

They first have to run almost a mile before donning their skates and climbing on to the ice in darkness. They are expected to complete the course in around seven hours, averaging almost 19 miles an hour.

Although there is no prize

money for the winner, who receives a silver cup, the first skater to cross the finishing line will almost certainly become a guild-millionaire through sponsorship deals. The 16,000 other "tour skaters", have to finish by midnight to receive a silver medal.

Once away from the lights in the towns, there is no special floodlighting. Some skaters carry hand-held torches. Both groups of racers are motivated purely by the event's mythical status.

"There is no other marathon like it in the world. It's not called the race of races for nothing," said Evert van

Bentham, the winner in 1985 and 1986. After making a grave error last year when they misread weather conditions, the organising committee anticipated the freeze this week.

The three Frisian words, *It giet oan* (it's going ahead), were spoken on Thursday, although the ice on some parts of the course had not yet thickened to the required 6in.

Frisians have been working round the clock sawing chunks of ice out of disused canals and transplanting them to holes in the course.

Photograph, page 20

## New batch of Nixon outbursts released

BY IAN BRODIE

JUST as Americans are despairing of ethics violations and alleged abuses of public trust by their politicians, the voice of Richard Nixon has come back to haunt them.

His profane, uncompromising words were revealed again yesterday with publication of the latest excerpts from the Watergate tapes made available by the National Archives. The year was 1971 and Mr Nixon was listing the job requirements for his new commissioner for the Internal Revenue Service. "I want to be sure he's a ruthless son of a bitch, that he will do what he's told, that every income tax return I want to see, I see, that he will go after our enemies and not go after our friends," the President said, apparently oblivious that the Oval Office taping system he had installed was whirring away.

Nixon was bothered, he said, by what the "stinking little bastards" did at the IRS when the Democrats were in charge. He recalled that the Kennedys had ordered tax inspectors to go after him "for that goddamned house I bought". Now it was the Republican Nixon's turn and he wanted to know "when the Christ are they going to go after some Democrats?"

The man chosen to be the Nixon IRS patsy was Johnnie Walters, but he refused to go along with the plot when he was handed the famous "enemies list" and told to audit their tax returns. "I was shocked," he told *The Washington Post*, which published the latest Nixon tapes. He warned John Dean, the President's counsel and emissary, that targeting the tax returns of political enemies "would make Watergate look like a Sunday school picnic".

He put the list in an envelope and tucked it away until congressional investigators bent on Nixon's impeachment came looking for it. As for Mr Walters, Nixon declared he was finished, a demotion the former commissioner is proud of to this day.

## No Pension No Life Is this how life is going to be?

From our Business Editor

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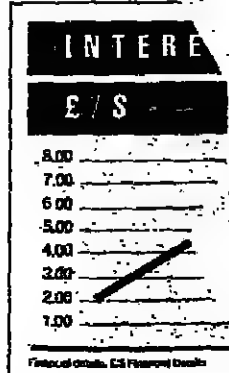
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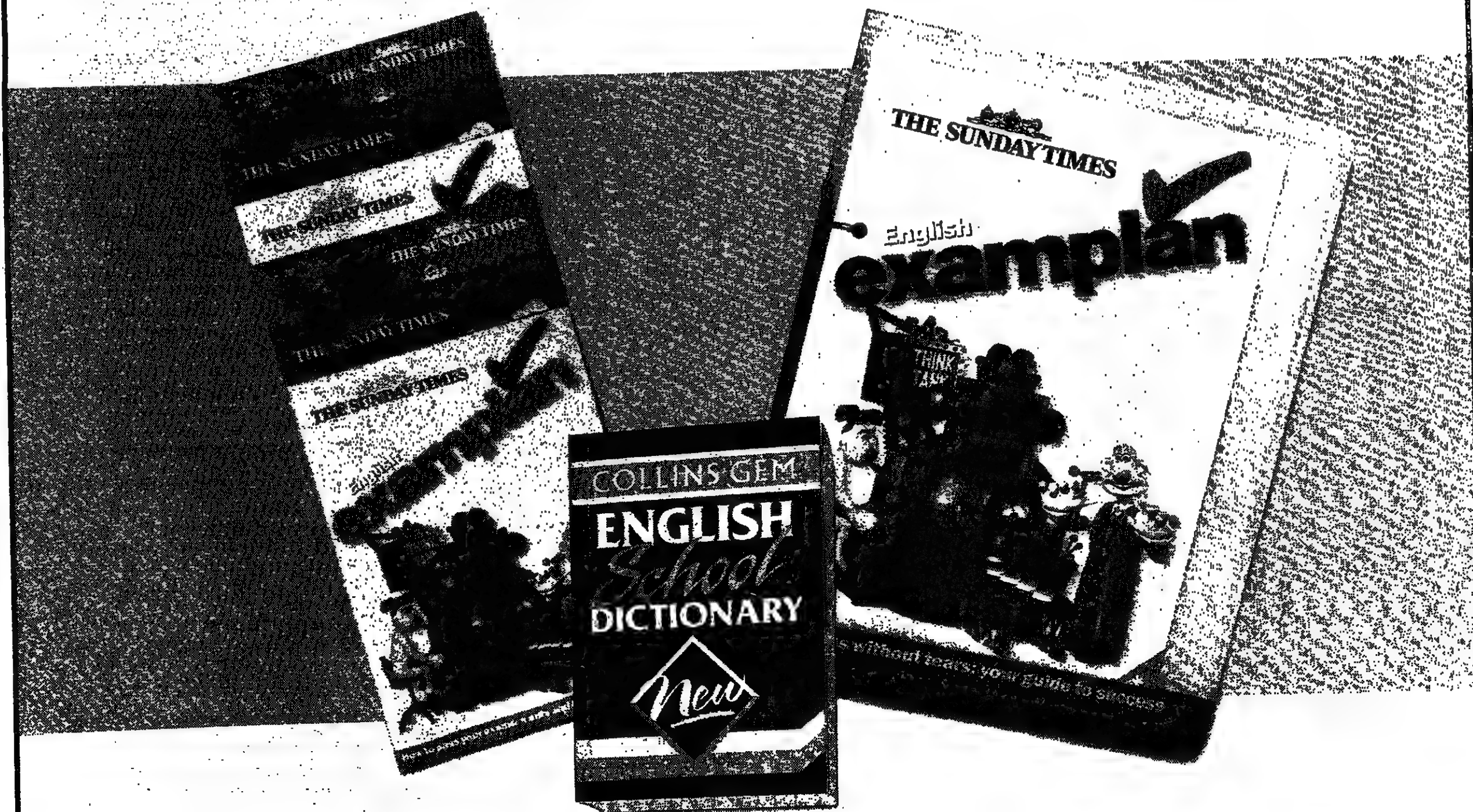
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# Firms in need of bodyguards call for Russian SAS



**MOSCOW FILE**  
*by* RICHARD  
BEESTON

## Icicle threat hangs over frozen city



**A Russian security firm  
contract killings rising**

# Teacher

**IN THE cut-throat world of politics Boris Berezhovsky, one of the richest and most influential figures in Moscow, rarely**



**A Russian security firm's bodyguard squad takes part in an exercise. With extortion and the number of contract killings rising as law and order break down, such firms are thriving, especially in Moscow**

## Teacher and tycoon in palace revolt

people do not give a damn for money," said Mr Tcherikoff. "If they lose their culture, it will lose its value." Although initially his cause was rebuffed by Logovaz and the municipality, his cause has suddenly gained support. He has even addressed the city council, the only non-member since the revolution, to do so.

# Kohl visit to Yeltsin dogged by suspicion over Nato

FROM ROGER BOYES  
IN BERLIN

That is why Russia is intensifying pressure on, and espionage activity in, Eastern Europe.

## Ex-breadwinner told to hand over dough

FROM TUNKU VARADARAJAN  
ENNAURIN

The problem began in 1994, when the couple divorced. Although Francisco F.J. agreed to pay his ex-wife a monthly sum as part of the settlement, he had not paid her a single peseta. His debts now stand at nearly £20,000. Although the couple have four children, only their 12-year-old daughter Cristina is still a minor. Part of the court's judgement lays down that the

## France rises in alarm to protect the baguette

**FROM SUSAN BELL IN PARIS**

Despite the current vogue in France for specialty breads, most traditional bakers find that a simple but delicious *baguette*, still warm from the oven, is the best way to hold their own against mass-produced supermarket products, even if the latter do sell for as little as a franc each. Experts agree that it is impossible to produce a "real *baguette*" for less than two francs.

**THE SUNDAY TIMES**

**THE SUNDAY TIMES Magazine**

**Revealed: Versace's new supermodel**

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# Opportunity crumbles

Defunct hospitals and barracks are part of our architectural heritage, argues Giles Worsley

It has taken the Prince of Wales to draw public attention to the crisis facing Britain's redundant institutional buildings. The establishment of his Phoenix Trust, which aims to find new uses for some of the scores of threatened former barracks, hospitals and mental asylums, is the only national response so far to the greatest disposal of public buildings since the dissolution of the monasteries in the 16th century. As was tragically the case then, demolition looks the most likely fate for most of these buildings.

Britain used to be proud of its institutional buildings. Solidly built at the height of Victorian and Edwardian self-confidence, great mental asylums, many of them set in hundreds of acres of beautifully landscaped grounds, can be found on the edge of every major city and town. The relics of Britain's imperial past — barracks, dockyards, gunpowder works — are scattered across the country, some on remote, beautiful sites, others in the centres of historic towns. Many are breathtaking in scale or architectural ambition. The Royal William Victualling Yard in Plymouth has more in common with a great Oxford or Cambridge college than with our conventional image of a dockyard.

Care in the community, defence cutbacks and changing patterns of healthcare have all forced a major shake-out of institutional buildings. Of 121 former mental asylums in England, for example, 98 will have closed by the year 2000. With the right political imagination, this could be seen as an enormous opportunity. Such buildings are ideally suited to be turned into ready-made communities, to provide homes for fledgling institutions in search of a home or as sites to generate new economic opportunities. Instead they are perceived as a problem to be solved in the crudest possible manner — neglect, demolition and replacement by soulless housing or industrial units.

The failure is felt at every level, from the Government through to the housebuilding industry. Despite the Prime Minister's publicly declared sympathy for historic buildings, his ministers remain strangely silent. The Ministry of Defence under Michael Portillo has been burnt by the outcry over its inept handling of the sale of the Royal Naval College in Greenwich. The Department of Health — always obstructive in finding new uses for redundant hospitals and mental asylums — has not changed under Stephen Dorrell, whose lack of interest in such issues was only too clear during his silent tenure of the Department of National Heritage. As for the DNH, the supposed guardian of historic buildings, it is hardly surprising that it has failed to speak out when its Secretary of State, Virginia Bottomley, was responsible for many of the closures during her time at the Health Department.

Nor has English Heritage stepped into the breach. Far from raising the alarm, its responses have been to cast an academic eye over the history of barracks and hospitals. Those which shed light on this

have been listed. The vast majority, deemed not to be of architectural importance despite their solid craftsmanship, were left unprotected. For most planning authorities and developers, that is a green light for demolition.

The greatest failing has been the inflexibility of the housebuilding industry. Solely interested in throwing up row upon row of standardised houses, it has failed to grasp the concept of converting former barracks or hospitals. This lack of imagination generates the pressure to demolish or, where listing prevents that, to swamp the grounds with new housing.

And yet where developers have had the chance to convert them, these robust buildings have proved to be immensely adaptable. They also provide that indefinable but essential quality which we seem incapable of creating today: a sense of place. Barracks and hospitals form attractive housing — as the success of the former Peninsula Barracks in Winchester and the creation of Moorhaven Village in Devon from the former Plymouth Borough Asylum have shown. In Scotland, the former Crichton Asylum is to become an extra campus of Glasgow University. In Lancaster, the Royal Albert Asylum is to become a boarding school for Muslim girls. The astonishing success of Sir Ernest Hall at Dean Clough Mills in Halifax has shown how large redundant buildings can be the seedbed for dynamic economic activity.

The history of conservation since the last war has shown that the reuse of historic buildings is an effective way to generate economic prosperity. The launch of the Phoenix Trust is a major step forward, but the danger is that the Government and English Heritage, having nodded approval to the trust, will sit back, their consciences assuaged. But the trust can be no more than a catalyst. It could only take on a handful of sites at a time. That leaves hundreds more at risk.

A few simple steps would go some way to solving the problem. As listing is clearly not enough to protect sites on this scale, a national programme of conservation area creation is clearly necessary. Better publicity for successful schemes would prevent local authorities trying to reinvent the wheel every time a mental asylum was made redundant.

But ultimately the problem is the lack of political will. Demolition is the lazy solution. In ten years' time, when these buildings are just a memory, the problem will have been solved but the cost will have been enormous — the cost to our national heritage and the cost of lost opportunities. In the 1950s, country houses were being demolished every week because no one had the imagination to reuse them. Today demolition of country houses is almost unheard of.

We need a similar change in attitude towards our former institutional buildings. Until that happens, the Phoenix Trust can only be a sticking plaster on an open wound.

The author is the Editor of Perspectives on Architecture

Britain has failed to become a nation of shareholders, says Peter Riddell. But a nation of savers?

Popular capitalism should be a central theme of the Tory campaign — a vote-winning initiative which unites the party. But it has hardly been mentioned so far, and did not feature at all in the Budget. Tory strategists and thinkers recognise the need to reinvent the party but are unsure how to do so.

The 1980s version was one of the most evocative and successful initiatives of the high Thatcherite period. A marriage of privatisation and wider share ownership, it symbolised the post-1979 shift of political and economic power — for once a slogan with substance, with a direct payoff for millions of people. But popular capitalism encompasses a number of separate objectives, on promoting privatisation, personal savings and enterprise, which have proved to be distinct and in part incompatible.

The idea of a property-owning democracy was first floated by Anthony Eden in 1948, but he thought of it mainly as a form of industrial partnership. Wider share ownership later became a favourite Tory incantation, but it only really took off when the Treasury considered how to sell off British Telecom in 1984. In face of the initial scepticism of City advisers, Nigel Lawson decided on a mass marketing. This was a resounding success, partly thanks to the big underpricing of the shares, and was the model for subsequent sales of the other utilities. This resulted in a near doubling in the number of individual shareholders to more than 11 million, a peak of 22 per cent of adults by 1990.

## If you see Sid, tell him to start saving

The Tories proclaimed this in almost moral terms — spreading the virtues of ownership and thrift, and the risks and rewards of investment. It was also intended to entrench opposition to renationalisation. Labour only adjusted slowly and the Tories skilfully exploited the opportunities, writing in the 1987 election to shareholders in the utilities to give warning about the threat from Labour plans. A similar campaign is planned against Labour's proposed windfall tax on the utilities. Buyers of privatisation shares have anyway been disproportionately Tory, but research in the British Election Study has shown that popular capitalism, both the sale of council houses and privatisation, did make people significantly less likely to vote Labour and attracted some people to the Tories.

Many people were attracted by the hope, usually fulfilled, of a quick profit. They wanted a short-term punt rather than a long-term investment. Despite further flotations, the number of shareholders has declined during the 1990s to about 9.5 million, although this should be boosted by

building society conversions. But half of these shareholders have only one share and only a sixth have four or more. The value of holdings remains tiny by comparison with people's equity in their homes, their pension rights and savings in banks and building societies.

In retrospect, the privatisation flotations were one-offs, important in changing attitudes but not a suitable long-term way to broaden capital ownership. The volatile performance of utility shares, including last year's offer of British Energy, suggest they are not suitable for small investors.

The same is likely to be true of future planned privatisations. Instead of being safe and predictable, the utilities are subject to the desire of regulators to increase competition and reduce monopoly profits, as British Gas shareholders have learnt to their cost. That is not what small investors of the type attracted by the "tell Sid" campaign expected when British Gas was sold off a decade ago. There is an inbuilt contradiction between the risk-taking

inherent in individual shareholding and most people's desire to minimise such risks. This was identified by the Committee on Private Share Ownership as one of the main obstacles to stock market investments.

Privatisation, whatever its merits for the firms concerned, is not the best way to promote enterprise and capitalist attitudes among the public as a whole. Entrepreneurs will not be created by the offer of a few shares. More important are specific tax and other incentives to encourage business formation. Some Tory policy-makers are considering whether more needs to be done to encourage people to provide services to the private sector — for instance, teachers and parents getting together to set up British versions of the American charter schools, or to offer particular courses. This would be akin to the financial independence of general practitioners, especially fundholders.

Instead of the confusing slogan of Popular Capitalism, what is really needed is a policy for Popular Savings. As lobbying groups such as ProShare have argued, there is a

strong case for encouraging people to build up equity-based investments as well as fixed-interest bank and building society holdings. Apart from the growing number of employee shareholders, this may be better achieved by collective means such as unit and investment trusts which spread risk. This is shown by the success of personal equity plans (PEPs), tax-free on income and withdrawals, which have risen to more than £28 billion since their launch in 1988. A snag is that such measures can result in a switching around of savings rather than an increase in the total. A better answer might be a more comprehensive reform to treat pensions, PEPs and similar savings schemes alike via a general overall tax relief. That could be tied in with giving people a more direct interest in, and control over, their pensions.

An increase in savings by people in their thirties and forties, if not younger, is desirable in view of the pressures on welfare spending. If the taxpayer is unable and unwilling, to finance the standard of services and long-term care for the elderly that people want, then they will have to save while they are still earning. Under any likely government, greater personal provision will be needed to provide an adequate income in retirement.

There is big scope here for the Conservatives to develop a broader Popular Savings initiative which might be both electorally popular and economically right in the long term — a rare double.

## No plug, no wires, no rivals

In five centuries, science has failed to produce anything more useful than the printed book — including the Internet

Let us assume the wizards had their way. In every corner of every home, office and school glows a lighted screen. Owing from the Internet is all that mankind could desire. Each household is plugged into the Library of Congress. Each five-year-old can summon Relativity Theory at the squeak of a mouse. Electronics shares reach record levels.

Into the denim-walled offices of Internet mogul Bill Gates walks a Mr Caxton. He has contrived a method of putting this material into portable form. His invention needs no lighted screen. It enables written words to be read with the naked eye, and even fashioned into compact volumes to fit into a handbag. They are immune to viruses and do not crash jet planes. Mr Caxton's contraption requires no costly electronic hardware, no batteries, cables or wall plugs. Third World countries can use it. Mr Gates sees the threat instantly and shows Mr Caxton the door.

Had the book come after, not before, the screen, I lay money the pundits would have declared the Internet a passing and costly fad. Out would go the dirty, eye-drying screens with their plugs and wires and inconvenient sockets. In their place would be books, objects of beauty customised to the needs of the mobile leisure classes. Governments would subsidise school libraries and set up bookshops on every street corner. Teachers would be retained to read. Tony Blair and Michael Heseltine would launch "Book 2000" initiatives and donate millennial millions. Books, being cheap, would liberate the poor and be the salvation of culture. Caxton would move to Malibu, wear sneakers and top the Fortune 500.

Last week a Policy Studies Report confirmed what I long suspected. Beside every terminal lurks a future reader. The popularity of books has risen steadily over the first decade of the "information revolution", a revolution that was predicted to herald their demise. Book sales are up since 1989, as is real-terms spending on books, the latter by an extraordinary 45 per cent. The number of titles has almost doubled since 1987, giving the lie to the publishers' lament that too many books are published. The percentage of the population buying 16 or more books in a year has risen from 28 per cent to 30 per cent. The public loves books and has thumbed its nose at the much-hyped revolution — or at least regards it as having nothing to do with books.

That revolution has already seen three of its most over-promoted innovations degenerate into small niches (Cedex/Prestel, touch-screen, CD-Rom). Books-on-screen has died almost at birth. Now comes the Internet. The rest of computer firms to get parents and children hooked has sent them pleading to politicians for help. Needless to say, politicians will oblige. The Labour Party's David Blunkett is today promising a £150 million subsidy to install the Internet in schools as part of a British Telecom promotion. Last October Michael Heseltine made a similar pledge for the Tories. Neither made any mention of helping schools to buy more books.

A civilisation declares itself by its books. A house without books is a shelter but not a home. Children who do not read novels may be trained but not educated. "Computer literacy" is an essential tool for living, like being able to handle money, law and personal relationships. It has nothing to do with literacy. Screens and information retrieval and offer harmless fun. But to substitute computers for schoolbooks is a travesty. To



Anthony Woodville and his printer, William Caxton, present their book, published in 1477, to King Edward IV

suppose that cybernauts from the World Wide Web are about to zap the writers and readers of books as co-sponsors of Western culture (as did the University of California's survey *The Future of the Book*) is ludicrous. So great is the commercial hyper-

groups, the "intranet" is a more efficient version of the fax. E-mail has done wonders for the ancient art of letter-writing. I can see that being able to download the entire British Library on to one's kitchen table, or cruise the Louvre from one's armchair, is in theory exhilarating. But like Heath Robinson's suggestions for winning the Great War, the concept is unlikely to have widespread application.

The Internet is one more electronic craze that market forces will sooner or later put in its proper context. For the time being, its fanatical proponents need the sympathy and tolerance once extended to Esperantists and radio hams. In the history of science, I would place the Internet well behind the word processor, the telephone and the lightbulb. It is popular because it is still heavily subsidised by the computer industry, and soon by the Government. Children, victims of the present marketing

drive, need to learn computing alongside many other skills. But that is not what the Treasury will shortly be subsidising.

All this will soon shake down. What is absurd is for screen communication to require for its self-esteem the ridiculing of books. Highly paid seminar addicts such as MIT's Nicholas Negroponte deride the book for having to be taken down from a shelf and "accessed", one person at a time. Geoffrey Numborg declares in the Berkeley book (sic) that most books as "bound, primed volumes will likely disappear soon". The deconstructionists proclaim that the "closed" book is dead. The advent of digital hypertext will liberate the reader from "the tyranny of the writer". I suppose smashing pictures on the floor liberates viewers from the tyranny of artists. It is the freedom of the brain-dead.

Thoreau famously warned against inventions as merely "improved means to an unimproved end". I accept that the goal of the written word is in part the dissemination of information. The Internet is an aid to this. Even here I do not believe it will seriously challenge the printed reference book. With both Internet and books at my disposal, I make vastly more use of the latter. They are, as Caxton showed, simply more convenient than something plugged into a wall and requiring constant energy.

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The surprise star of the PSI survey was books of the imagination. Fiction is still the biggest category of books bought. Novels have not been replaced by computer games or video nasties. The latest Archer, Francis or Grisham may not rank with Milton's "precious lifeblood of a master spirit". But the vitality of literary publishing, poetry, plays and novels, defies the Jeremiahs of the publishing industry.

The book is the seminal invention of modern civilisation. The history of communication since Gutenberg and Caxton testifies to its appeal. What arrived on the cultural landscape back in the 15th century has remained unchallenged, certainly by anything that electronics can offer. To move a mountain, you must write a book. To found a religion or launch a political party, you must write a book. To found an enemy, support a friend, tell a story, justify a career, you must write a book. Even if you wish to sneer at books, you must write a book.

The Internet will strut its hour upon the stage, and then take its place in the ranks of lesser media. It needs no subsidy. If we want to splash public money on culture, splash it on books.

## Eve dawns

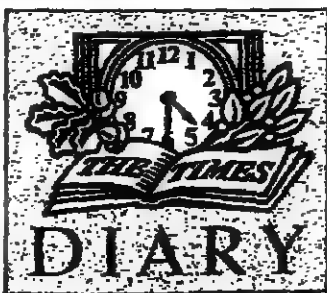
AFTER an absence of two years from journalism, Eve Pollard, the former Editor of the *Sunday Express*, has bounced back into the murky world of tabloid newspapers.

From this weekend, she will be filling the late Marge Proops's slot as agony aunt of the *Sunday*

*Mirror*, a paper she once edited. Her contributions are to come in a page headlined Dear Eve, in which she "shoots from the hip" according to Amanda Platell, the Group Managing Editor of *Mirror* Group Newspapers. Eve will also offer advice in a section headed In Bed With Eve. "It is simply a tip of the week to help improve a couple's sex life," explains Platell.

An early copy of Eve's sex tip for tomorrow's paper has fallen my way. "Winter is here but you must resist the temptation to wear your socks in bed, since your man will not like it," she advises her readers. "If you must wear a nightdress, make sure it is see-through. If you still feel chilly, go to bed in your fur coat." *Sunday Mirror* readers are long on fur coats.

I understand that she also submitted a comprehensive reply to the newspaper in answer to a woman who complained that her husband beat her up: "Dear Diana," it read. "Wife-beating is a common problem. It is estimated that XXXXX women are beaten up



every year. Of these, XXX end up in hostels and XXXX have the courage to take their complaints to the police. XXXX children find themselves in broken homes and XXXX men finally go to prison. You must not feel helpless. There are a number of agencies who can help you including XXX and XXXX. Attached was a note, asking researchers to fill in the gaps. "That must have been an early draft of my ideas, for a reply," she explained. "But unfortunately we could not collate the statistics. They're very hard to come by."

From The Washington Post come entries for The Worst Analogies Ever Written in a High School Essay contest: "The little boat

drifted across the pond exactly the way a bowling ball would." "He was as tall as a six-foot three-inch tree." And one I don't think is so bad: "The hairstones leaped from the pavement, just like maggots when you fry them in hot grease."

### Last orders

THERE is a dry taste in mouths around El Paso these days — and for once it is not the fault of Francisco Morales, known around southwest Texas as Pancho. On Thursday, Morales, the inventor of the Margarita, was buried, having died of a stroke aged 78.

According to cocktail lore, a young Morales was idling behind Tommy's Bar in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, on a lizard-parching July 4, 1942, when a woman came in and asked for a cocktail he had never heard of. Reluctant to lose face in front of the dame, he decided to bluff. He threw together some tequila, cointreau and lime juice, then grazed the rim of the glass with salt.

"Like it, kid," said the customer, eyes hooded, cigarette twitching from the tequila's kick. "Whaddya call it?" Bluffing again, he made a

name up. Like refried beans in a pan, it stuck.

### White lie

FESTERING at the heart of Tara Palmer-Tomkinson's skiing holiday in Klosters is a terrible deceit. Worse, for this schussing clotheshorse, it involves fashion. While on the slopes for her not-so-low-pro-



file, get-away-from-it-all holiday, T.P.T., essayist and one-time A-level student, has been wearing and trumpeting the fancy clothes of Sam de Teran, a London-based designer. For her troubles, she says she receives nothing but the occasional free outfit. But about this exotically named de Teran: contemporaries at Cambridge remember her as plain Sam Angus. Later she married, becoming Sam Godsal. As she grew in the rag trade, however, it seemed time to exploit her mother's more chic maiden name. Her glamorous client would quite understand.

### A la carte

AS CHANCELLOR of Oxford University, Lord Jenkins of Hillhead has learnt that change at the Varsity is an incremental process. In a recent speech, he laid down his plans for an expanded Chancellor's role. "Do I think that I ought to be involved more in the university's decision-making or, as some would claim, lack of decision-making? I think that my answer to this is 'up to a point', but only up to a fairly limited point."

Clearly, Loverboy Jenkins — the



Jenkins not so fast

revelation last year that he had an affair with Jackie Kennedy's sister Lee Radziwill has changed his image forever — has lost some of that grand political ambition. "I think I might have a little more say in the arrangement of Encaenia and other such occasions," he says. "Even the most constitutional of sovereigns are allowed to choose the menus for state banquets."

P.H.S.





## NANNY STATE

Families need fathers, not big government

If there is one posture more comfortable for the electioneering politician than being wrapped in the flag it is to nestle in the bosom of the family. The Prime Minister sought yesterday to make homeland and hearth his battleground for the election. In the preface to a collection of speeches, *Our Nation's Future*, John Major affirms his belief in "the fundamental importance of the family and our national institutions as the foundations of a free, caring, decent and democratic society".

The family, however, has shown a wise reluctance in the past to be conscripted by any political party. It is not enough for a politician to proclaim his support for the institution and expect its members' gratitude. Just as the Conservative claim to be the party of the nation can be tested by actions in Belfast and Brussels, so Tory pretensions to be the party of the family must be measured against actual policy.

The Prime Minister, anxious only to show a glimpse of the stocking full of goodies his manifesto will bring, did not reveal much of substance yesterday. Instead, he asked voters "to look behind the policies... to understand the convictions which make that party tick". The Conservatives, sensitive to Labour's initiative in considering curfews and promoting a debate on parenting, hope that the electorate will regard new Labour's embrace of family values as shallow infatuation. But to offer criticism, the Prime Minister must demonstrate a real difference.

There is certainly merit in questioning whether direct state intervention in family life will strengthen it, any more than it helped shipbuilding or steel. As Ferdinand Mount has argued, the family is a "subversive organisation", a focus for loyalty which has stubbornly resisted the embrace of Leviathan and outlived the many ideologies which have attempted to appropriate it. To believe that the childminder in Whitehall

knows best is to misunderstand the family and fall into the persistent socialist error of trying to regulate civil society. In his suspicion of the "faceless State", the Prime Minister's instincts are in accord with real family values which are less to do with fixed bedtimes and more a matter of cherishing voluntary affection and natural authority.

Mr Major may recognise that there is a limit to what the State can do to help the family but that does not absolve his administration of responsibility for policies which have actively harmed it. The most signal area of failure has been taxation. The Treasury prejudice in favour of a "neutral" tax regime which seeks to treat children, like company cars, as unworthy of special treatment has, in practice, discriminated against families. Virtually all single people have seen their tax burden decline under the Conservatives while for the poorest families, those on an income half the national average, the tax burden has risen from 2.4 per cent to 10 per cent.

Loving parents do not pause before conceiving to study tax regimes; but the structure of rates, benefits and allowances does influence behaviour and attitudes over time. The skewing of the tax and benefits system to subsidise the raising of children without fathers and penalise traditional family structures has seen a culture of irresponsibility develop among young men. The Labour sociologist Norman Dennis has identified the revolt against respectability as a prime cause of rising crime and social fracture. Far from making an unfair claim on single people, a tax system which supports the family provides the best guarantee of a more stable society for all. It would be, in the proper sense, a system of national insurance. Reforming the welfare state in a manner which nurtures virtue should be the challenge for any party which claims to value the family.

## HEAVY HAND

The paranoid style in Singapore politics

Goh Chok Tong, Singapore's Prime Minister, has called the crushing general election victory of his People's Action Party a "watershed election". His party won all but two seats in parliament, denying seats to the island's two most prominent opposition leaders, Jeyaretnam of the Workers' Party and Chee Soon Juan of the Singapore Democratic Party. One pro-government newspaper remarked that "more than anyone else, he won big".

Mr Goh's victory, more reminiscent of election results in totalitarian states than in genuine democracies, leaves a sour taste. The Prime Minister and his supporters are particularly celebrating the PAP's win in the multiracial, Cheng San constituency, where polls had suggested the mainly working-class area was leaning towards the Opposition. The prospect of any win by a Workers' Party candidate seemed to induce panic. The Prime Minister suggested his own standing would be damaged, warned voters that Singapore's prestige would suffer, and issued thinly disguised threats that a district failing to support the PAP would lose a multimillion-pound programme to renovate housing estates.

All means at the Government's disposal were used to discredit the Opposition. Mr Goh launched a barrage of personal attacks on opposition leaders. He invoked the sensitive race issue, accusing Tang Liang Hong, the WP leader, of Chinese nationalism. And he said opposition leaders were peddling a "Western" agenda.

Such behaviour verges on paranoia. It is hard to understand why Mr Goh demands such grovelling obedience. The PAP, which has ruled the island since Singapore's

independence, was never in any danger of losing, since the Opposition put up candidates in fewer than half the constituencies. Though resentment of the nanny state and grumbling over the Government's monopoly of power has increased, especially among the younger generation, there is no widespread political revolt. Singapore is peaceful, prosperous and poised to take full advantage of its status as a world financial and communications centre. At home and abroad, there is widespread recognition of the island's efficient economy. Do the humorous whisperings of criticism really pose a threat to Singapore's wellbeing?

Singapore makes much of its modernity, business acumen and social cohesion. The government wants material achievements to be judged by world standards, but in moral, political and social matters it insists such comparisons are neither fair nor relevant. Singapore, its leaders say, upholds "Asian values" which have little to do with Western concepts of human rights or individual entitlements. Criticism by Western democracies is denounced as hypocrisy and meddling, when Washington rightly denounced Mr Goh's housing threat. Singapore insisted that this was normal practice.

This is not the behaviour of a self-confident state. Mr Goh may indeed have won because voters think they are better off with the PAP. But if Singapore wants — as it does — to compete with Hong Kong, it should demonstrate that freedom is indivisible: those trading and living in Singapore will prosper only if they are untrammelled by state-enforced conformity and heavy-handed politics.

## GLOBAL GRAPES

From Pinocchet to pinot noir

When Keats yearned for a "beaker full of the warm south", could he ever have guessed just how far south the oenological explorers of the northern supermarket chains would venture? Thirty years ago, wine was French and that was that. Californian and Australian wines invaded. They rose in price and were undercut by Chile, now better known for pinot noir than General Pinochet, which enjoys one of the world's few climates where you can ski and sunbathe on the same day. Today the newly fashionable Chilean reds and whites are fighting off the latest newcomers from Argentina.

Britain lies seventh in the world wine-drinking league. But while consumption in countries which have been drinking vast quantities for centuries has been slackening off, Britons keep buying more wine. Since British winemaking is in its infancy, our wine importing is nationally-blind. Without leaving the off-licence, the British fan of the grape tigras across the globe in search of what the latest corkscrew guru has advised is a flirtatiously fruity cabernet with a suspicion of sumo wrestler's armpit. With every new expertise comes a new bore: the man who tells you more than you want to know about the raspberry ripple bouquet in Rioja should be known as a cork dork.

Britain imported 26 million bottles of Chilean wine and drank more than 850 million bottles in all last year. When growers in Cognac and California recently sounded the alarm over a malignant mushroom, which threatens their vines, the linkage of

the places only served to underline that as far as supermarket shelves go, they are the old world. South America is almost passé. Stand by for the new cavers from the Czechs, the Chinese, the Mexicans and the Moldovans. British supermarkets hire "flying winemakers" who criss-cross continents in search of promising raw material made by less well-developed viticulture which, with the aid of a little new technology, can be transformed into something a wine-writer will put at the top of the chart. The cultural categories become confusing: shops sell "French wine made in Australia".

By being geographically promiscuous, British wine-drinkers learn to be more discerning about grape varieties, climate calculations and bold new blends. But mass markets smooth out the rich variety of local practice. Ten years ago, few chardonnay grapes were grown in Spain, South Africa, Chile, New Zealand or Central Europe; vast acreages now exist to supply new demand. Chardonnay is relatively easy to produce and — more important — simple to pronounce. Its far easier to order a bottle of Cloudy Bay chardonnay than a bottle of Castel de Paolis 1 Quattro Mori, particularly if you've already had a glass or three. There are country clubs and children called Chardonnay. But just as we might start to worry that one grape might elbow out other varieties, the wine business reports that consumers are beginning to suffer from "chardonnay fatigue". Taste is a restless, fickle thing.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN Telephone 0171-782 5000

### UK given away — or sold off?

From Mr David Selbourne

Sir, John Redwood (letter, December 28) objects to British politicians who, presumably in the name of their Europhilia, "would give this country away". But in what sense is this morally, or civically, more culpable than selling off our public and civic institutions — Army housing, the railways, the utilities, the Stationery Office, County Hall and all the rest of it — to the highest bidder, and sometimes not even to the highest bidder. In the name of the "free market"?

Each of these sales represents a disposal of public goods, institutions and interests to the "unneeded" and all promote, in one form or another, dissolution of the civic order. There is no qualitative difference between the dispersal of a nation's identity among competing market interests of no fixed abode, seeking to buy up parts of the very fabric which holds the body politic together, and the gradual surrender of a nation's sovereignty to extraterritorial bureaucracies and bankers in "Europe".

If there is some powerful (and truthful) distinction to be made between these two kinds of national solvent, perhaps Mr Redwood will tell us what it is. And if he cannot do so, why should we prefer to see a Japanese property developer installed in the former seat of London's government to a Brussels bureaucrat or Strasbourg judge telling us what are the limits of our rights and powers?

Yours faithfully,  
DAVID SELBOURNE,  
C. P. 152,  
61029 Urbino (PS), Italy,  
January 2.

### Single currency

From Mr Donald Neale

Sir, Professor Sir Graham Hills (letter, December 28) advocates our adopting the single currency. The Maastricht treaty prescribes that it, and all related matters of monetary policy, be controlled solely by the board of the European Central Bank, consisting of the governors of the individual European central banks. Clause 109 guarantees they will be totally independent and accountable to no one — in short, a financial government.

Since their decisions will affect every man, woman and child in the Union, how can such concentration of unchallengeable power possibly be justified?

Yours faithfully,  
DONALD NEALE,  
21 Hawkhead Crescent,  
Edinburgh,  
December 30.

From Professor D. R. Myddelton

Sir, Gold was once a globally accepted currency compared to which the euro is an untried upstart.

British governments have failed disastrously to maintain the purchasing power of the pound this century; but German governments have done even worse with the mark.

Why should governments assume monopoly powers over money? Why not let people choose which money they prefer? In other words, let the free market work.

Yours faithfully,  
D. R. MYDDELTON,  
Cranfield School of Management,  
Cranfield,  
Bedford MK43 0AL,  
December 30.

### Quota hopping

From Mr Julian Williams

Sir, Mr Francis Deutsch (letter, December 30) is misinformed: there is no level playing field between the British and Spanish in the purchase of fishing quotas. The Spanish fleet receives subsidies from Brussels (£721 million between 1994 and 1999) which are not available to British fishermen.

On top of this, Community funds, which include British money, are being used to buy fishing rights for the Spanish fleet in Morocco (£392 million), Mauritania (£200 million) and Guinea. The Seychelles, Angola and São Tomé (£65 million in aggregate).

Purdumore, the Spanish land British fish in Spain, thus avoiding the British inspectors who forbid the sale of underquid fish. In Spain these fish are a delicacy and contribute to the fleet's profits.

Whilst Spain has by far the largest European fleet, and nowhere to go with it, the fishing grounds ascribed under international law to Britain contain about two thirds of the total fish available in EU waters — more than enough to maintain our diminishing fleet and fish industry.

The solution devised by Brussels is overfishing for all and a future for no one. This is how the international bureaucracy, over which we have almost no control, works.

Yours sincerely,  
JULIAN WILLIAMS,  
95 Hornsey Lane, N6,  
December 30.

Weekend Money letters, page 29

Letters that are intended for publication should carry a daytime telephone number. They may be sent to a fax number — 0171-782 5046.

### Risks posed to skiers by snowboards

From Mr Peter A. J. Parr-Davies

Sir, I relayed the gist of your reports on dangerous skiers and the involvement of snowboarders in a disproportionate number of collisions (December 27) to my son, on a ski holiday in Tignes in the French Alps with a friend. Within 24 hours, that same friend was struck violently from behind by a snowboarder while standing at the side of an otherwise empty piste.

The snowboarder struck him with such force as to throw him into the air and down on his head into the snow, break both skis, and inflict a deep and dangerous gash in a calf muscle.

The snowboarder, with the attitude that seems endemic to the breed, then simply sped off down the mountain leaving an innocent skier, with obviously broken skis, bleeding profusely into the snow at the side of a deserted piste. If the rescue services had not been alerted and quickly directed to the location, the skier might have bled or frozen to death.

The Val d'Isère guide quoted in

your report correctly states that snowboarders follow a completely different trajectory from skiers, and that there is therefore an immediate incompatibility on shared pistes.

However, the greater problem may be that a young person can learn sufficient basics to use a snowboard within a couple of days in the resort, and then head off to the open slopes without further supervision or safety instruction, and without the genuine appreciation of the mountain environment, safety issues and consideration that skiers absorb during a longer process of instruction and learning with qualified teachers.

Until the French resorts address these issues sensible skiers should head for the inherently safer and better-regulated resorts of North America — particularly those few where snowboarders are simply not admitted.

Yours faithfully,  
PETER A. J. PARR-DAVIES,  
57 Lynton Avenue, Ealing, W13,  
January 2.

### New home for the Stone of Scone

From Mr Tom Coughtrie

Sir, Magnus Linklater, in his solemn article on the Stone of Scone, "Destiny robbed of all dignity" (December 31), might well have made a third suggestion for the Stone's final resting place, in addition to Iona or Stone: Westminster Abbey, where it rested for so long.

As an expatriate Scot, I wonder how many of us would be happier to see the old fashions forgotten. All we would ask, in return for the generous and loving act of once more losing a relic which has meant so much to our nation, would be the return to us of all the Scottish archives removed by Edward I. The very few documents which have been returned during the intervening seven centuries are pitifully inadequate.

Perhaps the offer of the Stone's return might stimulate a painstaking and exhaustive search for the missing documents, which are beyond price. They would be of enormous value to scholars, students and all lovers of Scots history.

Yours faithfully,  
TOM COUGHTRIE,  
Winstone Thrieve,  
Llanvethorne, Abergavenny, Gwent.

### Saying sorry

From Dr C. M. Tomkins

Sir, I read and enjoyed Libby Purves's article, "Making sense of saying sorry" (December 31), but, in the context of medical errors, would have to take issue with the statement that "our whole system discourages the idea of expressing contrition, clearing the slate and behaving better in future". She repeats a common misrepresentation, that, in the case of medical and hospital errors, doctors are prevented from saying sorry for "fear of litigation". This is certainly not the view of the MDU (Medical Defence Union), the UK's leading provider of indemnity to doctors.

We advise our members, to "say sorry" if something has gone wrong with a patient's treatment. A sincere and honest apology should be made, either by the doctor concerned or, if appropriate, by a senior colleague. Most instances of patient dissatisfaction never develop into a complaint or claim because the doctor gives an immediate explanation or a courteous apology.

It may be that in car accidents, as Ms Purves suggests, insurers advise those involved not to make any admission of legal liability, but the position

of doctors treating patients is quite different. The patient is always entitled to a prompt, appropriate and truthful account of what has occurred.

Yours faithfully,  
CHRISTINE TOMKINS  
(Professional services director),  
The Medical Defence Union Limited,  
3 Devonshire Place, W1,  
December 31.

From Mr Nigel R. MacNicol

Sir, In her admirable article today, Libby Purves draws attention to the fact that hardly anyone now offers or accepts apologies. The problem is that apologies today tend to come in an unacceptable form; to wit, "I'm sorry if anyone was upset".

Not only do such words convey no hint of contrition, but there may be a subtle suggestion that anyone foolish enough to be upset must either be overly sensitive, or irrational.

Not to accept such an "apology" seems ungracious, but to accept it means accepting the insult. Is there a neat rejoinder?

Yours faithfully,  
N. R. MACNICOL,  
9 Church Lane,  
Greetham, Oakland, Rutland,  
December 31.

### West film decision

From Mr Ian Curteis

Sir, You explain (report, January 1) that the Official Solicitor has the responsibility of maximising the financial return on Fred West's estate. Should we not now simply add to his standing instructions "except financial return resulting from criminal activity"?

Yours truly,  
IAN CURTEIS,  
The Mill House, Coln St Aldwyns,  
Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

From Mr G. L. Leigh

Sir, I am astonished that the Official Solicitor should apparently regard it

as part of his duty to entertain such an outrageous proposal.

For many years I was trustee of a multimillion-pound trust. Arguments took place with my co-trustees over whether (in accordance with pusillanimous legal "thinking") gazzumping was part of a trustee's duty (I thought not).

It is of paramount importance that a trustee should be seen to act honourably and with a modicum of common sense (fortunately trustees can only act unanimously) and so I got my way.

Yours sincerely,  
G. L. LEIGH,  
85 Leith Mansions,  
Grantly Road, W9,  
January 2.

### Welsh connection

From Sir James Craig

Sir, The explorer John Cabot (your letter, December 28) may have another claim to be remembered.

According to the *Penguin Dictionary of Surnames*, it was he who gave America its name, wishing to honour the chief investor in his voyage, Richard Amerik, a Welsh collector of customs at Bristol (whose name was originally spelled Ap Myrkyel).

The dictionary's author Basil Cottle (on whom he is based), dismisses the more familiar claims of Amerigo Vesputci as "trivial".

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
JAMES CRAIG,  
2 St George's Square, SW1,  
December 28.

### Happy new year?

From the Reverend S. J. Davies

Sir, Allow me to nominate as the most ironical picture of the year that on the front page on Saturday, December 28, showing crowds of shoppers in London's Oxford Street the previous day. It illustrated a report entitled "Feel-good factor returns with the sales", in spite of the fact that every face was without a smile: everyone looked gloomy, worried or harassed.

One could only hope that some, at any rate, had been gladdened by the real Good News two days previously.

Yours obediently,  
S. J. DAVIES,  
The Devon & Exeter Institution,  
7 Cathedral Close, Exeter, Devon,  
December 30.

### New year fun with 'forgotten' Fred

From Mr Maurice G. Crane

Sir, The new year has started well. First, the best party I've ever attended, and second, *The Times* report on "Forgotten Fred" and your excellent leader on the same subject (January 1). Freddie Frinton's film *Dinner for One* is not only a cast-iron new year institution in Germany, but also in Denmark and further north too.

One miserable new year in the late Eighties, the Danish national TV station that had just started to compete with a commercial channel thought they ought to modernise and cancel *Dinner for One*. The unanimously negative reaction across the land convinced them never to make the same mistake again.

Working in Copenhagen as an English businessman I was always addressed as "James" (the butler) by our lady accountant. Naturally, I was always pleased to refer to her as Miss Sophie.

There isn't a Dane who doesn't know and cherish every line and every move, every trip on the rug, including the breathless wait for the one move where the butler doesn't trip on the tiger's head. Freddie Frinton's journey from lugubrious sobriety to rolling in intoxication in 17 minutes flat is a masterpiece of acting. To stand up in a Danish bar or party, pick up a beaker, down the contents and exclaim "I'll kill that cat" is to raise a smile of recognition from everyone in the room.

All Danish aficionados, by the way, will tell you that there are two versions of *Dinner for One*. One with a tablecloth and a much rarer version without. I believe the latter was banished to Swedish TV.

Yours sincerely,  
M. G. CRANE,  
Charwood House, Tilford, Surrey,  
January 1.

From Mr Peter A. Rushforth

Sir, It was about ten years ago that German business friends told me about *Dinner for One* with Freddie Frinton.

They found it hard to believe that we in the UK did not know about this delightful comedy. I am pleased to say that they provided me with a video copy which I have loaned to many people.

I cannot understand why this beautiful little piece, which brings German virtually to a standstill on New Year's Eve, is not shown in this country.

In my opinion Freddie was the best "drunk" of all, but I understand from someone who knew him in his home town of Grimsby that he was teetotal.

Yours faithfully,  
PETER A. RUSHFORTH,  
36 Sutton Drive, Cullingworth,  
Bradford, West Yorkshire,  
January 1.

### Imaginative leap

From Mr Timothy Kirkhope, MP for Leeds North East (Conservative)

Sir, Your report ("Workers must toil for one more day before 1997 tax burden lifts", December 28) that research by the usually august Adam Smith Institute suggests we will have to work until May 24 in 1997 to pay the tax due to the Government, whereas we were able to pay it off by May 23 in 1996. The implication therefore was that that meant an extra day's "toil".

This seems odd to me because May 24, 1997, is directly equivalent to May 23, 1996, taking into account February 29, 1996: a leap year, of course.

Yours,  
TIMOTHY KIRKHOPE  
(Under-Secretary of State,  
Home Office),  
House of Commons,  
December 28.

### And by the way...

From Mrs Alison Baverstock

Sir, A malishot aims to prompt a purchase. It follows that it is laid out to attract the potential customer's attention rather than to demonstrate the word processor's techniques. The PS (letter, January 3) plays a key part in this.

On receiving a letter from someone you don't know, an instinctive reaction is to look to the bottom of the page to see who is writing. The eye then spots the PS. As your correspondent Mrs Teece has noticed the practice, I can only assume it still works.

Yours faithfully,  
ALISON BAVERSTOCK,  
10 Homersham Road,  
Kingston upon Thames, Surrey,  
January 3.

### Hands across the sea

From Captain John Quayle

Sir, I have on board my merchant ship in the North Sea a resourceful second officer who, as the ship passes off the coast at Whitby, signals to his mother with the ship's Aldis lamp. She then flashes back with a large torch.

I find it difficult to imagine a more original method of communicating with a parent.

Yours sincerely,  
JOHN QUAYLE,  
Haze Cottage, North Caldy Road,  
Calder, Lincolnshire,  
January 1.







# OBITUARIES

## LADY EMPSON



Lady Empson, widow of Sir William Empson, died on December 22 aged 81. She was born on September 18, 1915.

Sculptor, political activist, adventurer and socialite, Hetta Empson was one of the last of the grand old Bohemians. George Orwell would have left his first wife for her but she told him not to be silly. Instead, for almost forty years, she enjoyed a cheerfully unconventional marriage to the critic and poet, William Empson, giving him the "backing and supporting" he wanted from a wife until his death in 1984.

In South Africa in the 1930s, she campaigned on behalf of blacks. In London during the war she drove an ambulance through the Blitz and broadcast British propaganda in Afrikaans. In China she backed the Communists at the time of the civil war. And in her postwar Hampstead heyday, as described by Felix Topolski (for whom she had once posed nude), she was "an impressive stomping, far from motherly personage", presiding over a lively salon where the guests ranged from poets to politicians, and even the lodgers seemed destined for distinction.

Hester Henrietta Crouse was born in Koonstad, a small town in the Orange Free State, where her father was a cattle dealer. Her family traced its ancestry back to a Huguenot refugee named David Sénéchal (Seneschal), born in Dieppe, who arrived in South Africa in the last decade of the 17th century, married a Parisienne in 1694, and sired 11 children.

Brought up a member of the Dutch Reformed Church ("I'm a lapsed Lutheran"), Hetta studied humanities at Bloemfontein University and went on to Cape Town, where she worked as an apprentice sculptor. Then she took off for Germany, where she studied art in Munich.

On returning to South Africa, she earned her living as

publicity manager for a newspaper. She also turned into a left-wing activist, and during a period in Johannesburg, became fully involved in the African situation: she organised the laundry workers' union.

When posted to a grim little town in the Northern Transvaal, she befriended the local farming community, which included many Jewish farmers, and persuaded them to give financial support to the Communist Party. In Cape Town and Johannesburg, she later said, she had come under the influence of "saint-like people" in the Communist movement, and felt inspired by them to "help the blacks to recognise their worth and organise themselves into unions".

But she was also a passionate artist, and longed to visit the galleries of Europe. To that end, she got together with a fellow artist, René Graetz, and they "did a dirty thing" to raise money: they cashed in on the controversy of the Great Trek of 1836 by designing an anniversary tie. After buying just one tie for 16d and selling it for 36d, they were in business, printing ties day and night. As soon as they had amassed £40 each, they took storage on a steamer. After a while in France and Switzerland, Hetta journeyed alone to London, where she did menial jobs.

On the outbreak of war, she undertook to drive an ambulance for the ARP, which she continued to do, bravely and resolutely — eight hours on, eight hours off — throughout the eight-and-a-half months of the Blitz that began in September 1940. Because of her pro-Soviet loyalties, she felt unable to take a more active part in the war effort at that stage. But Hitler's betrayal of the Russo-German Pact changed all that.

She answered the BBC's advertisement for a speaker of Afrikaans and became a propagandist. She worked on two regular transmissions: a women's magazine programme, and a poetry programme, broadcast under the pseudonym Sophie Troude, aimed at

combating German propaganda, beamed at South Africa.

It was at the BBC's training unit that she met William Empson. He was attracted by her tall and slender good looks, her vivacity, and force of character; she was taken by his intelligence and wit. They became engaged within a few weeks. When Empson warned her that she would have to go to China if she married him, her only response was: "When?"

George Orwell, their colleague at the BBC, refused to come to the wedding: he wanted Hetta for himself. For her part, Hetta felt devoted to Orwell (and to his wife, Eileen), and loved arguing politics with him — although "I was a Marxist, he was a Trotskyist" — but she had no interest in

developing a closer relationship. "I didn't like him enough."

But Orwell's jealousy soon passed. "George was crazy about me for a bit, that's all," she would say. The Empsons and the Orwells remained on good terms even after Eileen's death in 1947, when the Empsons took ship for China.

Hetta found Orwell "enchanting, very imaginative, and very sweet; childlike in a way". She thought it especially revealing of his character that he taught her to construct a hay-box, a device which enabled you to make hot porridge in the evening and keep it warm, cocooned in the hay, till morning: an odd exercise, it seemed to her to be part of a parcel of a certain meanness of spirit, an exaggerated thrift which served for self-punish-

ment. Also, much as she found Orwell endearing in many ways, he was what she astutely called a "wrong-footer" — deliberately doing the contrary thing in order to antagonise others.

In China, where William Empson taught for five years at Peking University, Hetta supported the Communist cause in the civil war. Among other activities, she helped persecuted students to escape the purges of the Nationalist Government, by smuggling them through her domestic quarters and into a side street, where they were spirited into neighbouring hospitals to be sheltered by sympathetic doctors. "She saved lives," Empson would say with pride.

During the six-week siege of Peking at the close of 1948, she was accredited as a corres-

## REGGIE COOKE

Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Cooke, OBE, mountaineer, naturalist and engineer, died on December 27 aged 95. He was born in India on August 31, 1901.

REGGIE COOKE made the first ascent of Kabru in the Himalayas in 1935, reaching the summit alone and without oxygen. At 24,075ft this stood for 18 years as the record for the world's highest solo ascent. His plans to lead the Everest expedition of 1939 had to be shelved because of the outbreak of the Second World War.

Conrad Reginald Cooke was born in Mussoorie, India, where his father was an engineer with the Bombay Baroda and Central India Railway; the family's connections with India went back to the 18th century. Sent to school at Haileybury, where he took a particular interest in science and astronomy, he went on to obtain his engineering diploma at City & Guilds in 1922.

After apprenticeship with Mather & Platt in Manchester and the Post Office, he joined the Indian Post and Telegraphs in 1925, serving as a divisional engineer and then as a director and superintendent of Telegraph Workshops, Alipore. He built and ran the first amateur radio in India (call sign 2HPI) and later designed, built and installed the first short-wave wireless link between India and Burma.

In 1930 in Calcutta he married Margaret Alice Walker, daughter of a jute broker, and during home leave at the end of 1932 they bought a De Havilland Gipsy Moth, which he piloted, without navigational aids, from Brooklands all over Britain, before dismantling and shipping it to India in a packing case. Once there, the distances between refuelling stops proved too great and the plane (G-ABVJ) was eventually sold to the Bombay Flying Club.

Life in India afforded Cooke the opportunity to pursue his many interests. These included drawing birds (he may have inherited his artistic talent from his great-grandfather, the Victorian marine painter Edward William Cooke, RA); motorising; tiger shooting (which he later came to abhor); orchid collecting; trekking; and touring by elephant through virgin forest in Assam.

He was a keen naturalist, and from his tours he sent various carabids (beetles) to Britain, one of which was named after him — Chlaenius Cookei. In the 1940s, with special permission, he collected butterflies in Sikkim and built up a unique collection of more than 3,000 specimens.

His first wife died in 1972. In 1974 he married Nancy Abercrombie Morimore (née Kennedy), widow of Lieutenant Colonel W. G. Morimore of the Rajputana Rifles. She died in 1984. He is survived by his three daughters.

Climbing was his passion. In 1927 he made the second ascent of Kuluhoi (known as the "Kashmir Matterhorn") by the East Ridge, descending by a very long gully down a snow-filled couloir the height of the whole peak to the glacier below. This was followed by the first ascent of Kabru in 1935, in the course of which he took a series of panoramic photographs which were to provide details for the Survey of India sheets 77 and 78. Early in 1937 he climbed Dom Peak in Switzerland, and later that year made a reconnaissance of Kanchenjunga with Lord and Lady Hunt. From this latter expedition, he produced what was claimed to be the earliest known photographic evidence of the Yeti.

His achievement on Kabru assured him a place in the annals of mountaineering. A founder member of the Mountain Club of India, which later evolved into the Himalayan Club, Cooke became its vice-president and served on the committee for the selection of the team for the successful assault on Everest.

The early part of the war saw Cooke commissioned into the Signals Corps, Rawalpindi, and then transferred to GHQ, Delhi. In 1942 he was sent by flying boat to Cairo, to work out schedules of requirements of telegraph lines and equipment for General Wavell's operations in East Africa and Egypt. This was followed by command of No 2 Battalion, Indian Signal Corps, on the Burma front against the invading Japanese.

Later as Additional Chief Engineer Telegraphs, Cooke was responsible for the post-war Telecommunications Development Plan for the whole of the sub-continent, for which he wrote the official manual. At the partition of India, he joined the Pakistan Government as Chief Engineer Post and Telegraphs. At the end of the war he was awarded the Burma Star and appointed OBE.

In 1948, he returned to Britain and started Westcliff Engineering in Stanstead Abbotts, Hertfordshire, which among many other things made and supplied, to his own original design, the high altitude cookers which were used in the first successful ascent of Everest in 1953. In his retirement he concentrated on miniature portrait painting and silversmithing, in both of which he exhibited. His autobiography, *Dust and Snow: Half a Lifetime in India*, was published in 1988.

His first wife died in 1972. In 1974 he married Nancy Abercrombie Morimore (née Kennedy), widow of Lieutenant Colonel W. G. Morimore of the Rajputana Rifles. She died in 1984. He is survived by his three daughters.

## PETER GARTLAND

Peter Gartland, financial journalist, died after the failure of a kidney transplant on December 27 aged 49. He was born on July 7, 1947.

PETER GARTLAND, a former personal finance editor of *The Times*, helped to revolutionise the coverage of personal finance. Spurred on by the 1980s boom — and aided by a style that made arcane subjects such as pensions and income bonds accessible even to non-financial readers — he was one of a small band of journalists who led the personal finance pages out of the ghetto in which they had historically existed. In the process he made the topics he wrote about attractive, even compelling.

He was one of the first personal finance journalists to appear regularly on radio and television. Gartland himself liked to joke that his only enduring claim to fame lay in the fact that, along with Roland Rat, he helped to rescue TV-am. His personal finance slot appeared on its breakfast show just after the item featuring the notorious but overwhelmingly popular rat.

Few could have foreseen this apotheosis when, in 1964, Gartland left Gurnersbury Grammar School without a single A level and with only a few O levels. He used to reminisce that the only thing he got from his school was a love for Tottenham Hotspur — on alternate Saturdays a bus would take him and his school friends to White Hart Lane,

where he watched the Tottenham team under Danny Blanchflower become the first club this century to win the League and Cup double.

However, he never allowed failure at school to shape his life and in 1969 he returned to his studies, taking a higher national diploma in business studies from Watford College and then going on in 1973 to do an MSc in administrative sciences. His academic work proved of such a high standard that Watford invited him back as a lecturer in business studies.

By this time he had begun to acquire the practical experience of insurance and finance that would prove invaluable, starting with the three years he spent marketing control for Zurich Insurance. He was later to become a Fellow of the Chartered Insurance Institute and this expertise proved its usefulness, too, when in 1976 he finally took up full-time journalism, editing *Re-insurance and Post Magazine*, the long-established trade magazine specialising in this field.

It was during this period that he developed his almost encyclopaedic knowledge of the insurance market and he was one of the first journalists to highlight the problems of Lloyd's, long before they hit the headlines. In 1981 he took over as editor of *Money Management*, a monthly magazine analysing the activities of insurance companies, pension funds and other financial institutions. His six-year editorship saw the magazine eclipse its rivals and become the undisputed market leader.

In 1986 he became personal finance editor of *The Times*.

The beginning of this period marked the transformation of the personal finance pages — the "big bang" having convinced newspaper managers of the massive advertisement potential in this field. Gartland was soon producing one of the bulkier subsections of the paper — a weekly supplement of 12 or more pages.

What was remarkable was that this was done with little or no full-time back-up staff. Gartland himself writing most of the articles. The pages did dwindle after the stock market crash of October 1987, but that arguably saw Gartland's journalism at its best, as he sought both to inform and reassure terrified personal finance readers who feared that October 1987 would be a rerun of the 1929 Wall Street Crash.

At heart Gartland always liked magazine journalism and in 1988 he was lured away by the *Financial Times* to start *The International*, a magazine aimed at the expatriate market. Four years later he decided to branch out on his own with a series of newsletters specialising in the insurance field, and he was publishing these until he died.

He combined his love of journalism and of sport with a strong Roman Catholic faith — inherited from his Irish parents — and in 1991 he travelled with a church group that took a truck full of medicine and food to Romania. His faith kept him strong during his many years of illness. For the last two years of his life he was on dialysis. He leaves his widow, Angela, whom he married in 1977, a son and a daughter.



## PERSONAL COLUMN

<b>BIRTHDAYS</b> HAPPY BIRTHDAY Susan, you are Susan on your 21st birthday. Best of luck in 97. All the love, Mum and Dad.	<b>MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS</b> MAJESTIC Piano now for sale. Quality upright and Grand. Price for details 0171 723 6180. See 0171 723 6180.	<b>LEGAL NOTICES</b> NOTICE OF ADJUDICATION OF ASSETS TO CREDITORS TO CLARENCE LEE, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 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## BA recruitment plan tallies with redundancies

By JON ASHWORTH

BRITISH AIRWAYS has accelerated its £1 billion business efficiency programme with a bewildering round of employee musical chairs. The airline has confirmed that it is seeking 5,000 voluntary redundancies, but said that it intends to take on a similar number of new recruits skilled in customer services and languages.

BA initially hopes to take on 1,000 cabin crew and customer service staff in the next year. It says that more than 2,500 existing cabin crew "want to go part-time", and it needs recruits versed in languages to fill the gap. BA needs to increase numbers overall to cope with a busier airline schedule.

A newspaper and radio advertising campaign will begin shortly, BA conceded, however, that positions are

being advertised internally for staff who are available for redeployment. A spokesman said: "There are a number of staff who will find their jobs no longer exist."

The process began last September when BA announced that it was closing its contract handling unit at Heathrow with the loss of 750 jobs. Two months later it put ground fleet services up for sale, threatening 470 jobs at Heathrow and Gatwick.

Cabin crew on BA's regional routes face pay freezes and pay cuts.

The closures come on top of the 5,000 voluntary redundancies. Where the axe will fall next is unclear, but BA is intent on pressing ahead with its cost-cutting Step Change programme. The airline is seeking to upgrade its fleet of 737s to conform with new European noise regulations.

Bob Ayling, chief executive of BA,

has angered staff with his reforms, and was quick to defend his latest initiative. He said: "We work in an increasingly competitive industry and must continue to be the first choice in every major market that we serve."

Mr Ayling added: "This change programme is not just a cost-cutting exercise but a positive story of investment, growth and continual efficiency improvement."

## Inequality in wages at highest level this century

By PHILIP BASSETT, INDUSTRIAL EDITOR

BRITAIN now has a cycle of "low pay and no pay" — low earnings and high unemployment, according to new research yesterday that showed wage inequality is now at its highest this century.

The Centre for Economic Performance, an independent think-tank based at the London School of Economics, used previously unavailable Government figures to demonstrate a range of key labour market and economic points, including:

□ Low-paid people are more likely to become unemployed, while those getting jobs after being unemployed are likely to be low paid. Previously low-paid people getting back into work are even more likely than others to be low-paid again, "evidence of a cycle of low pay and no pay".

□ In the 10 years to 1995, the proportion of employees earning below half median hourly pay has more than doubled — from 2.2 per cent of the total to 5.2 per cent. For male manual workers the increase in low pay is sharper still, quadrupling over the period.

□ In jobs taken by the unemployed the real median wage level actually fell by 12 per cent so that at around £100 a week now, entry jobs — usually part-time and temporary, and often filled by women — are paid at about half the real wage levels of continuing jobs.

New entry jobs for unemployed people are also going to people from households where at least one other person is already working, rather than to people from the increasing number of jobless households, which now form a fifth of the total. An entry job is twice as likely to be taken by someone from a working rather than a workless household.

□ Movement between lower and higher-paid jobs is limited, the studies show, and has declined since the 1970s. Even if people manage to move beyond low pay levels, they do not move very far, with only a third managing to move up more than two deciles — two 10 per cent bands across the spread of income.

The studies suggest that wage differences between individuals in the UK have risen sharply in the last two decades, resulting in a wage distribution that is now more unequal than at any other time this century.

The centre used Department of Social Security data to show that, of a sample of unemployed aged between 35 and 44 in 1978-79, as many as 78 per cent were unemployed 15 years later.

Paul Cragg, the centre's senior research fellow, said yesterday that the studies showed the need for a minimum wage, combined with reforms to the benefit system.



Traders handled an average 661,183 contracts a day last year, for a nominal average daily value of £159.5 billion

### Busy Liffe makes 1996 vintage year

THE London International Financial Futures and Options Exchange (Liffe) enjoyed a record year in 1996. The exchange traded 167.94 million futures and options contracts, an increase of nearly 10 per cent over 1995, the previous busiest year, and an increase of 27 per cent over 1994. The annual average daily volume rose to 661,183 contracts, representing a nominal average daily value of £159.5 billion. During the traditionally quiet month of December a total of 11.3 million futures and options contracts were traded, up 45 per cent on 1995, making it the busiest December on record.

### Preferred bidders named for BBC transmission deals

By PAUL DURMAN

THE BBC has named an American-led consortium as the preferred bidder to take over the running of its domestic transmission network, which is expected to fetch more than £210 million.

The decision to award the transmission business to the group led by Castle Tower Corporation was a blow to NTL, the company that runs transmission for the TV companies and Channel 4. The BBC also named Mer-

lin Communications International, a management and employee buyout team, as preferred bidder for the World Service transmission business. This transaction, which includes access to the Bush House control room and the BBC's satellite distribution system, will fetch a smaller price. Proceeds from the World Service transmission sale will go to the Government, but the BBC will receive the money from the Castle Tower consortium. It is to invest this in digital television.

Bob Phillips, the BBC's deputy director-general, said both preferred bidders would maintain the same terms and conditions of employment for the 570 BBC staff involved. However, he said this did not rule out the possibility of redundancies. He said viewers and listeners should see no change to their programmes.

The Castle Tower consortium includes TeleDiffusion de France, part of France Telecom, and the investment firm Candover Investments. NTL's bid met opposition because of monopoly concerns.

### New bidder for Scott Pickford

THE BATTLE for the control of Scott Pickford took yet another turn yesterday when a second, unnamed company made an approach which could result in a £6.7 million bid for the geological consultancy (Fraser Nelson writes).

The move challenges the £6.06 million bid which Aerodata, an Australian geophysics company, is poised to make. It is understood that the new bidder intends to appeal to Pickford's rebel shareholders, led by Anthony Phillips, who last November won control of the Scott Pickford's board.

The new bid comes after Kapo Simondian, whose support gave the rebels the 52 per cent they needed, switched sides and sold a vital 3 per cent stake to Aerodata, removing the rebels' majority.

Don Scott, founder and chairman of Scott Pickford, said the new bid puts the company's future on a knife edge once again. He said the new bidder, believed to be a large American geophysics company, was "very respectable".

### BUSINESS ROUNDUP

### T&N still keen on Kolbenschmidt stake

T&N, the automotive components group, remains keen to take a stake of nearly 50 per cent in Kolbenschmidt, a German piston manufacturer, in spite of a newspaper report that the British company is ready to abandon its ambitions. But the deal has proved controversial in Germany and is facing opposition from the Federal Cartel Office, which will give its final ruling next month.

The company has still to renew one of two option agreements over 24.99 per cent of Kolbenschmidt's shares, prompting *Boersen Zeitung* to suggest the deal was unlikely to proceed. However, T&N is playing down the significance of the expired option, which covers shares held by Commerzbank, its German bankers. Last month T&N transferred half of its options from Commerzbank to Metallbank at a cost of £8 million. T&N has spent about £30 million to acquire and finance its interest in Kolbenschmidt. Taking ownership of the shares could cost another £120 million.

### Albion shines on debut

WEST BROMWICH ALBION, the football club, almost trebled its value on joining the Alternative Investment Market yesterday. Its shares, placed at £100 each, closed at £280. The mark-up values the company at £16.9 million and creates an instant paper profit of £9.52 million for its shareholders, including hundreds of fans who bought shares in a private fundraising last year. Albion made a £171,000 pre-tax profit in the year to June 30, against a loss of £489,000 the previous year.

### David Jones warning

DAVID JONES, the upmarket Australian retailer headed by former Burton director Chris Tideman, yesterday gave warning that half-year profits would be significantly lower than expected. The group, which owns more than 30 department stores, said interim net profits to January 1997 would be about 50 per cent lower at about A\$19 million (£9.5 million). The warning is the fourth since Jones floated in November 1995.

### German output rises

GERMAN industrial production rose by 1.6 per cent in November, official provisional adjusted figures show. An estimated decline of output in September has been more than halved, from 1.8 per cent to 0.7 per cent. In the west, output in November rose 2 per cent on October's figure (revised decline of 0.6 per cent). In the east, output fell 0.3 per cent in November (revised decline of 1.4 per cent in October). In October and November output was 1 per cent up on the same period in 1995.

### Rotork disposals

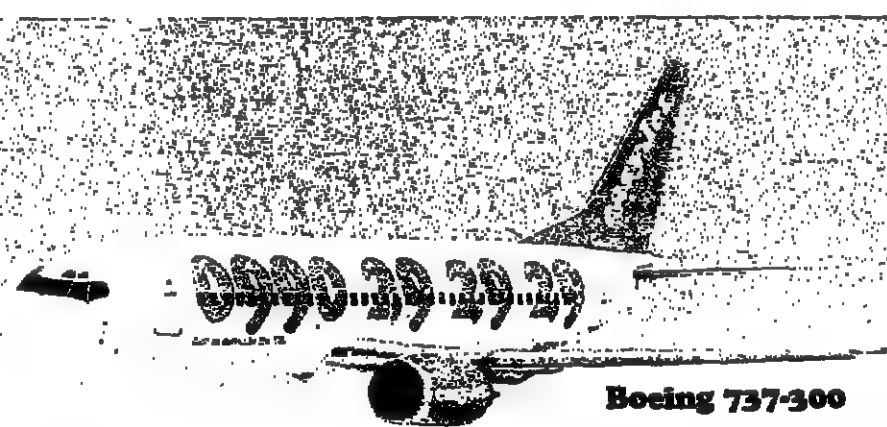
ROTORK, the specialist engineering group, has sold its loss-making gas and refinery operations that comprise the company's Rotork Analysis division for a total of £1.39 million. The gas business was acquired by Signal Instrument Company for £640,000 while the oil refinery business has been sold to Syco Analytics for £750,000. Pierre Pavy, a director of Rotork since 1984 and managing director of Rotork Analysis since 1990, is leaving the group.

### Weston Hyde buyout

A MANAGEMENT team has acquired Weston Hyde Products, a manufacturer of flexible pvc film products, from EVC Group for £4.5 million. The business, based at Frome, Somerset, has annual turnover of around £17 million and employs 190 people. The three-strong management team was led by Stephen Cliffe, formerly a senior executive of European Vinyls Corporation, and was financed primarily by Barclays Acquisition Finance.

### Bemrose buys Gerber

BEMROSE Corporation, the UK security printer and supplier of promotional products, has acquired Gerber Industries for \$6 million. Gerber, based in Arizona, manufactures plastic products, primarily water bottles, to distributors in the promotional products sector. It also sells visors and yo-yos. Gerber is expected to earn operating profits of \$800,000 on turnover of \$7 million in the year to the end of February.



Boeing 737-300

## easyJet your New Year's resolution

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4 x Edinburgh	£29
3 x Aberdeen	£29
1 x Inverness	£29
3 x Amsterdam	£35
1 x Nice	£49
1 x Barcelona	£49

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### Alfa Laval

Alfa Laval Ltd (report, December 9) makes process equipment for the brewery industry, but is not itself a brewer. Its new continuous, maturation system for lager beers speeds up secondary fermentation, and is not aimed at the real ale market.

### TOURIST RATES

	Bank Buys	Bank Sells
Australia \$	2.23	2.07
Austria S	13.32	17.32
Belgium F	56.60	32.30
Canada \$	2.426	2.286
Cyprus Cyp	0.819	0.764
Denmark Kr	10.53	9.73
Finland Mk	8.26	7.73
France F	9.13	8.54
Germany Dm	2.76	2.56
Greece Dr	330	405
Hong Kong S	13.68	12.68
Ireland P	1.06	1.09
Israel Shk	5.78	5.11
Italy Lira	2673	2618
Japan Yen	209.30	193.30
Malta	0.666	0.591
Netherlands Gld	3.073	2.843
New Zealand \$	2.53	2.31
Norway Kr	11.34	10.54
Portugal Esc	273.00	254.30
S Africa Rd	8.51	7.71
Spain Ptas	226.50	210.50
Sweden Kr	12.25	11.48
Switzerland Fr	2.40	2.32
Turkey Lira	182000	160000
USA \$	1.786	1.696

Rates for small denomination bank notes only as supplied by Barclays Bank PLC. Different rates apply to travellers' cheques. Rates as at close of trading yesterday.

### THE SUNDAYTIMES

The 1997 agenda for Walter Hasselkus, Rover's chief executive, includes launching the new small Land Rover, developing the replacement for the 600 and 800 saloons, finalising the new Mini, and sealing a deal on working practices. If he can pass those milestones, the renaissance of BMW's British subsidiary will be well under way. *Business Focus tomorrow in The Sunday Times*

### INVESTORS CHRONICLE THE CITY INSIDE OUT

## AFTER THE TURKEY, A FEW CHOICE CUTS FOR THE NEW YEAR



Start your year with a considered look at the best deals in investment. Investors Chronicle's first issue of 1997 examines the whole gamut of savings and financial products. From deposit accounts to credit cards, from income bonds to growth funds, you'll find a complete rundown on what to buy...and what not to.

We even tell you where the best value share dealing is on offer and how to access free information on the Net.

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A WORKING WEEK FOR: GEOFFREY GELARDI

# Hotelier profits from fine mix of fun and flair

Jon Ashworth enjoys a night to remember at the Lanesborough hotel as its managing director stages a fifth birthday extravaganza

**Monday** New Year's Eve at the Lanesborough was not the occasion for that romantic candlelit dinner. As midnight struck, cannons began blasting content over revellers gathered in the Conservatory restaurant. Fireworks rained down on the glass ceiling, and the strains of marching pipers began waiving through the corridors. In the Library Bar, exuberant guests were eyeing bottles of 200-year-old cognac — a sip at £500 per glass.

It is five years since the Lanesborough rose from the shell of the St George's Hospital on Hyde Park Corner. Geoffrey Gelardi, the hotel's managing director, was intent on making the anniversary an occasion to remember — down to a five-foot birthday cake costing £4,000. Guests at the new year festivities were treated to a six-course dinner, washed down with gallons of Bollinger. At £285 per head it was reputedly the most expensive party in London.

The Lanesborough is nothing if not expensive. One grasps this at once, sweeping in past the spluttering gunfire so maligned by Michael Winner, the director of *Death Wish* and a newspaper columnist. Giant walllike ornaments straddle the entrance. To the right sits the Conservatory, where the hapless Winner ordered a £499 bottle of Chateau Lafite-Rothschild 1961 with his legere, and described the result as "so awful as to be almost indescribable". To the left sits the Withdrawing Room, where the world's richest man, Bill Gates, has been sighted in his trademark sweater and sneakers.

Below, in a tiny office lined with celebrity photographs, Gelardi, 43, is holding court. He sits at an elegant desk close to a computer terminal brimming with guest profiles. "We find out all their likes and dislikes, what kind of music, which car to meet them at the airport. It all goes into their guest history."

The Lanesborough is owned by an Abu Dhabi consortium and operated by Rosewood Hotels, based in Dallas. Gelardi, whose past assignments include the Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles, arrived in London in 1990 to oversee the £85-million project. The work paid off. Occupancy at the five-star Lanesborough averages 91 per cent, in spite of rates that work out at about £320 a night. The hotel has successfully lured business from arch-competitors such as the Dorchester and Claridge's. "We thought it would take ten years to get where we have," says Gelardi. "We did it in three."

Gelardi is responsible for Rosewood's interests in Europe, the Middle East and Asia, but running the Lanesborough is a full-time job in itself. He has encountered all manner of requests, from demands for

a helicopter at 20 minutes' notice, to bookings for private jets — the Gulfstream GIV is the executive jet of choice. Lanesborough guests are used to getting what they want.

"Anything you can think of has been requested," says Gelardi. "There really isn't anything that one would consider outrageous — other than the illegal stuff, which I wouldn't tell you about anyway. You always get the occasional crazy."

A tabloid newspaper once gleefully reported that the Lanesborough was being used as a "knocking shop" by local ladies of the night. Gelardi says the hotel was set up — the reporter tried to entrap his staff — but concedes that it is hard to control what happens behind closed doors. "We'd stop anybody from doing anything that affects our other guests, but we are not policemen. We are not here to judge what our guests should or shouldn't do."

Gelardi has consciously set out to avoid the "stuffiness" of some London hotels. "We've got people who take our Royal Suite for £3,500 a night, and some of them might not own a suit, especially the ones in the entertainment business. We've got some top people, directors of companies, film people, and they want the service, but they want to be casual."

Stanley Kubrick, the film director, recently took over the entire second floor of the hotel, including the Royal Suite, for a week's shooting on his new film, *Eyes Wide Shut*, starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman. He paid the full rate. Michael Jackson and Madonna have both sampled the Royal Suite, and not without drama. Two years ago some new

lyweds arrived to find their honeymoon suite occupied by one of Madonna's entourage. They were hustled off to the nearby Hallam.

These and other disasters feature at the daily meeting of senior staff, held in Gelardi's office at 8.30am. The logistics are simpler than in many hotels — there are only 30 to 40 arrivals a day on average — but with nearly 300 staff serving 95 rooms, matters can spiral out of hand rapidly.

Gelardi's week is anything but dull. The hotel business is, like running a small city. You have pipes bursting, employees causing problems, running out of things, and that's half the fun. That's why this business is terrific — because you never have two days the same. You always have to be a little bit on your toes and ready for the next thing that's going to walk through your door.

One of the biggest dilemmas facing hoteliers is what to do if a guest dies on the premises. Hotel lore has it that victims are smothered out in body bags in the middle of the night. Gelardi says that no one has succumbed at the Lanesborough yet. "I had two die on me at the Bel-Air," he recalls. "You are as discreet as possible. You don't take them through the lobby and say, yeah, there he goes — another



Geoffrey Gelardi, managing director of the Lanesborough, where attention to detail means creating computer profiles of a guest's likes and dislikes

guy who had breakfast this morning."

Michael Winner is the one person who is distinctly not welcome at the Lanesborough, but even that episode had its amusing side. Gelardi was invited to review Winner's most recent film, *Dirty Weekend*, and responded in kind, describing it as "so awful as to be almost indescribable".

Gelardi is married to an American, and spent years across the Atlantic, but he was born and raised in England. He worked as a waiter at the Carlton Tower near by, in the days when the St George's Hospital was thriving. His father, Albert, set up the hotel arm of the Forte empire in the Sixties, and was put in charge of American operations after Forte merged with Trusthouse. The Gelardis and the Fortes share an impressive lineage.

By the time he was 26, Gelardi was running food and beverages at a casino complex in Atlantic City, New Jersey, overseeing a staff of 1,500 and revenues of £38 million. In 1982, he began his association with Rosewood Hotels, then a small company linked to the estate of Caroline Rose Hunt, daughter of a Texan oil tycoon. After the Bel-Air he left Rosewood to run a luxury hotel in Seattle, then was hired back to take on the

Lanesborough. He lives in Esher, Surrey, with his wife, Eileen, and their three children, Piers, Georgina and the baby, Olivia.

Gelardi treats me to a guided tour, ushering me past the rear entrance where Madonna and other celebrities sneak in and out. Arnold Schwarzenegger has been spotted roaming the corridors. Robin Williams is a frequent visitor, and the Duke of Edinburgh pops in for tea. Guests are attended by butlers, who monitor their charges using a sophisticated electronic system. For each floor, they can tell who's

in, who's out, and whether the maid is cleaning up. They can tell which lights are on, and raise or lower room temperatures on request.

Back on ground level, I am guided towards the Library Bar, with its tasteful imitation bookshelf. It is here that Jon Bon Jovi, the rock star, idles away the hours, knocking back cognacs in the company of Salvatore Calabrese, the legendary barman.

Calabrese's triumph is a collection of rare cognacs, dubbed "liquid history", which he sells by the glass at exorbitant prices. Bon vivants pay £500 a shot — even £1,000 in some cases — and are treated to the history of the day, Napoleon marching on Russia; George Washington addressing the nation. Calabrese sold

£21,600 worth of cognac in one night alone, and takes in £6,000 to £9,000 a week in cognac sales.

One guest was so sold on drinking "liquid history" that he insisted the price be kept from him, retreating with his glass to a corner of the room. Calabrese found him there with tears streaming down his face. To this day he is not sure whether it was the experience or the bill.

By now I can barely restrain myself. Why, I could even swallow my reservations about the fake books, the chintzy ornaments. I will build the Lanesborough into a dream palace, a Taj Mahal, the most wonderful place on earth. Calabrese draws near with a conspiratorial air. "Would you like," he says, cradling an ancient bottle, "to see the price list?"

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## End of the line for BR's days of dabbling in art

Joanna Pitman tracks the investment strategy of the railway's pension fund

You may not have realised but another British Rail sell-off is almost upon us. This one is scheduled for January 30 and comes in the form of an auction at Sotheby's New York of the last remaining canvases from the British Rail Pension Fund's art collection, which includes Old Masters.

There are some jewels left, including a pair of exquisite Venetian scenes by Canaletto, a portrait painted in 1756 by Francois Hubert Drouais of the children of the Duc de Bouillon, and a 14th-century triptych by Nicolo di Pietro Gerini.

Sotheby's, which advised the pension fund on the original acquisitions and has handled the subsequent sales, has put an estimated value of between \$1.5 million and \$2 million on the Cana-

leto pair, and between \$600,000 and \$800,000 on the Drouais.

"An Old Master in good condition with no questions over attribution will generally sell very well at the moment," says Alexander Bell, senior director of Old Masters at Sotheby's.

Investing in art, however, is a precarious business and the British Rail Pension Fund acquisition programme, begun in 1974, provides a good case study of the business. The fund's managers have dabbled in some of the world's most exquisite pools of fine art, confining themselves to quality through the advice of highly reputable — but highly costly — dealers.

They have won admiration in the art world for leading the collection to galleries around the world, but they have spent heavily on insurance and maintenance. Unable to value the collection on a daily basis, as they do for their other assets, they are now selling.

Was it a mistake? This first cautious tiptoe into the art world was necessarily an experiment and the sell-off has, on balance, made respectable returns. But in the end, art is an illiquid market and a range of index-linked government securities would probably have produced a better return.

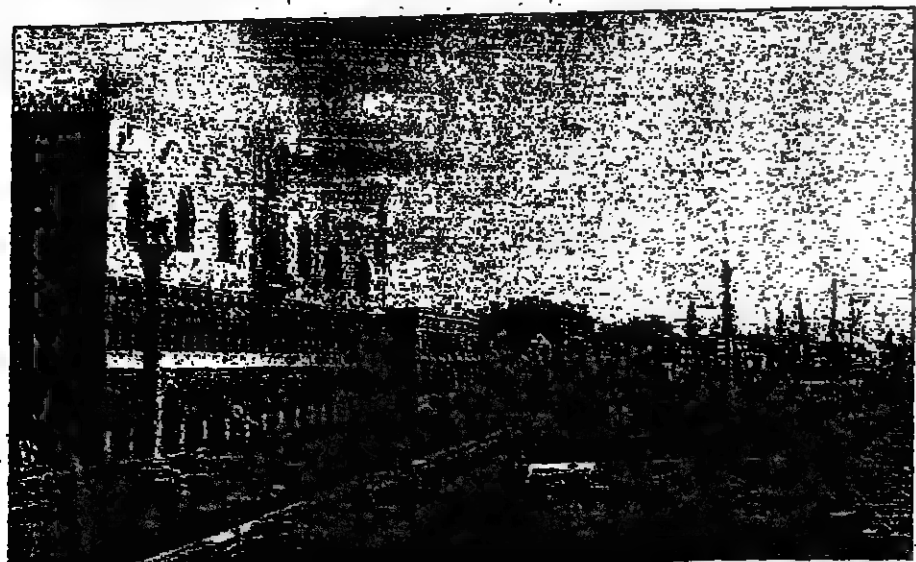
The acquisitions programme lasted six years and

spent £40 million, which, at its peak, accounted for 2.9 per cent of the fund's assets. In 1987 the fund decided to realise the total value of the collection and began a programme of sales. There have been mixed results. Some collections sold extremely well, such as the Impressionists that went under the hammer in April 1989 for a total of £33.5 million compared with an original purchase price of £3.4 million. This gave a cash rate of return of 21.1 per cent and a real annual rate of return of 2.9 per cent.

More recent sales have been less remunerative. In July 1995 a group of Old Masters was sold for £5.25 million against a purchase price of £1.43 million, giving a return of 0.73 per cent per year over inflation. A further group of 18 Old Masters were sold in July last year.

They went for a hammer price of £5.2 million compared with a purchase price of £1.7 million, bringing a loss in real terms of 0.4 per cent per annum. Only 160 items of fine art remain in the collection, worth £6.5 million at purchase price. After this sale, a final collection of ancient glass and a few one-off pieces will be put on the market. The Kennos, the Goyas, the cornucopia of Greek, Roman and Egyptian antiquities no doubt provided British Rail's Pension Fund managers with some singularly glamorous thrills, but I suspect they will be happier back on the more familiar black and white

beat of solid paper securities.



Fortune in oil: one of the BR Pension Fund's Venetian scenes painted by Canaletto











# Act now to avoid misery later

Sara McConnell begins a new year series of financial recommendations

If you are starting the new year with no pension at all or one destined to be so small as to be almost unnoticeable, you risk the prospect of an impoverished retirement unless you act fast. You are not alone. Only half the working adult population belongs to a company scheme. Many of the remainder put little or nothing aside for retirement, depending on the State to support them when they become pensioners.

But this is a dangerous fallacy. The current maximum state pension is £51.15 a week for a single person and £77.35 a week for a couple. Whichever political party wins the general election this year will make clear that people who make no move to save cannot expect much help from the State. Both Labour and Tories are committed to devising new ways of persuading people to take out private pensions to top up a dwindling state pension. As things stand, however, the main alternative to a company pension is a personal pension.

So now is the time to review your pension plans. To delay starting a pension in the first place or to fail to increase your contributions at least in line with inflation will seriously damage your prospects of a prosperous retirement, according to William Mercer, the authority.

Figures calculated for *The Times* by the firm show that for every ten years you delay putting money into your pension you will have to contribute roughly double what you would have



done if you had started ten years earlier, to get the same income. The later you start the less time your cash will have to grow and shake off the impact of early initial charges.

The figures assume you earn £15,000 a year and want a pension of half this when you retire. If you have not started a pension by the age of 30, you will have to contribute 18 per cent of your annual salary, or £2,700, if you want to retire at 60. Delay until you are 40 and you will have to set aside a third of your salary or £4,950 a year, to receive your desired income at 60. By the time you are 50, the cost of starting a pension and retiring at 60 becomes prohibitively expensive and you would have to contribute nearly 30 per cent of salary.

In most cases, these amounts exceed the maximum you are allowed



Hard times: life is not quite this bad today but the value of early saving must be strongly emphasised

to put into a pension and get tax relief under Inland Revenue rules, says Tim Keogh, at William Mercer. At 30, you can put up to 17.5 per cent of your salary into a personal pension. At 50 you can put in 25 per cent. These limits mean you will have to build up extra money elsewhere.

You may be congratulating yourself that you have a pension and are

contributing regularly. But the value of your contributions will be eroded by inflation unless you index them, says William Mercer. Suppose you have bitten the bullet and are contributing the annual amounts above. If they are indexed, they will provide you with an income of £7,500 a year in retirement. If you fail to index them, this income will fall to £6,058

by the time you are 50. Similarly, if you start by contributing a fixed monthly amount, say £100, and fail to raise it, you will end up with a tiny pension. At 30, your annual contribution of £1,200 would give you an annual retirement income of £2,053. But if you continued at £100 until you were 50, your contributions would buy an annual pension of just £248.

## Labour cloud hangs over utilities sector

In the closing days of last year, the board of Northern Electric finally succumbed to the overtures of CE Electric, the US utilities company. The hostile bid was marked by much controversy, with the US company scraping in with acceptance of just 50.3 per cent, but only after the deadline was extended.

The hard-fought battle for Northern Electric means that there are now only two independent regional electricity companies (Recs) left from the 12 sold off at between 120p and 280p per share at the end of 1990. Five of these Recs are now in the control of American companies.

At the beginning of last year, six regional electricity companies were still independent, while seven water companies from the ten sold off in 1989 were still independent. The previous 12 months had seen a huge shakeout in utilities, particularly the electricity companies. Eastern was taken over by Hanson. ManWeb was bought by Scottish Power. Norweb merged with North West Water and South Western Electricity was taken over by Southern Electric of the US.

Most were sold for about 950p a share, giving private investors a healthy return on their original stake. They would also have benefited from a good yield of about 7 per cent on their investments. With the number of utility companies available for takeover rapidly diminishing, the competition for those remaining began to heat up last year.

In the summer, the Government blocked a bid by PowerGen, one of the three privatised generators, for Midlands, along with that of National Power for Southern. Only a few weeks later, two US companies, General Public Utilities of New Jersey and Cinergy of Ohio, launched a £1.73 billion bid for the company, which has been accepted by the board. Later in the year, the Americans scored again with an agreed £1.3 billion bid for East Midlands Electricity by Dominion Resources of the US.

**'I would not recommend anyone to buy the two Recs for bid hopes'**

at 670p per share. London Electricity became the next company to fall prey to a US company, when Entergy offered a price of 705p a share, in an agreed bid of £1.26 billion. The activity in the Recs means that the only two remaining independents are Yorkshire and Southern.

Matthew Wilson, of Natwest Stockbrokers, said: "There are a couple of US bidders circulating who have not been successful in getting hold of a Rec. They include Houston, Duke and Florida Light." He added: "Southern has quite a large market capitalisation, at about £2.05 billion — this would make it quite difficult to take over — while Yorkshire has a lower capitalisation of £1.27 billion."

Matthew Orr, of Killik & Co, said: "I would not recommend anyone to buy shares in the remaining two regional electricity companies in order to benefit from a takeover. It might be better to buy shares in one of the water companies."

Last year was a far quieter year for water. In 1995, bid activity in the water sector was just beginning to hot up with Northumbrian Water taken over by Lyonnaise at £11.79 per share, while Welsh Water was merged with South Wales Electricity, and Southern Water fell prey to the rather more domestic predator of Scot-

ishPower. The company was bought up in an agreed takeover of £1.67 billion. However, the regulatory pressure began to increase on the water companies. Severn Trent and Wessex failed in their bids for South West Water. Ian Lang, President of the Board of Trade, blocked the bids, and the shares slid 130p to 575p.

Analysis forecast that one of the big influences on the utilities over the next year will be the political situation. Labour will impose a windfall tax on the utilities of up to £6 billion on the whole sector and may be more in favour of helping consumers in the form of bill rebates, rather than helping shareholders.

CAROLINE MERRELL

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## The Oeics revolution for units has arrived

From Monday a new type of collective investment fund can be launched in the United Kingdom (Gavin Lumsden writes).

The ugly sounding open-ended investment company (Oeic) is basically a hybrid of the existing investment and unit trusts.

Like investment trusts, Oeics will be companies listed on the Stock Exchange investing in the stocks and shares of other companies at home and abroad. As with investment trusts, Oeics will issue shares which investors can buy.

Unlike investment trusts, but similar to unit trusts, Oeics will be open-ended in that they will be able to create and cancel shares in response to the rise and fall in public demand.

But apart from the dreary technical details, there is a little something in Oeics for private investors to get excited about — single pricing.

Oeics will dispense with the arcane intricacies of bid and offer prices which unit and investment trusts use. Instead

there will be one price, calculated daily on the basis of the net asset value of the Oeic's investments.

In addition to being easier to understand, single pricing should also make the fund managers' charges much more transparent. The open-ended investment companies also comply with Luxembourg investment rules which should allow UK fund managers to target the European markets.

Taken together, these two factors make it likely that most of the existing 1,500 unit trusts will be converted into Oeics by the year 2000. The Treasury has encouraged this by waiving stamp duty on such moves.

But don't wait for the rush. Few companies, with the exception of Murray Johnson and Henderson Investors, plan to launch Oeics this year. Another unique feature of Oeics is that they will be able to issue several classes of share at once. This will make them complex to administer and most fund managers are updating their computer systems first.

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POLICY PORTFOLIO



## Barking loudly over 101 'rip-offs'

The Consumers' Association is a watchdog with no teeth but the ability to bark loudly. This week it succeeded, via its magazine *Which?* in alienating the life insurance industry by claiming most personal pensions are rip-offs.

It claimed one of the worst buys was offered by the Prudential, the UK's biggest pension provider, with other poor products from Barclays, Lloyds and Midland.

The Association of British Insurers, the insurance industry's trade body, was indignant, accusing *Which?* of emotive claims to grab headlines. But as the saying goes, the life companies should be wary of throwing stones in glass houses. Life insurers should be setting their own affairs in order rather than attacking *Which?* for articulating the concerns of ordinary investors.

The industry in general has emerged with very little credit from the



**MARIANNE CURPHEY**  
Personal Finance  
Deputy Editor

pensions mis-selling scandal. As we report on page 28 an estimated 520,000 employees in occupational schemes were wrongly advised to move to a personal pension scheme, and when the scale of the transfer was discovered, the industry was tardy over compensation. Three years on, fewer than 5 per cent of cases have been reviewed.

Even now, it is very difficult for prospective investors to compare pensions because of the different

ways fees are levied. Too many products are inflexible and complicated and prospective customers are confused. But as we warn readers on page 26, people risk misery in old age if they delay a decision.

### Trusts watched

CAVEAT EMPITOR is as important in the stock market as it is on the high street. There are plenty of cheap investment trusts around at the

moment but the dilemma for investors is whether now is the time to buy. Your new purchase could turn out to be a disappointment as soon as you get it home. Investment trust shares often trade at a discount to assets. But sometimes this discount can widen or linger for so long that institutions seek action.

This year could see a rise in attempted takeovers with unsuccessful funds being gobbled up.

### Serial savings

AS AN antidote to the usual lists of financial new year resolutions, *Weekend Money* today begins a series of articles to help you sort out your money in 1997. The first, on the opposite page, looks at pensions. The series won't slim your waistline after the Christmas excesses but could swell your bank balance.

Caroline Merrell on recouping OFC losses

## Future for ostrich investment is still up in the air

Coopers & Lybrand, the accountancy firm handling the liquidation of the crashed Ostrich Farming Corporation, believes it will recover less than half of the £22 million invested in the company by 2,700 investors.

The Official Receiver was called in last summer after the Department of Trade and Industry issued a winding-up order against the company. Investors were attracted by marketing literature which promised returns of more than 50 per cent. The promotional material emphasised the availability of ostrich meat, which is low in fat and high in protein.

However, the DTI alleged the OFC spent investors' money on "disadvantageous contracts" to third parties. The Serious Fraud Office is now investigating.

One of the most difficult tasks for the liquidator to sort out has been the ownership of about 4,000 ostriches now

residing in Belgium. In a letter to investors which was sent out last week, Coopers & Lybrand said it had "now received formal advice from senior counsel that title to the individual ostriches rests with the customers rather than the OFC". However, the liquidator points out that investors will only be able to take charge of their birds when an outstanding livery charge has been paid to Zooparc, another Ostrich company.

As well as clarifying the ownership of the birds, the liquidator also sets out two new investment options which could help the investors to recoup some of their losses.

One option involves investing in an ostrich farming company called Belairtruche, which is backed by some of the original OFC investors. If the new venture can raise £1.5 million by January 10, then it can continue to farm the ostriches that investors have

already purchased. Another option, which is in the process of being set up, involves a Scottish company called the Avian Farming Enterprise. Details of this scheme are scant, but investors can gain more information by telephoning 01749 674472.

The liquidator warned investors: "If you do nothing, I have been informed that, on or after January 31, 1997, Zooparc will take possession of any ostriches to which you may be entitled towards settlement of outstanding livery charges and any other costs."

Coopers & Lybrand also points out that it is possible for individual investors to make their own arrangements concerning the birds. "Contact should be made as soon as possible to arrange the collection of the ostriches."

It advises contacting Eddy Nachtergaele (0032 6976 9262), a Belgian farmer looking after the birds.

MARTIN BIDDALL



Ostriches promised sweet rewards but turned out to be a bitter investment for some



Mobiles: a useful accessory... and a target for criminals

## If Santa called, check your bill

Mobile phones were a popular present again this Christmas. But if the phone you found in your stocking was of the analogue type, check it carries a PIN number and let your first new year's resolution be to inspect carefully your calls bill each month. For if your number is cloned, then you could be paying the bill for other people's calls.

Criminals can clone unprotected phones via a scanner costing about £100. They can be used to steal the number of a personal mobile phone, together with the secret electronic serial number (ESN). The number is then inputted into another, often stolen, handset and used unknowingly at the original customer's expense. Airports, busy city centres, motorways and London hotels are the happy hunting grounds for the cloning villains.

One of the biggest problems is that cloners have learnt to use a victim's phone number not only silently but sparingly. They use several phones with the same number to spread the call load, hoping to escape detection for longer before they breach the calls limit and trigger an investigation by the network operator. I have been cloned twice in five weeks, becoming a victim of what has been called the "fastest growing crime in Brit-

ain". On the second occasion a new number had been inputted into my two-year-old analogue handset by Cellcom, a mobile-providing arm of Cellnet, only two weeks earlier.

My problem came to light when Cellcom told me I had exceeded my calls limit only 15 days into my normal monthly account. I am a frugal user with a £29 limit set by Cellcom. By the time a cloner had been suspected, the illegal calls invoiced to me had gone to £36. I had made only £3 worth of calls. The total bill, including line rental and VAT was £69. The problem had been only partially resolved via Cellcom's fraud squad before the second cloner struck.

There are now 6.4 million mobile phone users in the UK, of whom three million have analogue. But a Private Member's Bill introduced by Ian Bruce, Tory MP for Dorset South, successfully had its second reading in mid-December, giving the industry a long-overdue Christmas present. The Bill, when enacted, is intended to make possession of scanning equipment and all such telecom fraud an arrestable offence. At the moment, illegal users of cloned phones have to be caught in the act to be charged with intent to defraud.

ALEC PARRETT

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SCOTTISH WIDOWS















Our Economics Editor begins a four-part series on the economy

# The number crunchers

## ECONOMICS EXPLAINED

### 1 STATISTICS

Winston Churchill set up Britain's statistical service in 1941, recognising, in the dark days of the Second World War, that accurate readings of the economy were needed if he was to harness its full power for the war effort. The strategic importance of this initiative meant that the number crunchers were set to work in the War Cabinet building in Horseguards Road. Today, the grandly titled Office for National Statistics (ONS), as well as the Bank of England, publishes an impressive array of figures. Below is a guide to some of the main statistics which are the cornerstone of key economic policy decisions.

**INFLATION:** This is particularly important since the Government introduced an inflation target as a new policy anchor in the chaos after sterling left Europe's exchange-rate mechanism. There are two widely used measures of inflation. The retail prices index, commonly called headline inflation, is used to uprate pensions and many social security benefits and is also a guide to wage negotiations around Britain. The RPI measures the price of a basket of goods compiled by people who every month tour shops and supermarkets and scourade publications for changes of prices for, say, holidays or insurance policies. The second inflation measure is the RPI excluding mortgage interest payments or RPIX. This is called underlying or core inflation and the Government aims to get it to 2.5 per cent or less.

**PRODUCER PRICES:** These include input prices which are the cost to British companies of raw materials and parts, many of them imported from abroad, and output prices. The latter are often called factory gate prices and are the prices of finished goods. Producer prices are a useful guide to future price trends on Britain's high streets. As a rule, lower input prices will allow firms to sell finished manufactures more cheaply, in turn giving retailers the option of passing on bargains to their customers.

**INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION:** These figures give a monthly snapshot of what Britain's industrial — as opposed to services — sector produces. The ONS publishes figures for manufacturing output and industrial production as a whole. The latter includes what Britain's North Sea oil and gas sector produces as well as the output of the main utilities — electricity and water.

**GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT:** GDP is an overall measure of growth. The



Winston Churchill saw the need for accurate statistics to plan the war effort

single most important indication of Britain's economic performance. Some other countries use GNP or gross national product which adds the returns from British investment abroad to GDP.

It is difficult to measure the size of the economy accurately. GDP figures published every month effectively average out the three main ways of doing it: measuring the output of goods and services produced, measuring the total income from all this production and measuring spending on the goods and services. GDP takes into account everything from the output of industry and services, agriculture and construction to exports, stocks held by British companies and investment. Also totted up are consumer spending, incomes and government contribution to the economy.

**BALANCE OF PAYMENTS:** This measures our visible and invisible trading account with the rest of the world. Visible trade includes imports and exports of manufactured goods, fuels, food and raw materials. These figures used to be compiled from customs reports on goods entering or leaving the country. But, in 1992, internal EU frontiers were dismantled and Britain adopted the European Intra-stat system that collects trade data direct from companies.

Invisible trade includes services such as banking and insurance as well as the interest, profits and dividends earned by British firms overseas and foreign firms doing business in Britain. It also includes Britain's largely Britain's contribution to the EU budget. The combination of visible and invisible trade makes up the current account of the balance of payments. In recent years, Britain has typically run a deficit on visible trade but a surplus on invisibles.

**PSBR:** This stands for the public sector borrowing requirement, a rather ugly term which measures the health or otherwise of Britain's public finances. The PSBR is the difference between two huge amounts — public spending and public revenue. A negative PSBR in a particular month means a repayment of borrowing.

The PSBR comes in for a lot of criticism partly because it counts proceeds from privatisations such as the sale of British Gas or, more recently, Ministry of Defence married quarters, as negative spending. This whereas is not strictly allowed in the Maastricht treaty's definition of a government budget deficit.

**MONEY SUPPLY:** This was (and remains) the key economic statistic for monetarists who believe that the rate of growth of the stock of money more or less directly determines the rate of inflation. In the 1980s, when monetarism dominated the economic debate, there was a Spaghetti Junction of money supply measures called M0, M1, EM3, M4 and M5. Targeting one or the other went in and out of fashion as the Government attempted to control inflation.

Nowadays, the Government no longer sets targets for money supply, whose relationship with inflation is now deemed too uncertain. Instead it sets monitoring ranges for M0 or narrow money and M4, also called broad money. M0 measures notes and coins in circulation in the economy and notes and coins held in banks. M4 includes such items as the PSBR, purchases of public sector debt such as government bonds and Treasury bills by the private sector and bank and building society lending.

JANET BUSH

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## Superbelle looks safe option at snowy Lingfield

BY JULIAN MUSCAT



**TODAY'S RACES  
ON TELEVISION**

This marks the first time all-weather racing has the televised stage to itself, and the broadcasters propose to highlight its intricacies during *The Morning Line*. You will hear of the value of a good start, the frantic gallop and the difference between Lingfield's Equitrack surface to those at Southwell and Wolverhampton. If you plan to sift the form, have the Aspin handy. You may feel like the occasional tourist circling the M25.

3.13: Whatever the outcome this gives Tirol's Treasurer the chance to improve his dismal career record. The filly has finished last on each of her four outings to date, most recently when beaten more than 56 lengths at this venue. Around Fore Allis and Lochlass, respectively second and third in that race, have place prospects.



## Jarvis runs Superbelle

but Superbelle is the safer option. Expensively beaten at Wolverhampton three weeks ago, the filly should appreciate the extra two furlongs on this faster surface. *Effervescence*, one place behind her on that occasion, has won three times since.

**2.45:** After failing to figure at Wolverhampton last month, **Countless Times** shaped with promise on this course

**3.45:** Step On Degas tries this trip for the first time after performing consistently in sprints. However, he may be in the handicapper's grip. Mellors has reasonable form on turf but may lack a fitness edge. Jo Maximus comes from an in-form stable but Bargash is selected after an encouraging start on this surface last month. He finished third after making late headway.

A high-contrast, black and white portrait of a man. He is wearing a dark fedora hat and a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. The image is heavily stylized with high contrast, resulting in a grainy, almost binary appearance where mid-tones are lost to deep blacks or bright whites. The man's face is partially in shadow, and his expression is serious. The background is dark and indistinct.

Francombe (left), from the Channel 4 team, topped the readers' poll, while Wilson, BBC's anchorman, was only thirteenth.

The low esteem in which the BBC coverage is held by dedicated racing supporters follows the disclosure in *The Times* last month concerning the groundswell of discontent among racecourses where the corporation's cameras, oper-

The concern of racecourses — including Ascot, Goodwood, Newbury and Haydock — led *The Sporting Life* to conduct a telephone poll of readers which showed a 76-24 per cent bias in favour of Channel 4. Today, the results of a far more detailed postal survey among the newspaper's readers not only con-

**RICHARD EVANS**

**Nap: CHARMING GALE**  
(3.05 Musselburgh)  
**Next best: Shining Edge**  
(2.05 Musselburgh)

Richard Evans found a good-priced nap at Southwell yesterday with Domino Flyer (6-1).

firms that split, but also highlights viewers' likes and dislikes about television racing personalities.

Of the 974 respondents — a particularly high return — 76.5 per cent said they preferred Channel 4, while 20 per cent voted for the BBC and 2.5 per cent indicated no preference.

If that was not sufficiently bad news for the BBC, the breakdown of votes for presenters underlines the dissatisfaction among viewers. Readers were asked to rate 19 presenters and commentators used by Channel 4 and BBC on a scale of nought to nine. The bottom four slots are filled by BBC men, while Julian Wilson, the BBC's anchor-man, languishes in joint thirteenth.

Again, those views echo the complaints of racecourses covered by the BBC, who were highly critical of Peter Scudamore and Jimmy Lindley, and said Wilson's sombre manner was not viewer-friendly.

Only three BBC people finished in the top ten: J. A. McGrath, the outstanding Australian-born commentator who is widely expected to succeed Peter O'Sullivan when he retires later this year.

came joint third. O'Sullivan is in sixth place and recorded more maximum votes of nine than everyone except Francombe, which arguably still makes him the BBC's trump card. Jonathan Powell finished in ninth.

and controversial style. Although he finished joint thirteenth with fellow Old Harrovian Wilson, 236 readers scored him at eight or nine, but 147 readers gave him no points — the worst record of all.

**'McCririck was, not surprisingly, either much liked or disliked'**

widespread knowledge of racing, an effortless style of communicating to viewers and a humorous light touch. His runaway success in the readers' survey came after he scored a maximum nine with 343 of the 974 voters. A further 242 people gave him eight, while 147 allocated him seven. Only eight people rated him at six or lower.

John McCricker, Channel 4's larger-than-life betting ring pundit, was either much liked or disliked, which is hardly surprising given his colourful

nel 4's appeal were wide and uninterrupted coverage, pre- and post-race information, interesting content "with excitement and humour", well-informed professionalism and Francombe. Criticism concentrated on McCrirk, too many presenters and poor commentators, commercial breaks, trivial chatter or behaviour and Derek Thompson.

The plus points for the BBC were its professional, dignified and ungingimally approach, O'Sullivan's informative and clear commentary. J. A.

McGrath and camera work. The least liked aspects were limited and rushed pre-race and post-race information, interruptions for other sports, the commentators' personalities and habits, and "stuffy and boring presentation".

Andrew Franklin, producer of Channel 4 Racing, was understandably thrilled by the outcome of the questionnaire. "It amounts to an overwhelming vote of confidence — more than we could ever have hoped for — and is vindication that we have put the massive amount of air time devoted to the sport to the best possible use," he said yesterday.

Jonathan Martin, head of BBC Sport, was unavailable for comment last night.

□ Lord Kimball, who was chairman of the British Greyhound Racing Fund, from its inception in 1993 to March last year, is also on the shortlist of candidates for the Tote chairmanship. He helped to raise £2.5 million from the bookmakers during his term of office.

HOW THE TELEVISION PACES FIT		
	% of total votes achieved	Ranking
John Francome (C4)	83%	1
Alastair Down (C4)	75%	2
Simon Holt (C4)	74%	3
J.A. McGrath (BBC)	74%	3
Jim McGrath (C4)	74%	3
Peter O'Sullivan (BBC)	73%	5
Graham Goode (C4)	72%	7
Brough Scott (C4)	58%	8
Jonathan Powell (BBC)	50%	9
Lesley Graham (C4)	55%	10
Lord Oakesy (C4)	55%	10
Claire Balding (BBC)	57%	12
John McCririck (C4)	56%	13
Julian Wilson (BBC)	56%	13
Derek Thompson (C4)	55%	15
Richard Pittman (BBC)	54%	16
Peter Scudamore (BBC)	49%	17
Jimmy Lindley (BBC)	47%	18
Graham Rock (BBC)	44%	19

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**G' HOUNDS** 122 222

**COMMENTARY**

**RESULTS**

**FULL RESULTS SERVICE 168**

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# LINGFIELD PARK

THUNDERER

12.15 invocation	2.15 Mister Raider
12.45 Hawaii Storm	2.45 Calchou
1.15 Silo Jig	3.15 SUPERBELLE (nap)
1.45 General Haven	3.45 Mullions

The Times Private Handicapper's top rating: 1.15 SLIP JIG.  
Cot Newmarket Correspondent 12.15 Sheshi, 1.45 Tart, 3.15 SUPERBELLE (nap).

## GUIDE TO OUR RACECARD

103 (12) 0-0-0-0-2 GOOD TIMES 74 (CD,B,F,F,S,S) (Nls, D Patterson, 9 Hls 10-0-0, B West 4)

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 2nd - **D. (Goodnight)** Horse's name **Days**  
 3rd - **last money** 4 **Yankee** 4 **last** 10  
 4th - **winners** 4 **last** 10 **last** 10  
 5th - **course winner** 10 **last** 10

GOING: STANDARD  
 TOTE JACKPOT MEETING

DRAW: 5F-7F. LOW NUMBERS BEST

1.45 LADBROKE HANDICAP (23.37): 1m 4f (10 runners)										C4
401	23	635301	STAMPFLOOR STANLY 5f (C/D,F, P) Cypres	C 4	9-12	G Carter	56	33	10	
402	1	525441	NIGHT'S STAR 5f 12f (M) P. Mearns	Shm	Shm	Shm	57	34	11	
403	13	630000	OUT ON A PROMISE 22f 4f (P) G. Bates	M	Shm	Shm	58	35	12	
404	15	120133	WILLIAM WATTS 5f 12f (M) G. McGeer	6	6	6	59	36	13	
405	14	215160	CLOW FORUM 23f (C,D,F,G,S) A. Smith	1	1	1	60	37	14	
406	16	233123	TARTI (Thoroughbred Hides Partnership)	1	1	1	61	38	15	
407	18	144022	ANGELIC HAVEN 22f 4f (M) C. Dalton	1	1	1	62	39	16	

**3.15 LADBROKE MEDIAN AUCTION MAIDEN STAKES** (3-Y-O: f, \$2,800; 12 fms) (21 runners)

5	3402C	ASHFORD FINE ALLIES 14 (J) Hampshire (Trf Astor) 121	T Mills 9-0	W Ryan
4	101	FORFORD LAD 19 (Mn A Brown) 1 James 9-0		A Day 5
3	(12)	FRESH KINGS 15 (Trf Astor) 11 Thomas 9-0		Candy Martin
2	(12)	LEG REPUBLICAN 107 (A Smith) 1 Monaghan 10 9-0		A Carter
1	3402C	LOVE ME DOOL 74 (Mn J) Doyle 11 Johnston 9-0		A Carter
6	(11)	MS DDOL 74 (The Olive and Rose Farm Racing Club) 8 Gwynne 9-0	Dupe 9-0	W Hef

**LADBROKE HANDICAP**  
1 mile 4 furlongs (AW), Lingfield 1.45pm, Live on CH4 TV.

**4/1 Glow Forum**  
**4/1 Steamroller Stanly**  
**4/1 Tart**  
**9/2 General Haven**  
**11/2 Nikita's Star**  
**13/2 Out On A Promise**  
**14/1 No Speeches**  
**25/1 A Million Watts**  
**25/1 Bayrak**  
**25/1 Set The Fashion**

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1	6580	MY LEGAL BAZILL (4) (P) Pregel J 9-5-9	A 100%	1	6180	MY LEGAL BAZILL (4) (P) Pregel J 9-5-9	A 100%
2	500593	ALUMINUM 28 (P) (P) Pregel J White 4-5-9	S 100%	2	500593	ALUMINUM 28 (P) (P) Pregel J White 4-5-9	S 100%
3	00	BUZZY BAZE 24 (P) Camet A 9-5-9	A 100%	3	00	BUZZY BAZE 24 (P) Camet A 9-5-9	A 100%
4	00335	LOCKHART 15 (M) Jackson S 8-5-9	G 100%	4	00335	LOCKHART 15 (M) Jackson S 8-5-9	G 100%
5	8223	SUPERBELL 15 (P) Pregel J 9-5-9	G 100%	5	8223	SUPERBELL 15 (P) Pregel J 9-5-9	G 100%
6	0000	THE TREASURE 15 (G) Henry K 9-5-9	G 100%	6	0000	THE TREASURE 15 (G) Henry K 9-5-9	G 100%

BETTING: 5-2 Favorite, 1-2 Love Me Do, 3-2 Lockharts, 5-1 Around Face Albas, 7-1 French Kiss, 8-1 My  
 Septe 10-1 others

1989: POSEB GOLD 84 R Cucharna (13-8) P Highway 6 km

### FORM FOCUS

1	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)	2	with BUZZY BAZE 24 in 7th LOCKHART 15 5th of 10 in 10th in Mersey 15 (Jan. 28) 100% ALUMINUM 28 12th of 100, SUPERBELL 15 24th 34th in 12 to 100 in Mersey in same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7) 100% Selections: SUPERBELL (100%)
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### 3-4 FAVORITE LADDERKILL ALL-WEATHER TROPHY HANDICAP (Qualifier: Dry H. £240.00 17 (8 runners)

1	01063	4-1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J Bridge 4-5-9	S 100%	5	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
2	010632	STEP ON DEKARS 15 (P) (P) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	6	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
3	000118	10 1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	7	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
4	025404	1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	8	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
5	000222	1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	9	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
6	000000	1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	10	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
7	000003	1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	11	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
8	000003	1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	12	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
9	000003	1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	13	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)
10	000003	1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9	S 100%	14	0000	ALLIES (14) with 1200 to 10 1st Fed in around Face (Aug. 14) and in LOCKHART 15 (Jan. 28) FORD (Feb. 11) and in SUPERBELL 15 (Mar. 11) (Aug. 14) with THE TREASURE 15 (Aug. 14) 100% FRENCH KISS 15 (Jan. 4) to 2 in Treasure at same meeting at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7), 100% 15 5th of 8 in success in success in same (Aug. 7)

BETTING: 11-4 Face, 7-2 Bridge, 9-2 Step On Dekars, 4-5-9 Dekars, 5-4-9 Dekars, 8-4-9 others

1989: 1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9

### FORM FOCUS

1	SEA DANCER 1441 and head 2nd of Darrell Martin's handicap at Woodwardpark (Aug. 7) STEP ON DEKARS 15 2nd of 12 in 1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9 (Aug. 7) with 1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9 (Aug. 7) with 1000000 15 (C) (M) Pregel J 4-5-9
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## CRICKET

# Klusener leaves India facing mountainous task

FROM JOHN WOODCOCK IN CAPE TOWN

SEVEN years ago a young South African by the name of Lance Klusener left Durban High School without having managed to win a place in their first cricket XI. Here at Newlands yesterday he scored the fastest Test hundred made for South Africa (an undefeated 102 in 100 balls), during which he shared, with Brian McMillan, a record partnership for South Africa's eighth wicket against any country, and followed it up by running out one of India opening batsmen and bowling the other.

At the beginning of last month, in his first Test match, he took eight for 64 in India's second innings — and he only won his place in the side because of an injury to Craig Matthews.

As a result of all this, India are in inevitable danger of losing the second Test match no less heavily than they lost the first in Durban last week. At the close of play last night they were 29 for three in reply to South Africa's 529 for seven declared, and to make matters even worse for them, Sachin Tendulkar is much discomfited by a strained side.

South Africa's total is their highest since they were readmitted to Test cricket in 1992 and the best they have made in a Test in Cape Town. By the time Hansie Cronje called his batsmen in, in order to get 16 overs at India before the finish, the Indians had been run ragged. Klusener, who bats left-handed and bowls right and was chosen mainly for his bowling, was clubbing them around much as he pleased.

Yet until he came in, midway through the afternoon, India had not been entirely unsuccessful in the holding operation to which they were committed. The first hour of

the day had in fact been theirs. South Africa making only 22 runs in that time while losing Cronje and Pollock.

For such a very good and resolute batsman, Cronje gets himself into a surprising tangle trying to fend off the short, rising ball. England make a point of playing on this, as India did yesterday morning, and it was in making more of a flinch than an attempted glance at something whistling past his chest that he was caught at the wicket down the leg side off Srinath.

This, incidentally, was no less than Mongolia's twelfth catch of the series, taken in only two and a half South African innings — and he is on his honeymoon into the bargain.

But there was no way of ruffling that obdurate old dog, McMillan, who was lumbering along with a century in his sights. South Africa's main concern seemed to be to get to 400 if they could, however long it might take them, and India, for their part, were preoccupied with containment.

On pitches as good as this one their bowling really is critically thin. Kumble bowled his leg breaks much too low

and fast for them to turn, and their plight cried out for the flight and guile of a Bedi or a Prasanna. The day was shining blue; the crowd cheered mockingly at the announcement that England had come unstuck again in Harare. The locals of Western Province were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Gary Kirsten, who had scored a hundred on Thursday, is one of theirs; so, too, is McMillan, and so is Paul Adams, who was to take a wicket at the end of the day. What is more, Kirsten's father was the groundsman here; but that goes back to the days when Newlands resembled the Parks at Oxford — before it became the stadium it is now.

Klusener batted in when Richardson hooked Srinath straight to long leg and, with nothing to lose and much to gain, he was soon catching up McMillan, who had a start of nearly four hours on him.

I am not sure how good a cricketer Klusener really is. He does not look either a great batsman or a great bowler in the making; he is typical, though, of that pride of young, muscular and confident South Africans, who, if they are not doing wonderful things in the surf, are throwing a rugby ball around or playing cricket in bare feet and being, almost as likely as not, born-again Christians.

South Africa came back from India three weeks ago feeling very strongly that they had a score to settle, and what a job they are making of it. McMillan eventually went to his hundred in a way that may well be unique, the quick single which took him there having to be confirmed by television. The replay was required to make sure that Klusener had not been run out in the process.

Klusener took another quarter of an hour to reach his own hundred, off a despairing Kumble and a dejected Prasad, whereupon Cronje immediately declared. Klusener and McMillan had added 147 — 23 more than Dave Nourse and Ernest Halliwell made together against Australia at Johannesburg 94 years ago.

The only surprise that remained was not that India lost three wickets, or that there was no holding Klusener, but that Donald took none of them.



Mongia, the India wicketkeeper, attempts to stump Richardson, his South African counterpart, yesterday

## Lara inspires West Indies victory

BY OUR SPORTS STAFF

A RESURGENT West Indies celebrated Brian Lara's return to form with a six-wicket victory over Pakistan in their limited-overs World Series match in Brisbane yesterday. However, the match was marred by further behind-the-scenes controversy as the Pakistani batsmen continued to defy an Australian government directive by advertising a tobacco company's sponsorship on their bats during the televised match.

Lara ended a dismal run of low scores by hitting 48 as West Indies maintained their recent improvement in a tense encounter at the Gabba. In reply to Pakistan's total of 197 all out in 49.5 overs, West Indies scored 198 for four with 11 balls to spare.

Carl Hooper, batting one place below Lara at No 5 in the order, scored an unbeaten 54, his twentieth half-century in limited-overs internationals, to guide his side to victory. The Kent all-rounder was joined

by Jimmy Adams in an unbroken fifth-wicket partnership that was worth 74 runs by the end. Adams contributed a valuable 33 not out.

Earlier, Ian Bishop had taken four wickets for 38 and Courtney Walsh three for 40 as Pakistan stumbled to 47 for four on a lively pitch in the eighteenth over. However, Ijaz Ahmed ensured that Pakistan reached a relatively respect-

able total with a patient 59 off 122 balls.

Moin Khan, the wicketkeeper, added 43 in 52 balls before the Pakistanis were all out on one ball short of their allocation. Curdy Ambrose, the West Indies fast bowler, defied a nagging hamstring injury to return figures of one for 26 from ten consecutive overs.

So, after losing their first

two matches in the triangular competition, West Indies have now won two games in succession. West Indies, Pakistan and Australia, the hosts, all have four points from four games at the halfway stage of the qualifying round. West Indies meet Australia in their next game, also in Brisbane, tomorrow.

Of his batsmen's continuing breach of Australian anti-tobacco advertising legislation, Yawar Saeed, the Pakistan team manager, said that the team was awaiting orders from the Pakistan cricket board before removing the logos. "I'm not the policy-maker so I will have to wait until I get the new instructions," Yawar said, adding that he had notified the board of the problem.

The Australian Cricket Board has since been advised by the Australian government that the Pakistanis have until next Tuesday to remove the logos. The ACB faces a fine of A\$60,000 (about £28,000) if it fails to enforce the directive.

## BASKETBALL

## Irish close to making critical choice

BY NICHOLAS HARLING

IF Colin Irish felt unwanted and rejected after his failure in France, the despair could not have lasted long. No sooner had the former England international returned home to Eastleigh, Hampshire, last month, depressed after his release by Chole, than he became the man in demand, pursued by a cluster of English clubs all clamouring for his signature.

Whichever one of them signs Irish might conceivably go on to capture the Budweiser League title. Or, on the other hand, they might not. The dilemma facing at least three of the eight clubs contesting the most open championship race in history is whether they can accommodate a 6ft 6in forward who, at 35, is still extremely competitive and retains a penchant for shooting three-pointers whenever he is not bringing the ball down court.

At Chole, Eric Girard was one coach who obviously felt that Irish could not fit in. "But I never felt I had a chance to play," Irish recalls. "Pre-season was the only time he gave me more than a few minutes on court. Having ten or 15 minutes, which is the most I ever got a game, is not for me."

"I can't figure it out because they were keen to sign me in the first place that they made sure I did so before leaving, when I went there to try out before the season. But in the end it didn't work for me and it didn't work out for them."

Irish's unhappy French experience is unlikely to deter anyone this side of the Channel. Derby Storm invited him up to watch them last weekend

Club	P	W	L	F	A	Pts
Derby Storm	16	11	5	1410	1314	22
Birmingham	16	10	6	1317	1253	20
Leeds	16	10	6	1259	1132	20
London	16	10	6	1118	980	20
Newcastle	16	10	6	1149	1126	20
Sheffield	16	10	6	1184	1128	20
Derby	16	9	7	1548	1667	18
Manchester	16	9	7	1203	1146	18
Leicester	16	9	7	1289	1240	18
Thames Valley	16	9	7	1289	1319	18
Oxford Storm	16	9	7	1161	1101	18
Warrington	16	9	7	1256	1432	18
Hemel and Herts	16	15	1	1241	1280	0

and among those clubs who have already sounded him out are three others with title aspirations — Birmingham Bulls, Newcastle Eagles and Manchester Giants. Thames Valley Tigers and Hemel Hempstead Royals, who are at the wrong end of the table, have also expressed their interest.

"I'd had no problem adjusting to being sixth man," Irish said, "but I'm still not sure what I'm going to do. It's not about money or the best offer but about what's best for me and my family. I'll probably make up my mind when I go back to France this weekend to tie up a few loose ends."

About the only club Irish will not consider is the one he left, amid much rancour, to sign for Chole. Worthing Bears, for whom he excelled three times in Wembley play-off triumphs, were taken to court by their former player-coach last summer in a bitter dispute over money.

Irish, who won the case, said: "I went through too much to go back there. What they did was wrong. There were no winners and losers and I was still left with the legal fees."

Mark Harvey, another former England international, parted company yesterday with Sheffield Sharks, who relinquished their position as joint league leaders last week when Chester Jets established an outright lead of two points over five other clubs.

In his place, the Sharks have signed Isaac Morgan, a product of Fairleigh Dickinson College in New Jersey, who has been averaging 20 points a game for Bellina in the Irish Superleague.

## SCOREBOARD FROM CAPE TOWN

SOUTH AFRICA: First Innings		INDIA: First Innings	
A C Hudson c Mongia b Prasad	18	W V Raman run out	5
G Kirsten run out	103	R S David b Klusener	2
A M Stanger c Mongia b Srinath	27	S C Ganguly not out	19
D J Cullinan c Mongia b Prasad	77	B K V Prasad b Adams	0
W J Cronje c Mongia b Srinath	41	S R Tendulkar not out	1
B M McMillan not out	103	Extras (nb 2)	2
S M Pollock c Tendulkar b Prasad	3	Total (3 wickets)	28
Y O Richardson c David b Srinath	102	Y N R Monro, M Azaaduddin, V V S	
L Klusener not out	102	Larman, A Kumble, J Srinath and D	
Extras (5 lb 9, nb 8)	22	Ganguly b 28.	
Total (7 wickets declared)	529	FALL OF WICKETS: 1-7, 2-24, 3-25.	
A A Donald and P R Adams did not bat.		BOWLING: Donald 9-3-7-0, Pollock 5-1-	
FALL OF WICKETS: 1-37, 2-59, 3-93, 4-251, 5-291 6-299, 7-322.		15-0, Adams 3-1-5-1, Klusener 2-1-4-1.	
BOWLING: Srinath 38-8-130-3, Prasad 26-1-11-3, Ganguly 23-5-89-0, Kumble 51-7-126-0, Ganguly 21-24-0, Raman 5-1-18-0.		Umpires: D G Hair (Australia) and R Roetsen (South Africa).	

## SAILING

## Tibbs limps in to warm reception

CONCERT, the dismantled BT Global Challenge yacht skippered by Chris Tibbs, motored into Wellington yesterday, five days behind Group 4, the leg two winner, but to one of the best welcomes for any of the boats in New Zealand (Edward Gorman writes).

With her chances of winning the race, or at least finishing in the top three, now dashed, there was sympathy for her crew as she cruised in after motoring for nearly 2,000 miles.

As she crossed the finish line, she was given a gun like the rest of the fleet and two of her sister ships, Commercial Union and Nuclear Electric, sailed out to escort her in, together with the local fireboat, which set off its water jets. Concert will be awarded a finish time for the leg equal to that of the last boat racing, Health Insured II, plus another 15 per cent of Health's time.

Health, which has a badly damaged rig, still had about 20 miles to go yesterday.

## Most famous footballing clichés brought to book

SIMON BARNES



On Saturday

AS THE Christmas post continues to dribble in, filled with afterthoughts and mislaid treats, I am able to offer a questionnaire for aspiring football commentators, complete with the only acceptable answers. Look on it as the Socratic method of football commentary.

How did the player break his leg? After a challenge. What kind of challenge? A sickening one.

What did the defender get before he was sent off? A talking-to.

And then? He took the long and lonely walk to the dressing-room.

How did his manager react? He put a consoling arm round him.

How did his manager look? Pensive.

What did he do before the game? He spelt out a warning. How? Loud and clear.

The late equaliser Rovers scored...? Yes. It spared their blushes.

Where are they now? In the driving seat.

How? Firmly. And on and on... all this from A Game of Two Halves, Brian by Fritz Spiegel (HarperCollins, £4.99), the main part of which is a dictionary of jargon and cliché.

For example, and to quote just a few of the Fs: firing on all cylinders; a forest of legs; a formality; and, of course, football was the winner.

Hand of God? Glenn Hoddle picked Paul Gascoigne to play football for England even as the world talked of nothing but the undenied wife-battering allegations against his man.

Team selection, Hoddle said, is a footballing rather than a moral issue. Had Hoddle been a Muslim rather than a stand-

up-and-be-counted Christian, he would have taken a different attitude.

Those with good footballing memories will recall the Saudi player, Saeed Al-Awaian, scoring the most spectacular goal of the 1994 World Cup, dribbling from the halfway line to score against Belgium.

Yet he was not even in the squad for the recent Asian Cup matches. It was explained that Saudi players were picked on moral as well as footballing grounds, and that during Ramadan, Saeed had eaten Snickers bars, kissed a woman and drunk wine.

French connection

Meanwhile, this column's unrelenting search for an appropriate name for the cricket-related pastime — very distantly related, judging from certain performances this week — of one-day cricket continues. Mike Finlay suggests, as a variant on the schoolboy pastime of French Cricket, "ie cricket anglais".

Sexual healing

Not everyone believes that women are a bad thing. Rachel Heyhoe Flint, for example, old friend of this

column, looks back on the lonely and oppressed Christmas spent by England's cricketers in Zimbabwe. The lack of women was meant to bind them into a tight, hard, fighting unit. "Bring out the women and send back the gurus," she said. "They have so many gurus they are not

the favourite themes of this column. So, too, is the slow death of sport by means of commerce. Here the two come together in a way that hammers out a warning loud and clear to all of us who watch Cornhill Test matches and the going-on in the EA Carling Premiership.

The term "home run" is one of the most ancient in the American lexicon. It is a part of sport, a metaphor for all kinds of delights, from business success to sex. But it is now a forbidden term — at least it is if you have anything to do with Arizona Diamondbacks, a major league baseball team that opens for business in 1998.

It has been forbidden, at the express demand of Bank One, sponsor of the ballpark that is nearing completion in Phoenix. Announcers at the stadium and on the local radio station will not be permitted to refer to the sport's ultimate single achievement by its correct name. Instead, they must say a "Bank One boomer".

It remains to be seen whether this expression finds currency outside the world of official announcers, but it is a frightening prospect. Where will it all end? "All sorts of confusion out there as Cork is

playing their natural game." The most successful England cricket captain alive added: "It never occurred to us to ban men."

All in a name

Sporting language is one of

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## ATHLETICS 37

How Radcliffe ran through the pain barrier

# SPORT

SATURDAY JANUARY 4 1997

## RUGBY UNION 39

Can Tigers change their stripes for visit of Toulouse?



Chicken farmer's hat-trick in final one-day game brings tour of Zimbabwe to sorry end

# Brandes plucks out England's heart

FROM SIMON WILDE IN HARARE

HARARE (England won toss): Zimbabwe beat England by 131 runs

JUST when one thought things could not get any worse, this happens: an England performance so shameful that it achieved the impossible, making their followers look back with nostalgia on the two earlier defeats in this series of one-day internationals. Those were both by narrow margins: this one at Harare Sports Club yesterday was crushing in its magnitude, a sorry end to a dreadfully disappointing six-week tour.

In some ways it was an all too predictable conclusion. Zimbabwe, having already won their first one-day series, were relaxed, confident and adventurous. England showed few indications that the exhortations of their coach, David Lloyd, about making amends for throwing away the previous game had got home.

Not that England did not have every reason to win yesterday, as defeat ensured that in five meetings with the full Zimbabwe side here they have not won once, a stark contrast to many predictions that they would come here and inflate their reputations.

Instead, Lloyd and Michael Atherton, the England captain, while remaining determinedly upbeat, were last night forced to accept that Zimbabwe were indeed the

better one-day side, more disciplined in every department of the game, though their excuse that this England team was chosen with the Test matches in mind is unacceptable. As Lloyd had said only the previous day, it is one-day cricket that "pays the rent" and the selectors have a duty to the public to select players capable of winning one-day matches, especially against junior members of the cricketing fraternity.

Cricket in Zimbabwe is a small-time, largely amateur, affair and the notion that their players walked straight off their farms to rout England only confirms the prejudices of those who mightily believe they cannot play the game seriously. So, sure enough, England's chief tormentor yesterday was Eddo Brandes, 33, some time cricketer and full-time Mashonaland chicken farmer, known to his friends as "Chicken George". By removing Knight with the last ball of his second over and Crawley and Hussain with the first and second balls of his third, he not only accomplished the first hat-trick for Zimbabwe — and the first involving England — in one-day internationals, but also effectively decided the match.

England were then 13 for three, chasing a daunting 250 to win, and although Stewart and Atherton added 32 in ten overs it was only a temporary

reprieve. Brandes, bowling straight through, removed them both in successive overs and when Streak quickly followed up by dismissing Iran and White before they had scored, it drew the memorable phrase from one commentator that "there are more ducks in this English innings than in the average village pond".

That was 63 for seven, which soon became 77 for eight when Strang, the match-winner on New Year's Day but not required to turn his arm over here until most of the damage was done, baffled Gough into squiring a catch to backward point. Only some last-resort hitting from Croft and Mullally saved England from beating their lowest total in one-day cricket, 93 all out against Australia at Headingley in 1975.

They put on 41 in eight overs before Guy Whittall knocked out Mullally's leg stump and followed up by having Silverwood caught at mid-on for the fifth nought of the innings and its third golden duck. England had been dismissed in fewer than 30 overs for 118 by 4.15pm.

Of course, although the mischievous will portray England as being put to flight by a chicken farmer, just as they did when Brandes played a leading role in Zimbabwe beating them in the World Cup five years ago, the fact is that he is a top-class bowler who performed superbly yesterday.

He stuck to an immaculate line, swung the ball away from the bat and got it to bounce awicwardly. If the balls that claimed the wickets of Knight — who was again caught down the leg side — Crawley and Stewart were unexceptional, the ones that removed Hussain and Atherton were magnificent, leaving the bat and drawing their prey into the stroke.

Hussain, the hat-trick victim, was superbly held by Andy Flower diving far to his right, one of five catches for the Zimbabwe wicketkeeper. Not many international sides would have kept Brandes at bay on the form he showed yesterday and his figures of five for 28 were no more than he deserved.

Zimbabwe's assurance revealed itself most in their batting. They always looked to be creative, used their feet well to make room to play shots, and set out to target Croft. Grant Flower, a stonewaller in the Test matches, led the way with a bright 62 from 87 balls and his brother, Andy, chipped in with 35 from 30 balls.

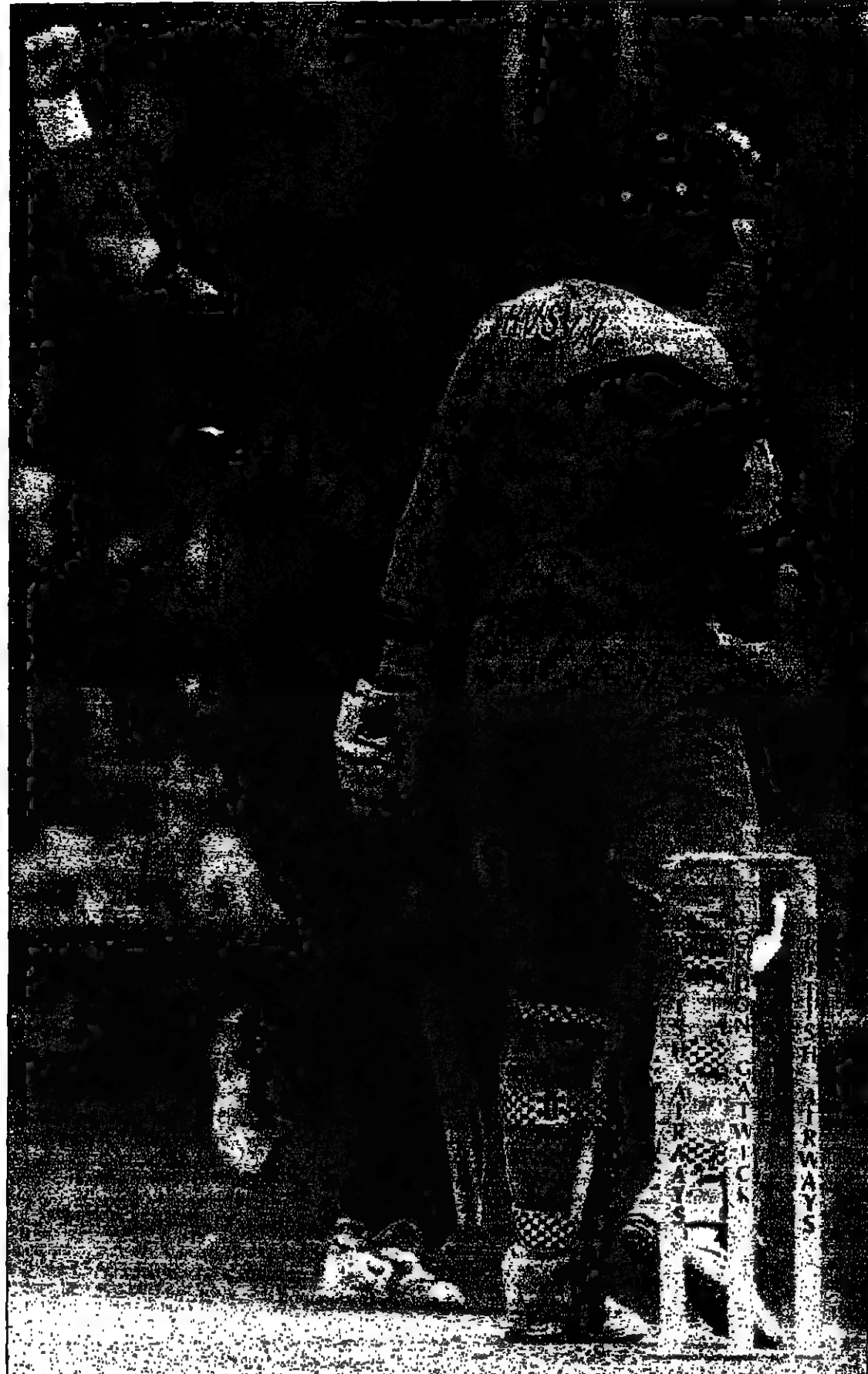
But the central figure in Zimbabwe's innings was Campbell, the captain, who took his fourth half-century off England on the tour. He did appear to enjoy one sizeable piece of good fortune early on, however, when television replays suggested that umpire Robinson should have given him out caught at the wicket in front of first over. But in view of what happened later, it probably would not have made much difference if he had.



Brandes celebrates the dismissal of Knight, caught down the leg side



Crawley becomes his second victim, falling leg-before first ball



Brandes's hat-trick is complete as Hussain looks back to see Flower hold the catch at the wicket

## SCOREBOARD FROM HARARE

<b>England won toss</b>	
<b>ZIMBABWE</b>	<b>ENGLAND</b>
G W Flower c Mullally b White ... 62 (123min, 87 balls, 6 fours)	N V Knight c A Flower b Brandes ... 3 (12min, 8 balls)
A C Weatherall run out ... 19 (30min, 41 balls, 1 four)	A J Stewart c A Flower b Brandes ... 2 (12min, 8 balls)
*A D R Campbell not out ... 80 (146min, 103 balls, 1 six, 4 fours)	J P Crawley bow b Brandes ... 0 (4min, 1 ball)
1A Flower c Stewart b Iran ... 38 (137min, 30 balls, 1 six, 3 fours)	<b>FALL OF WICKETS:</b> 1-56 (G W Flower 21, 2-131 (Campbell 38), 3-181 (Campbell 59), 4-183 (Campbell 53), 5-190 (Campbell 80)
C N Evans c Stewart b Gough ... 1 (4min, 5 balls)	<b>BOWLING:</b> Mullally 10-0-38-1 (w 2 1 st, 4 fours, 8-3-23-0, 2-0-16-1), Gough 10-1-42-1 (w 2 2 w 2 2 fours, 4-0-10-0, 2-0-14-0, 4-1-9-1), Silverwood 5-0-17-0 (w 2 3 fours, one spell), White 7-0-39-1 (w 1 1 six, 3 fours, 2-0-9-0, 3-0-15-1, 2-0-15-0), Iran 10-0-39-1 (w 1 1 six, one spell), Croft 8-0-54-1 (2 sixes, 3 fours, 2-0-17-0, 4-0-37-1)
G J Whittall b Croft ... 1 (6min, 4 balls)	Score after 18 overs: 56-1
D L Houghton c Stewart b Mullally 18 (22min, 22 balls, 2 sixes)	<b>ENGLAND</b>
P A Strang run out (White/Stewart) 13 (12min, 10 balls, 1 six, 1 four)	N V Knight c A Flower b Brandes ... 3 (12min, 8 balls)
Edras (4-4, 10-5 w 8, 10-2) ... 19	A J Stewart c A Flower b Brandes ... 2 (12min, 8 balls)
Total (7 wts, 80 overs, 210min) 249	J P Crawley bow b Brandes ... 0 (4min, 1 ball)
H H Streak, E A Brandes and J A Rennie did not bat	

## FA CUP THIRD ROUND OUTLOOK

Blackburn v Port Vale Sheffield Wed v Grimsby Chelsea v West Bromwich Aston Villa v Sunderland Liverpool v Burnley QPR v Huddersfield Wolverhampton v Portsmouth Plymouth v Peterborough Reading v Southampton *Charlton v Notts County *Wycombe v Bradford *Manchester Utd v Tottenham *Everton v Swindon	(no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned)
Wrexham v West Ham Middlesbrough v Chester Nottingham Forest v Ipswich Norwich v Sheffield Utd Cardiff v Tranmere *Notts County v Aston Villa Stoke v Birmingham (at Birmingham)	(no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (no inspection planned) (inspection am today) (inspection am today)
Hednesford v York Barnsley v Oldham Brentford v Manchester City Gillingham v Derby Crewe v Walsley Luton v Bolton Chesterfield v Bristol City Watford v Oxford Crystal Palace v Leeds Coventry v Woking Leicester v Southend Stoke v Stockport	(new date January 13) (new date January 14) (new date January 14) (new date January 14) (new date January 14) (new date January 14) (new date January 14) (new date January 14) (new date January 14) (new date January 14) (new date January 15) (new date January 15)

\*Playing tomorrow

## Sports wipe-out grows as Arctic snap goes on

By Russell Kempson

With no sign of a let-up in the freezing temperatures, foot-ball's FA Cup third round goes ahead today in a depleted state. Twelve of the scheduled 32 ties this weekend have been called off, with seven others dependent on no deterioration in the conditions overnight.

Birmingham City, who are due to play non-league Stevenage Borough this afternoon, have a pitch inspection at St Andrews this morning. Notts County will do similar, at Meadow Lane, ahead of their scheduled tie against Aston Villa tomorrow.

In rugby union, Leicester's Heineken Cup semi-final against Toulouse rested on a 9 o'clock pitch inspection this morning. Representatives of both clubs, with Jim Fleming, the match referee, will decide whether the Welford Road surface is too hazardous.

Leicester have spent the past 48 hours making strenuous efforts to ensure the pitch is playable and, last night, their efforts seemed to be bearing fruit. A hot-air balloon had

made a substantial difference within six hours. The other semi-final, between Brive and Cardiff tomorrow, goes ahead as planned.

Bath are also making every effort to play their Courage Division Championship first division match against Saracens, who are keen to give Francois Pienaar, the former South Africa captain, his first game since he signed for the club. Bath have been using ten industrial hot-air blowers at the Recreation Ground.

The Courage second division programme for today has been wiped out but the third division games at Leeds and Harrogate are still on. This afternoon's entire Welsh National League first division programme was cancelled by lunchtime yesterday.

Horse racing continues to be badly hit, with Musselburgh the sole surviving turf meeting, subject to a 7.30am inspection. The all-weather cards at Lingfield, which is being televised, and Wolverhampton go ahead.

## Emotional Curcic demands transfer

By David Maddock

SASA CURCIC, the Yugoslavia international, yesterday demanded a transfer from Aston Villa just five months after a £4 million move to the club. In an emotional outburst, the Serb expressed his bitter regret at moving to the Midlands club and pleaded for an immediate move.

Curcic was trailed by several clubs in the summer after becoming unsettled when Bolton Wanderers, the club which brought him to England from Partisan Belgrade for £1.5 million, were relegated from the FA Carling Premiership. Villa won the chase, thanks largely to the player's friendship with their Serbian forward, Savo Milosevic.

But as Villa prepare for tomorrow's FA Cup third round tie at Notts County the temperamental Curcic has downed tools after being left on the substitutes bench for the last eight matches. "I have thought

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When it's  
cool to  
be an  
anorak  
shopping - 3

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SATURDAY JANUARY 4 1997

## And here's a show I did earlier

Frances Bissell,  
the Times cook,  
has never seen a  
TV cookery  
programme. So  
making her own  
seemed a recipe  
for disaster.

It sounds like an unusual recipe for a television cookery series: a cook who has never seen a cookery programme and a director who has never directed one. When my new series was shown in the West Country, journalists were bemused. What was new about Frances Bissell's *West Country Kitchen*? How did it differ from all the other cookery programmes, they asked. I don't know, was my pathetic reply. I have never watched any of them. We don't have television. "The TV cook without a set of her own" was one resulting photo caption.

I am not even sure I should be writing this article. Maybe it's not the done thing to tell how many haunches of wild boar had to be bought in order to produce one on screen? Or to pass on the gossip that one hears about other television cooks, such as X's cake recipe not turning out, however many times it was baked, and "You know, those aren't really X's hands you see on the box". But I shall write about it all, anyway, because I found it fascinating.

It began, just like it does in the movies, with a chance encounter over dinner at the Dorchester hotel in London, sipping Chateau Palmer 1961. "Have you ever done any television?" I was asked. The scene changes to Plymouth a few months later. In the offices of Westcountry Television, I still have the outline of the series that we discussed then: "6 x 30 minute programmes, 12 x 15 minutes segments. Recipe plus ingredients: include producers on location; shopping and cooking." And thus, by some extraordinary stroke of good fortune, Westcountry Television commissioned me to do the cookery series that I have always wanted to do.

Between that meeting and the "wrap" party on the final day of shooting, however, many things happened, most of them intriguing, some of them terrifying, and all of them new experiences.

First, the director, Peter Francis Browne, visits me to see if I will do; he seems to think I will, so that's all right. He finds me a West Country kitchen, between Lostwithiel and Bodmin, in a bewitching part of Cornwall. It's a converted watermill, with Aga, large kitchen and a conservatory.

The make-up and wardrobe consultant comes to see me in London, flings open my wardrobe door, and we go off — with an allowance — to buy country clothes in tasteful shades of slurry and leaf mould; I am firmly instructed to leave behind my city black.

The wardrobe consultant and I have great trouble in



finding the right colour aprons, because the director has forbidden blue-and-white stripes and other apron colours. We solve the problem by having chiefs' white aprons dyed in suitably organic tones of farmhouse-butter yellow, sage green and caramel.

An important day arrives. I meet the cameraman, Julian Clinkard. It's going to be all right, I think. And it gets more all right as the series progresses, and I realise that he has a serious interest in food.

At last the day to start filming dawns. I wonder if I can call in sick. I'm terrified. We set off for

Devon, the first location, a cold, windswept hillside with a lot of sheep. The farmer is as nervous as I am, and we give each other moral support. She also gives me a vest, and my teeth stop chattering. Filming on day two is to be the tantalising wild boar dish on Bodmin moor.

About ten days later, location filming is completed, after we have visited a whole host of people and places — the winemaker Mark Sharman on the Sharpham Estate, Warren's Bakery in St Just, at the tip of Cornwall, organic poultry farmers Bill and Charlotte Reynolds at Swaddles Green

Farm in Somerset, Ann Petch and her herd of rare breed pigs in north Devon, a fish auction at Newlyn with John Strike, Porthleven's fishmonger, the Duchy of Cornwall oyster farm, and many other excellent and dedicated farmers and producers. I think to myself that at least the cookery part will be easy. But I am wrong.

First, though, the glass roof of the conservatory, adjoining the kitchen, has to be carpeted, because the rain sounds like flamenco dancers on the roof. Someone phones the local carpet shop and asks if they do roofs. Next day a man comes

and carpets it. We also get the kitchen kitted out with stunning pottery and ceramics from Devon, as well as things I have found in local antique shops. The florist from Lostwithiel comes in to create artlessly rustic bunches of flowers to thrust into glazed salt jars.

Equipment and utensils begin to arrive from kitchenware shops all over the country. Lakeland Plastics is absolutely heroic, and its catalogue yields pots and gadgets that I didn't even know existed. Fine stainless steel pans come from

Divertimenti. Not one set, but two. One for me to cook with, and one for "the one I prepared earlier". Our assistant producer, Alison Field, knows all about these things, having worked on other cookery programmes, and orders food, props and equipment.

I begin to have an inkling that being a television cook won't be like cooking in my own kitchen. For starters, I have an assistant, or home economist as she appears in the credits. Leith's-trained and delightful to work with, Claire Simmonds arrives. She washes all the pots and pans ready for

use. Then vast quantities of food begin to appear. Not one but four legs of wild boar. Four legs of kid. Masses of mutton. Six dozen oysters, and I only need half a dozen for my recipe. Tubs and tubs of clotted cream. Bundles and more bundles of leeks. And what seems like an oceanful of fish, for my single pot of fish stew. The crew eats very well for the next 12 days.

Finally, filming begins. There I am, at the worktop, ready to cook a mutton cobbler. Behind me, I can hear Claire in the scullery chopping leeks for

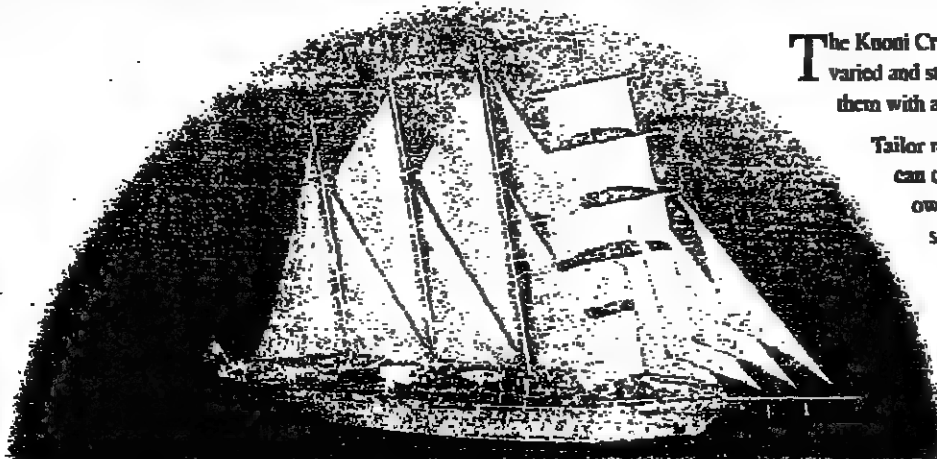
Continued on page 2

SHOPPING ..... 23 GARDENING ..... 45 COUNTRY LIFE ..... 6 PROPERTY ..... 7-9 HOME LIFE ..... 10 FAMILY LIFE ..... 11 TRAVEL ..... 13-19 GAMES ..... 23

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There was uproar towards the end of last year, when the Football Association announced that a new England strip would be launched in February 1997. "How unfair," cried impoverished parents, "that so soon after Christmas, we should have to fork out again for these shiny polyester things with three miserable lions on, at the cynical price of forty-odd quid." It was argued that the new strips would instantly render obsolete the Christmas presents so recently torn open by the new breed of young supporter, unable to grasp the complex scoring system of the national game but able, with ease, to quote recent performance figures for shares in Manchester United PLC.

The screaming watchdogs presumably felt the wind of Tony

Blair's earlier wittings beneath their wings, and imagined their own whingeing thus ennobled. For it was Mr Blair who warned that football clubs which exploited the replica strip industry were in danger of losing touch with their roots. Not that he has ever exploited his occasional support of Newcastle United, of course. Or lost touch with his roots.

Every time a football team, national or international, changes its strip, the parents gripe about how they cannot afford to keep buying new ones. This is ludicrous. I cannot afford to buy a Ferrari, but I am not campaigning to have such cars banned. I have not written to Mr Blair complaining that Rolls-Royce has brought out a new model again and me and my mates don't have the reads.

## SERIOUS SHOPPING FOOTBALL CLUBS

What about the old-fashioned response to a child's demands, such as a clip round the ear and a firm. "No, you can't have another Newcastle strip: mention it again and you'll be put up for adoption." When little Boadicea demands a Middlesbrough strip with Ravennell written on the back, why not point out that when you were her age you had to walk seven miles in bare feet every morning to get the milk, and counted yourself lucky.

There is a much more 1990s alternative: downsize their greed. I have travelled the country in search of a solution to the replica kit problem. If Everton, for example, are not allowed to skin their



BY GILES COREN

fans for £45 for a shirt, then they hope to persuade them to buy a set of Everton curtains (£32), or if that fails then a Joe Royle watch (£22). Surely you can run to an Everton

key fob (£3)? A packet of Everton fruit drops (£1.50)? They would rather sell you an Everton signet ring for £135.50, but they will settle for unloading a lighter (£1).

Instead of a Derby County away goalkeeper's shirt (£35), why not buy your child a Derby County money box (£7) so he can save up for the shirt himself? (And how much demand can there be for the Derby County away goalkeeper's shirt? It must be restricted to a Derby fan, who plays in goal and already has the home goalkeeper's shirt. Optimistic.)

For Liverpool fans, may I recommend a small plastic bus painted in the Liverpool colours. At £9.99 it

represents a considerable saving against a shirt with Neil Ruddock written on the back (£37.99). Better still is the cassette tape of 24 Anfield Anthems at £7.99, and the car air freshener at £1.75.

Norwich fans can invest in a fetching doormat (£9.99) — very appropriate. Arsenal fans could buy a "comb in a case" (£1.99), a "fold-away hairbrush with mirror" (£3.75), or an Arsenal deodorant body spray (£1.49). "I scored at QPR" knickers (£3) will be ideal for your daughter. If you cannot afford the whole strip, Young Plymouth Argyle fans will thrill to their very own cabbage patch doll. Pilgrim Pete (£10). Any child who has been nagging for "Giggy's No 11 shirt" will hardly be able to believe his luck when you give him a Wrexham ruler and bib and a

photograph of Leicester City's Filbert Street stadium (£2.50).

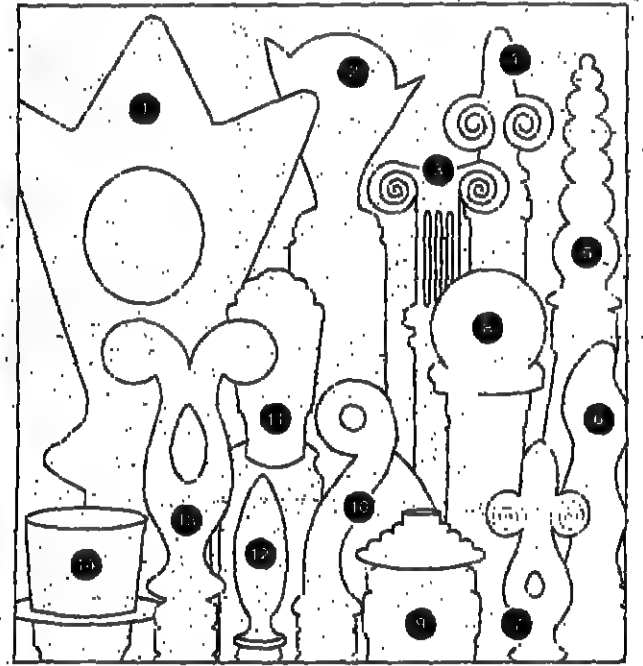
The fact is that replica strips are horrible, to the point of being dangerous. They are gleaming plasticated things that could make a lizard sweat. They make sparks when you take them off, they make you smell, and they cannot really be washed. They have stupid inlaid designs, unnecessary flashes on the shoulders, and the names of beer brands on the back. Glasgow Rangers even make a romper suit for babies with the logo of McEwans lager on it. Is this some strange Scottish irony? Or do Scots babies drink beer? Middlesbrough fans don't know that because from their catalogue I have ordered some "Down-Label Cabernet Sauvignon" and engraved crystal wine glasses.



## Top of the bottle stoppers

THERE ARE two main categories of bottle stoppers: drop-in stoppers work on the same principle as a teaspoon suspended in a bottle to keep the fizz in champagne and sparkling wines; bung stoppers, for non-fizzy drinks, seal the bottle so that it can be laid on its side in the fridge — useful because some stopper-topped bottles are too tall for the fridge shelf. Bungs made of plastic or silicon do not absorb smells, can be wiped clean and are sturdier than cork stoppers. But state-of-the-art cork versions are now "reinforced" in brushed-stainless steel. Here is a selection of current and new designs for 1997.

SOPHIE CHAMIER



KEY (stoppers not to size): 1, 4, 5, 8, 12 and 13. Coloured, multi-shaped bottle stoppers, £2.50 each, in clear or frosted acrylic, 10cm-12cm long with plastic bung, Cargo Homeshops nationwide (0990 124950 for mail order).

2. Pear champagne stopper, 12cm, with amethyst-coloured glass and sterling silver decorative top with a frosted glass drop, £120, hand-made by RCA-trained jeweller Katie Gayle, available by mail order (including p&p) from Katie Gayle Designs on 0181-870 8798.

3, 7 and 10. Cast aluminium and cork stoppers, £6.95 each in Column, Fleur-de-Lie and Swirl design, 11.5cm-14cm long, from The Pier, branches nationwide (0171-351 7100).

8. The Minimal twist bung stopper, 8cm long, in silver-plated solid brass, with white silicon stopper, by Bouchon, available by mail order £19.95 (including p&p) on 0181-749 7568.

9 and 11. Malt steel drop-in champagne stopper (42001-4), 7cm long, £25.99, and the Romanowski cork and brushed-steel wine stopper (43001-4), 9.5cm long, costs £29.99, both by mail order from Midas International (01223 302402).

14. Sterling silver Top Hat cork stopper, 4cm high, £55 from branches of Links of London in SW1 (0171-930 0400); EC2 (0171-620 9999); EC3 (0171-623 3103); EC4 (0171-329 2727).

## 'For a half-dozen perfect oysters we had to open six dozen'

Continued from page 1

our next sequence, the fish stew. In front of me, the director, assistant producer, production assistant, electrician, sound man and the cameraman "Forget about us, Frances: pretend one of your neighbours has come in and you're chatting to her about what you're cooking. And remember to smile a lot."

Ah, there's the difference. I don't have to smile when I'm cooking at home. There's also no one to see me put a rubber spatula on a hot frying pan — captured on film in minute detail. Smile, Frances.

And why do I have to do everything at least three times? Am I really that bad? Then it is explained to me. With only one camera, each sequence has to be filmed in close-up, then as a mid-shot and then as a "wide", to produce a range of options

for the editing process. Which means, I gather, that even if the camera has a wide shot of me chopping leeks, I still have to chop some more for the close-up. Which is why we need so many leeks.

To have a perfect half-dozen fresh, native oysters, Tom, my husband, was up before dawn opening six dozen.

For each sequence we film, I have to repeat what I have said. In case it sounds better the second or third time. I wonder, though, if a little spontaneity isn't lost. Plaining dough to make a loaf, I describe over and over doing it this way "because that's how my Mum always did it".

By day ten, almost the last day of filming, I have learnt how to break down the cooking into manageable sequences. I realise why it is necessary to have one "that I have prepared earlier", although, of course, the director won't let me say this, as the viewer is not allowed to think that this is anything but absolutely real. So, to film me removing from the oven a perfectly cooked leg of wild boar (the one that I have put in only ten minutes earlier), the camera is stopped. We switch

that wild boar to the bottom oven of the Aga and place in the top oven the one I put in to roast at dawn.

But wait... This is a special dish to be served in the evening. So, one and a half hours later, after the film set has been left to look suitably dusk-like, I am allowed to take the joint out of the oven.

And finally, it's a "wrap". The crew open champagne for me, and we eat the caramelised clotted cream rice pudding and the saffron, brie and honey tart that I made earlier.

Sipping my champagne, I wonder if perhaps Tom and I should buy a television set, and learn from the experts how it should be done.

And yes, of course, there is an accompanying book. Isn't there always?

Frances Bissell's West Country Kitchen will be shown on Channel 4 for six consecutive days, beginning on Monday, January 6 at 4pm. Her book of the series, Frances Bissell's West Country Kitchen, is published by Macmillan. £12.99

Read Frances Bissell, the Magazine, pages 63-64



Gimmicks are the basic recipe for the TV cooks such as Fanny Cradock (left), Keith Floyd and Jennifer Paterson and Clarissa Dickson-Wright



### SECRETS OF TV COOKS

JENNIFER PATERSON and Clarissa Dickson-Wright had so much going for them it was almost unfair. They were female, funny and unashamedly fat, but they were also eccentric, casually erudite and... oh yes, Jennifer rode a motorbike.

It doesn't come much better if you are a television producer trying to woo the catering classes. And so it was that two of the biggest (in all senses) television stars of last year were born. The only question is, what took them so long?

Character, gimmickry, call it what you will, but the cruel fact is that if you don't have a certain edge your dream of fame and fortune as a television chef is likely to end in disappointment. But don't despair.

television careers can be launched on the flimsiest eccentricity (Kevin Woodford's, for example, is based entirely on his belief that there are three Os in the word cook) and if you find yourself short of a gimmick you can always raid the archives.

Take Nick Naim, one of the many young chefs to have graduated from the sweat shop of Ready Steady Cook and now pretty much a permanent fixture in the daytime schedules. But daytime is easy — it's the prime-time evening slot where real fame and lucrative book deals are to be won. The question is how to do it. If, like Naim, you're tall, good-looking, qui-

etly spoken and, er... nice, you find a gimmick pretty quick. I suppose he could have gone for Fanny Cradock's nail polish or Zena Skinner's frocks, but borrowing something from Graham Kerr, a pivot of television cooking, was probably a better idea.

KERR, "The Galloping Gormet" of the early 1970s, had already donated the "quick slump" to Keith Floyd. Kerr donated his other gimmick, speed, to Naim. Suitably updated for the more sophisticated 1990s, fast editing, fast-talking and a few well-judged flames put the "wild" in Wild Harvest with Nick Naim. And so it

goes on. Madhur Jaffrey had a sub-continent, Ken Hom a wok and Robert Carrier his aspirational lifestyle and the more recent generation of television chefs — barring the saintly and gimmick-free Debra Smith — are just the same. Gary Rhodes has spiky hair and barrow-boy chat; Rick Stein has Cornwall and a small white dog, and Antonio Carluccio has shown that an ample girth works for the male sex as well.

Whatever next, you ask? Well, nobody has yet borrowed Kerr's one remaining gimmick. Remember the mock seduction with which he used to end each programme? Mark my words, it's just a matter of time.

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Cover picture of Frances Bissell by PAUL MASSEY



# When it's cool to be an anorak

Grace Bradberry explains the enduring popularity of lightweight, quilted, Puffa-style bubble jackets



ABOVE LEFT: Lipstick red classic bomber jacket, about £90, by Puffa (01473 858000). Red and cream striped polo-neck, £59, by Siseley (0181-829 9253). Black satin stretch trousers, £59.99, by French Connection, 249 Regent Street, W1 (0171-580 2507)

ABOVE RIGHT: Navy quilted fitted anorak, £70, by French Connection (as before). Gold stretch bootleg hipsters, £110, by Joseph, 77 Fulham Road, London SW3 (0171-823 8500). Burgundy rib polo-neck, £50, by Aranya Arzjaga, from a selection at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, SW1 (0171-734 0123)

The anorak has been one of the most derided garments of our time. It was a staple of 1970s childhoods, then suffered a backlash in the 1980s, failing to fulfil the decade's desire for glamour. Only now, in the 1990s, have Britpop bands such as Oasis and Blur given it back some ironic streetcred.

But for the past 15 years a variant on the anorak has been quietly building a reputation for itself. About four years ago, it exploded into the public consciousness and became a hot fashion item. Now it is back again.

Thousands of people now own a Puffa-style jacket — a lightweight, quilted short coat. Only a fraction of those possess something that could legally go by that name — Puffa is both a registered trademark and the name of the company that started the whole thing — but the style has been relentlessly copied, most notably by Donna Karan.

So instead of being merely a passing trend, the bubble jacket now appears to be here to stay. It drifts in and out of high fashion, but it is always there, and always evolving.

This year, many of the jackets are cropped. The bright colours of last year are still around, but there are also subtler, fashion-led colours such as brown and ecru. Jackets with a draw-string waist have had their day.

They are a far cry from the early designs. The very first Puffa, cut by Penny May, the wife of an Army officer, on her kitchen table, then hand-stuffed in the garage, was a straight-forward practical garment. It got its first outing at the Badminton Horse Trials in the late 1970s, then made its way to the ski-slopes.

At the start of the 1980s, Naf Naf got in on the act, but as David Ward, the company's marketing director, says: "The early designs were not that flattering. They were long, straight from the shoulder, and had a drawstring. It was a way of keeping warm."

At that time, outerwear simply was not regarded as fashionable. But all that changed with the emergence of "sports-



wear" at the start of the 1990s. Even if you didn't ski, and rarely walked more than half a mile, it was important to look as though you might. To be fit is also to be fashionable.

Last year was a particular high for the anorak, with Donna Karan producing high-tech metallic parkas, and Miuccia Prada bringing out a curvy, white quilted jacket that inspired a fur-trimmed Warehouse style that is in the shops this winter.

But a few glam jackets excepted, things are more down-to-earth this winter. Short and bright is one direction, "short" and "sporty" is another; then there are longer flatter styles.

Many of the Puffa-styles now look less puffy than before. "That's deliberate," says David Ward of Naf Naf. "Fashion is going longer and leaner, and we've tried to reflect that by reducing the puff."

At the kitsch end of the spectrum, there are also tight, shrunken 1970s-style padded jackets, which are perfect for going clubbing, and complement the return of drampipe jeans.



ABOVE: Orange waisted cropped jacket, £49, by Benetton, from selected branches nationwide (0171-731 4557). Cream chunky-knit zip-front cardigan, £59, by Jigsaw, 128 New Bond Street, W1 (0171-491 4484). Brown bootleg hipsters, £44.95, by Naf Naf (as before)

## THREE OF A KIND

The ankle boot is this season's favourite footwear, with high but sturdy heels turning the trusty paddock boot into an elegant partner for today's trousers. HEATH BROWN

FAR LEFT: Square-toe brown leather high ankle boot, £56.99, Ravel, 184 Oxford Street, London W1 and branches nationwide (0171-631 0224)

MIDDLE: High sheen dark brown leather Halston ankle boot, £110, Pied à Terre, 102 High Street Kensington, London W8 and branches nationwide (0171-376 0296)

LEFT: Square-toe tan leather ankle boot, £135, Russell & Bromley, 24 New Bond Street, London W1 and branches nationwide (0171-499 2821)



ABOVE: Black reversible padded jacket, £104, by Naf Naf, from selected stores nationwide (0171-580 7453). Red and white patterned wool zip-up cardigan, £90, by Diesel, Neal Street, Covent Garden, WC2 (0171-833 2255). Black jersey flares, £29.99, by Kookai, Kensington High Street, W8 (0171-937 4411)

LEFT: White and blue striped padded 1970s-style ski jacket, £147, by Diesel (as before). Blue and white striped zip-up cardigan, £49.95, by Trigger Happy (0171-736 0732). Blue stretch capri trousers, £40, by French Connection (as before)

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## GARDEN ANSWERS

STEPHEN ANDERTON  
repplies to readers' letters

**Q** I have an upright Irish yew, 9ft tall. Would you recommend tying it loosely at intervals to keep the upright shape and protect it from damage? We do not get much snow but it is quite windy here. — Mrs V. Hartless, Chichester, West Sussex.

**A** Binding upright multistemmed trees like this is really only worthwhile against snow damage. Wind keeps them well exercised and strong, unless there is a perpetual disfiguring sea gale from one side.

The upright Irish yew, *Taxus baccata* 'Fastigiata' and its golden forms, are better at withstanding snow, but where snowfall can be heavy it is worth protecting them. On young plants, loops of heavy string at 1ft-2ft intervals are sufficient protection, and best taken off again in summer, to develop strong stems. Alternatively you can use large-gauge plastic netting tied around the tree.

**Q** I have picked some deadheads off a passion flower and hope to grow plants from them. There appears to be one hard oval seed in each flower. What do I do? — Mrs B.H. Cook, Cannington, Somerset.

**A** It sounds as if your plant has not set seed. The fruit of the passion flower look like orange eggs hanging on the ends of the side shoots. It sounds as if all you have here is unfertilised flowers.

**Q** My ten-year-old castor oil plant, *Fatsia japonica*, has transformed a dark corner where nothing would grow. Every November it is covered in

white flowers, but never gets the black berries I see in other gardens. Why is this? — Mrs G. Stephen, Claygate, Surrey.

**A** *Fatsia* is good grown out of doors in a shady, sheltered place. Like ivy, its cousin, it is a late flowering plant — so late that sometimes the flowers never open. The flowers are bisexual and so two plants of opposite sexes are not required. In the warmth of central London *fatsia* does particularly well. I suspect your plant is in too chilly a spot to open properly and be fertilised.

Can you give it a little more sun to its head, while leaving the main part of the bush in shade? And are you sure that birds are not taking the fruit?

**Q** I have been trying to find *acanthus* plants in central London for my father who lives in Clapham. Where could I find them locally? — Mrs P. Hutchinson, Crawley, Sussex.

**A** *Acanthus* does badly through summer, so you rarely see it in garden centres after the spring, which, in fairness, is the best time to plant it. Try Clifton Nurseries, Little Venice, London W9 (0171-289 0851) or buy it by mail order from most good nurseries. If you are after plenty of flower, look for *acanthus spinosus* rather than *A. mollis*.

Readers should write to: Garden Answers, Weekend, The Times, 1 Pennington St, London E19 9XN. We regret that it may not be possible to deal with every request. Advice is offered without legal responsibility. The Times also regrets that any enclosures cannot be returned.

With planning for the new season in mind, Jane Owen suggests items to buy and places to go



Bedgebury Pinetum, near Tunbridge Wells, Kent, has arranged a Jack Frost Jaunt on Sunday, January 19 to show off some of its 1,500 conifer cultivars or varieties

## See the world's best conifers

FOR LOVERS of trees, Bedgebury Pinetum near Tunbridge Wells, Kent, has arranged a Jack Frost Jaunt to examine some of its 1,500 conifer cultivars or varieties on Sunday, January 19. Bedgebury holds the National Conifer Collection, which has been rated as the best conifer collection in the world by the International Dendrological Research Institute. It is arranged in families and includes 14 trees which are rare or endangered. The jaunt starts at 2pm. For advance tickets (£2, children £1.20)

## Snow go

HERE are some snow rules: try not to walk on the lawn in frost or snow, or the imprints of your feet will sometimes be burnt into the grass. Gently shake snow from the branches of trees to prevent them breaking but otherwise leave it in place to vanish naturally. When the snow loses its novelty, head for one of the

## GARDENER'S UPDATE

botanical garden hothouses or for Plantasia in Swansea which has a 1,000 tropical plants. Right now the red-flowered powder puff plant (*Calliandra haematocephala*) is blooming, and the banana is about to flower. Plantasia Parc is at Tawe, Swansea (01792 474555).

## Child's play

CHILDREN like to garden (see feature opposite). Why not get them to clean out an old eggshell, stuff it with cotton wool and plant cress. The project is suggested by Punwinn Bumble Bee, Unwins' children's division, which has a 1997 "Seeds for Kids" range at 99p each. For Times readers, the Cress Curry Top is yours for 50p taped to a piece of card and sent to Cress Offer, Unwins Seeds, Histon, Cambridgeshire CB4 4ZZ.

## Scents sense

THE VOCABULARY for describing scents in the garden is limited, but the Chelsea Physic Garden's Perfume Lectures in London should help. On January 16, Dr Peter Wilde will talk about English flower oils and a new way of making them, and on March 20 Anthony Dweck will lecture on plants, perfume and people. Tickets (£4) on 0171-352 5646.

## Get-together

THE NATIONAL Council for the Conservation of Plants and Gardens (NCCPG) will hold its national conference on June 6-8 at Glasgow University, and will include some tours of gardens. To attend the conference (£45 all-inclusive for three days) you have to join the NCCPG. If you do so via the Strathclyde Group, member-

ship costs £6 and offers access to sales of rare plants, newsletters and a chance to visit private gardens of interest to plantmen and women. Ring Pat Jordan on 0141-644 4712.

## Wheely chic

NO HOME should be without a plant skate — a galvanised aluminium, 35cm-diameter plate on wheels for the easy movement of plants (£10.50). It is sold through the Garden Trading Company along with other chic accoutrements.

such as a shepherd's crook and lantern in aluminium (about £21.50), and an aluminium drinks table, comprising a monopod spike with a small table-top (about £50). For stockists, ring the Garden Trading Company (01993 823995), a wholesaler which does not sell direct.

## Hosta costa

MISS WILLMOTT of Warley Place, whose gardening skills were famous at the turn of the century, used to carry a loaded revolver in her handbag and, during a feud involving the equally renowned gardeners Sir Frank Crisp and E.A.

Bowles, stood outside the Chelsea Flower Show handing out mocking pamphlets about Bowles. I am glad to see this high-spirited approach to gardening lives on in the library of the British Hosta and Hemerocallis Society, Mike Shadrack. Members who flour the trust-based library system (books are sent by post and have to be returned with a cheque to cover postage) have been told: "I'll send round the boys. And my boys are real." Those brave enough to join (£8 a year) should write to the honorary secretary, Roger Bowden, Clave House, Sticklepath, Okehampton, Devon EX20 2NL.

## FIND OF THE MONTH

GOOD NEWS for Dr Wyn Philip, of Argyll, and other readers who have written to me about trimmers. Complaints run as follows: leads are bothersome on electric model; petrol-powered models are heavy and rechargeables last only about 25 minutes maximum. Dr Philip's now-defunct American Grasswip trimmer was light, long-lasting and rechargeable but the firm is no longer operating and the batteries no longer available. Into the breach has come Wolf, the garden tools company, which has offered to import its rechargeable trimmers from Germany for £100 for any Times reader. The trimmers are not normally available in the Britain. For details, phone 01989 767600 and ask for the sales office. Alternatively, Wolf's petrol trimmer is expensive (£295) but has a metal blade which will work in overgrown areas. From garden centres.

## PLANT OF THE MONTH

HELLEBORES. No particular hellebore because these miraculous, exotic-looking plants all have their place, some producing large buttercup-shaped flowers in the dead of winter. Colours range from white through pink to purple, creamy-yellow and crimson. They are greedy feeders, trouble-free and seed freely. One of the national collections is held in Kent by Kemal Mehdi at Hadlow College. His favourite is *Helleborus argenteifolius*, with pale green cup-shaped flowers and good dramatic foliage typical of all hellebores. His growing tip is to cut away any of last year's foliage, even at this late stage, so that pest and disease isn't harboured for next year's growth. The collection is open to the public on Saturday, February 22, 10am-3pm; Thursday, February 27, 10am-3pm and Saturday, March 1, 10am-3pm at Hadlow College, Hadlow, near Tonbridge, Kent TN11 0AL (01732 850551).

## Experts' choice of the plants for 1997

Plants come and go in fashion. Here are ideas for this year

Roy Lancaster, author and broadcaster

*Bergenia emeiensis* is a newly introduced Chinese perennial with evergreen leaves and snow-white flowers which appear early in the year — too early should frosts arrive — but it is a superb pot plant for a cool greenhouse. It has been crossed with later-flowering hardy hybrids.

Rosie Atkins, award-winning editor of *Gardens Illustrated*

To name one plant is hard but I, too, have become interested in *Cerithe major*

'Purpurascens'. It's such an astonishing blue. It's meant to be an annual, but the seedlings have come through at night in temperatures as low as -6°C

Dan Pearson, designer and *The Sunday Times* gardener

My plant of the year is the purple-leaved elder, *Sambucus niger* 'Guincho Purple'. It makes a fast dark background in sun or shade and has beautiful creamy midsummer flowers.

Rosemary Verrey, author and broadcaster

My favourite for the future is *Veronica peduncularis*. I was given a plant of it on a trip to Washington State in America. It's a rich blue and flowers all summer. It grows to about 8in high and spreads very neatly. It certainly looks good in pots at the edge of borders.

STEPHEN ANDERTON



From left: Nigel Colborn, Penelope Hobbouse, Roy Lancaster, Rosie Atkins, Dan Pearson, Rosemary Verrey

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Ros Drinkwater, a photographer, cases a family house in London where a superstar might hide from the paparazzi

# Beverly Hills near Fulham

Liz Hurley, the actress, is house-hunting in Chelsea, London SW3. If she can bring herself to stray 290 yards into Fulham, SW6, her search could be over: not only is Britannia Studios a home fit for a star, it is paparazzi-proof. An American superstar has put this claim to the test. She rented the house for a month and liked it so much that she came back the next year and brought her family. The owners discreetly declined to reveal her identity, but a local tradesman let the cat out of the bag, saying: "Think megahair, megamoney and a one-time Motown connection."

The property is short on glamorous history. A builder's yard at the turn of the century, it was used as a taxi garage until being abandoned in the 1970s. In the late 1980s, the architect Nigel Crump spotted the potential of the vast, derelict site in the middle of a four-streets-square residential block. He designed three grand houses around a beautiful garden and called it Britannia Studios.

I decided to check-out the house's privacy for myself. Armed with a telephoto lens I planned two visits, the first timed to coincide with the milkman (you'd be amazed at how many VIPs take in their own milk), the second at the voyeur's favourite hour: tea-time, when lights are on and curtains have yet to be drawn. It was all a waste of time. I discovered. From the street, the house is invisible, bar one chimney that seemed to be smirking.

Finally, I was on my way in. Having identified myself to the close-circuit television security system, the huge doors in the street parted to allow me to drive through something akin to the barbed wire of a medieval castle. Further in, more huge steel gates swung open and the

owners, Peter and Beth Moon, stepped out to greet me.

Inside, the instant impression is Beverly Hills in the best possible taste: acres of space, huge skylights that, even on a winter's day, flood the whole house with light.

Its greatest charm is that the rooms appear to career off in a dozen directions at once, giving vistas from gallery windows, bedrooms under the eaves, and three outdoor areas on differing levels with different characters. The huge ground-floor kitchen leads out to a cobbled, walled patio; the second-floor guest suite has a roof terrace which, screened for privacy, is ideal for sunbathing, with the bonus of cityscape views. The garden brings the country into the heart of the city.

The Moons use the ground-floor reception area as a combined drawing and dining room. The table seats 14, but such is the space that a sit-down dinner for 60 is no problem at all.

The pièce de résistance is the large, first-floor drawing room. The Moons' taste is minimalist, but the exposed brick walls, open fire and restored timber flooring — Canadian Maple rescued from a defunct Merseyside cotton mill — would suit any style, any period. The room is big enough to accommodate at least four separate seating areas, but with simple, twin sofas, is surprisingly intimate.

The couple bought the house five years ago. "We liked the idea of privacy, a safe place for the children we planned, and we fell in love with the space," says Mrs Moon, an American. "In the States, we tend to build wide rather than tall, so I love the way the whole house is contained on two-and-a-half levels. We moved here from a five-bedroom Georgian ter-



Beth Moon relaxing in the huge first-floor drawing room, which has exposed brick walls and a Canadian pine floor. Her husband, Peter, looks down from a gallery window

aced property on five levels, where I felt as though I was permanently going up and down stairs."

With four-year-old Dylan, followed by twins Isabel and Alexandra last year, plus a steady stream of visiting relatives, the family now needs more bedrooms, hence the decision to move.

Mr and Mrs Moon both work from home. In the first-floor study overlooking the garden, Mrs Moon designs stationery and invitations for special events. Mr Moon, a retired off-shore fund manager, takes care of his own portfolio from a bank of computers in the ground-floor study. Entirely sound-proof, it was built as a recording studio and has perfect acoustics. There is oodles of floorspace where he can practise tai-chi exercises, despite half the room being taken up with what looks like a swimming pool for a very small person.

The pool is, in fact, the swimming machine, as the agent's brochure has it: "The



The swimming-pool machine in the study, where you "swim" without actually moving

controlled-current pool where you swim in place at your own pace." When going full blast you can swim as many "lengths" as you like without actually moving.

"I get up from my desk, turn on Pink Floyd at full volume and pop into the swimming machine for ten minutes," Mr Moon says. "It's the perfect way to unwind."

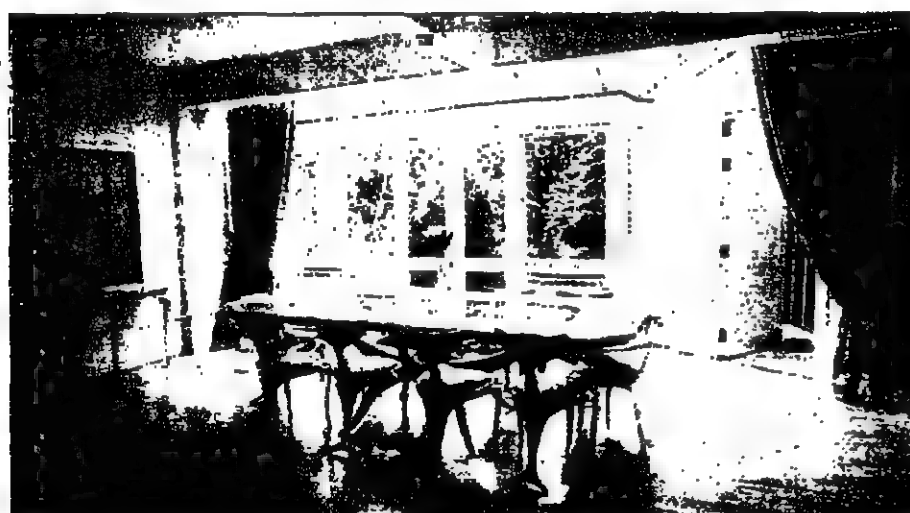
What will the Moons miss most when they sell? "The peace; no traffic noise," Mrs Moon says.

"On a practical level, the house is child's play to run," Mrs Moon adds. "Our cleaner's first reaction was horror. 'I'll never get round all this,' she said, but she keeps it clean as a pin in under six hours, twice a week."

Then there are the sunsets. Mr Moon says: "On summer evenings the sun floods through the circular window and bathes the drawing room in a golden glow."

Could Miss Hurley possibly ask for anything more?

Agent: Chesterfield (0171-581 5234)



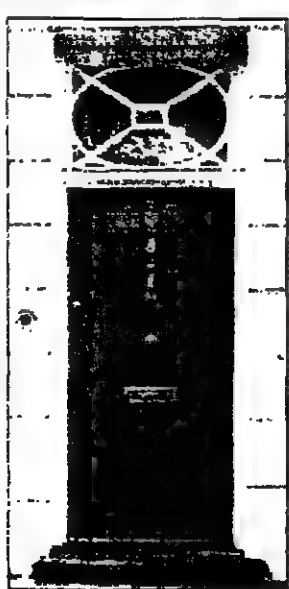
The breakfast room leads off from the kitchen, and out to a cobbled, walled patio

## SELLING POINTS

They call it kerb appeal. That little something that makes people slow down, look again and feel a warm, anticipatory tingle down the spine. Yes, your front door could be your house's biggest selling factor.

While it may be fanciful to call the front door the eye of the soul, it is almost certainly the focal point of the front of a house. It is the feature upon which a prospective purchaser fixes their eye as they make their first approach. And it can — intentionally or otherwise — suggest a lot about the rest of the house: shabby, peeling paintwork arouses suspicions about dry rot and damp; smart, polished door furniture hints at a careful, house-proud owner. Neither may be true, but it could be the difference between getting a buyer over the threshold and a no-show. A fresh coat of paint is a cheap and quick make-over but take care over colour. A survey by the Alliance and Leicester Building Society found brown and purple front doors to be instant turn-offs (signalling, respectively, dull and definitely dodgy), while blue was the most popular — smart, hints of nobility.

Natural wood, stained or varnished, has a classic, dignified appeal, but could look dull if the rest of the house has few distinguishing features. However, rushing out to buy a glossy white, mock-Georgian, paneled door with fanlight and brass foot-decor for your between-the-wars, pebble-dashed semi is definitely unwise. The style of door should subtly



Brass signals style but a cheap front door repels buyers



## FRONT DOORS

but are best avoided in a 1970s maisonette.

Door security is an important consideration for any purchaser, but should only be mentioned in passing conversation. Do not make a feature of it. A prospective viewer will grow anxious if kept standing on the doorstep while listening to heavy bolts being drawn back, chains unspooled and a barking-mad Doberman. It does not put them in a positive frame of mind about the area, let alone the house.

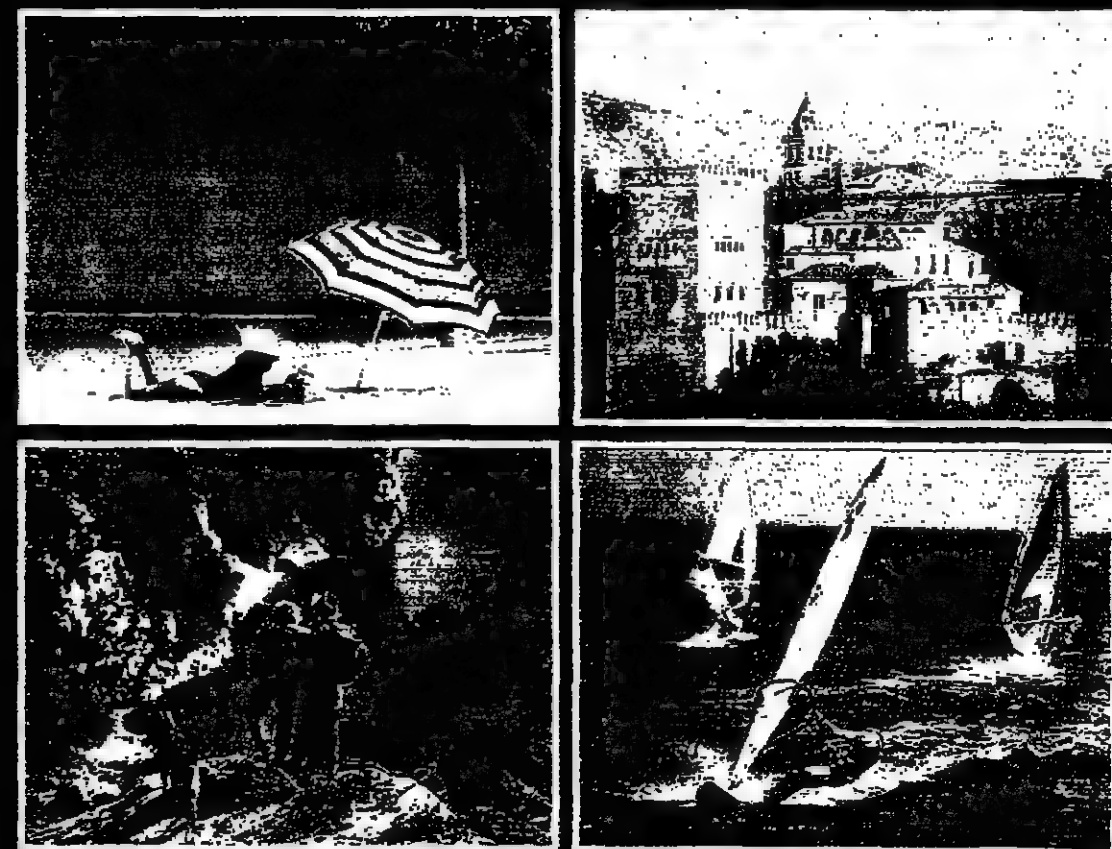
Likewise, yelling through the letter-box to "shove on the door, mate, it always sticks in the winter" is likely to put them on red alert for other signs of poor house-keeping. Do your maintenance now.

A decent quality timber door costs between £300 and £200, more if it includes glazed panels. Plastic doors (around £320) score highly for ease of maintenance and security, but may have aesthetic drawbacks. If you live in a conservation area, contact the local planning department to see if there are any restrictions. Enforcement notices to remove plastic doors have been served on conservation area home-owners who disregarded local planning codes.

One final point: never, ever send viewers round to the back door, even if it is the one everybody uses. These people have come to buy your home, not deliver the coal.

HELEN PICKLES

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The first in a monthly selection of readers' letters shows the need for a mix of ingredients in the country

## Your countryside needs you

It is a new year, and with it comes news that on the first Saturday of every month we shall feature in this column the letters you have written on rural topics. About time, too, because the letters are varied, mostly sensible, and sometimes worthy of wider circulation. But before we go any further, may I offer you my text for 1997, which I ask you to bear in mind as you read or write the letters? It is this: *the countryside is a crazy mixture, and that is why it works.*

If you, like me, are struggling to make sense of the debate surrounding every aspect of rural life, and trying to decide on which side of the fence you will fall, there are two books worthy of close examination.

The first is called *Our Countryside*, in which "real country people explain the problems that rural Britain faces..." The contributors range from Jack Charlton, of footballing fame, to the millionaire novelist Frederick Forsyth. Real country people? More scribbles from the Range Rover-owning classes? Bah, humbug. But hang on. Consider them just part of the mixture, and put them to one side for a moment without condemning them.

Then pick up Elizabeth Handy's book *Behind the View—Portraits of a Norfolk Village*. This is a collection of the author's photographs of the village of Bressingham in south Norfolk. Her starting point was a collection of 85-year-old photographs belonging to her neighbour, Charlie Butler. It was clear that many of the village features—shops, houses, cottages—had changed little in the intervening years. But what inspired Handy was not the permanence but the nature of the change that had taken place on the other side of the doors. Who were now the villagers of Bressingham, and what did they do?

"Like a well-turned sock," she writes, "it still looks the same, still works as well, although much of the wool has been replaced by newer stuff." She pictures—alongside the parish council, the local mechanic and postman, and the Church Bell Restoration Committee—businessmen, artists, advertising consultants and an international lawyer. Her broad conclusion is that Bressingham, and villages like it that survive and thrive, do so because of "the mix of our differences".

So back to Forsyth and his fellow countrymen. They are the latest strands of expensive wool to be darned into the weary sock. But they should not be dismissed just for being new. Their views are as important as—though not necessarily more important than—those of the oldest inhabitant with a wheelbarrow, or the gardener with a spade. They, too, are part of the mix of differences that makes the countryside thrive.

Forsyth recognises this and, in *Our Countryside*, writes, "The countryside is neither a honey-suckle wreathed chocolate box cover, nor a chameleone house populated by sadists, nor a soft option existing on subsidy handouts, nor an ecological coincidence. This countryside of yours is multifunctional as well as good to look at. It plays host to a wildlife pool of awesome variety, but also of hair-trigger delicacy

### DOWN TO EARTH



PAUL HEINEY

where humans exist in harmony... with animals, birds and fish."

So does it not follow that, providing you maintain the mix, you will preserve the countryside? Does not Handy's Bressingham prove that by ensuring a mix of jobs and incomes, philosophies and opinions? The only people to be deeply suspicious of are those who believe that they and their kind alone own the countryside. They might be farmers or lifelong residents, newcomers or romantics, sportsmen or animal sentimentalists. All have to accept the need for a mix.

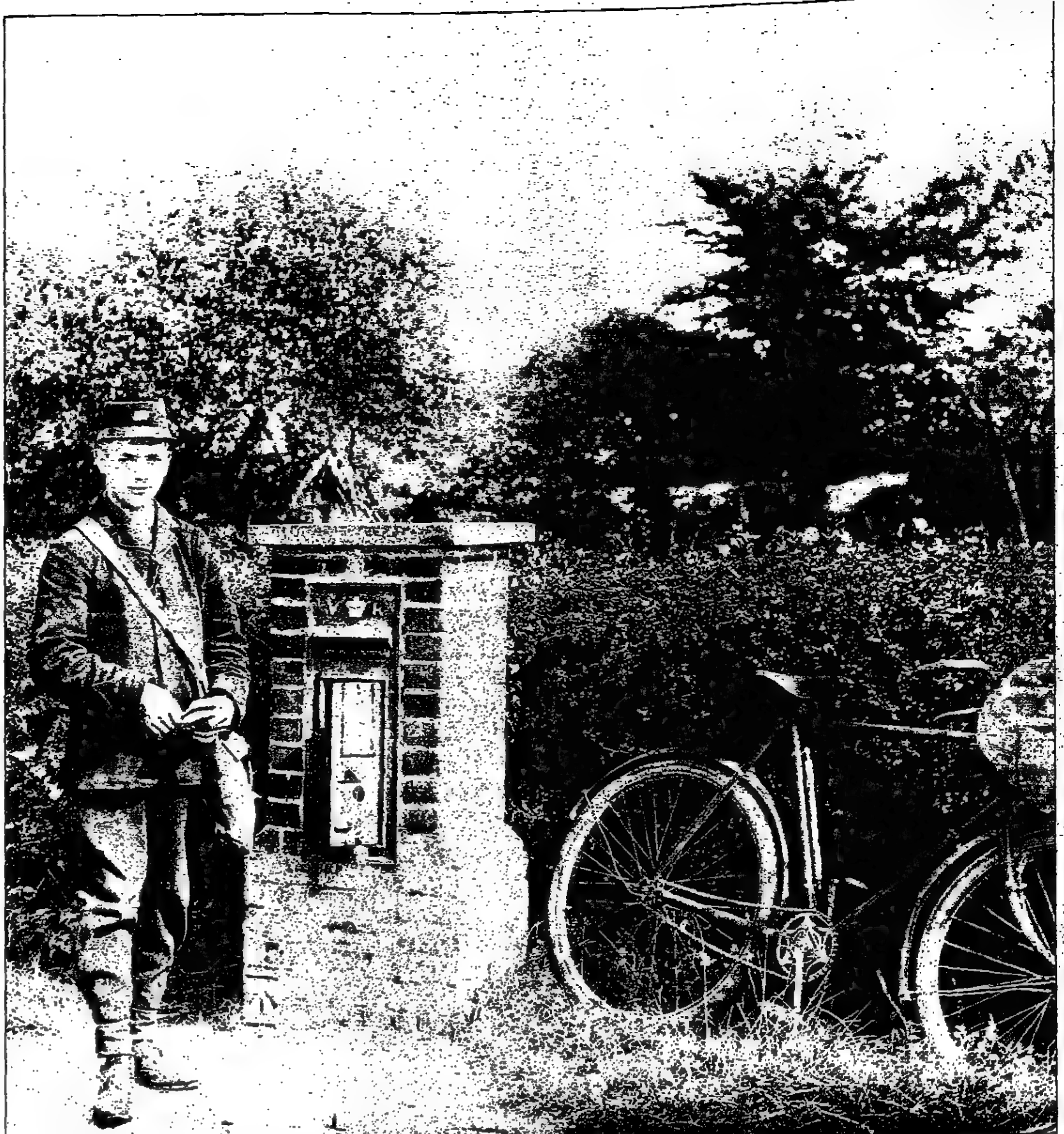
Now to your letters. After a reader wrote of the damage the badger was doing to gardens, poultry and graveyards, I raised the wider question of what happens when the protection rightly given to certain species puts them in such a strong position that they inflict damage to the point where they once again need controlling?

Has anyone yet addressed the question of what happens when conservation has fulfilled its ambitions? To any of you who misunderstood my reply, I am sorry. I like badgers, but I doubt I will convince Mrs Hocking, of Constantine, Falmouth, who wrote:

"I am amazed and shocked at Paul Heiney's diatribe against wildlife, particularly badgers. Badgers are creatures which have been persecuted, tortured, killed for sport for many years. In our part of Cornwall, we have long taken an interest in badgers. We used to see eight or nine every watch, but now there are regularly only three. So where are these huge pest numbers? And is it not because man has developed roads, built over and destroyed sets, and driven many badgers away from their normal haunts that there are now the rogue badgers that kill poultry? Anyway, man does far worse things to poultry than any badger."

An even angrier Mrs Smith bites my head off writing that:

"Heiney knows nothing at all about badgers. Badgers are NOT predators, and if he is worried about his chickens he should shut them up at night in a well-built hut. Unfortunately, badgers are attacked and tortured by ignorant criminals. There are, of course, some animals which, when hungry, will kill."



Postman, 1910, from *Behind the View—Portraits of a Norfolk Village*, by Elizabeth Handy. Bressingham's inhabitants are very different today

Mercy, mercy. I only asked a question, never passed an opinion as to whether badgers were angels of mercy or the devil reborn. And therein lies the problem: there can be no solution to this or any country problem as long as extremists shout loudest, and any animal trade or type of resident is crudely demonised or lavishly overpraised.

I offer the next letter with some trepidation, for a deluge of anti-field sports letters is a force to be reckoned with. But read what Christopher Pryor, of Sheffield, writes, and have it in the back of your mind as you read the letter that follows:

"Do the well-meaning and usually urban conservationists have any appre-

ciation of how easily the balance of nature is upset? Do they realise that the countryside looks as it does today as a result of true conservationists, field sportsmen and women who have known how important it is to maintain the balance between predator and prey?"

Some will be uneasy with the notion that a true conservationist could ever carry a gun. But as well as the thorny question of the badgers, I mentioned reports of the conserved otter population of North Uist causing problems to poultry keepers. Paul Yoxon, of the International Otter Survival Fund, explains the facts, and at the same time proves that a little sense goes a lot further than a heap of principle:

"The otter population in North Uist has been pretty constant for the past 50 years. The problem was one rogue otter which was killing poultry. It was recommended by the Scottish Office that it be humanely trapped and relocated. The suggestion of a cull is dangerous, as it sets a precedent for relaxing protective measures against wildlife."

That letter has blown a breath of cooling Hebridean air through this overheated argument; one otter's felony admitted and dealt with, residents and wildlife happy. But again—and I only ask the question—if the careful balance of predator and prey has traditionally been in the hands of country sportsman for generations, why have country

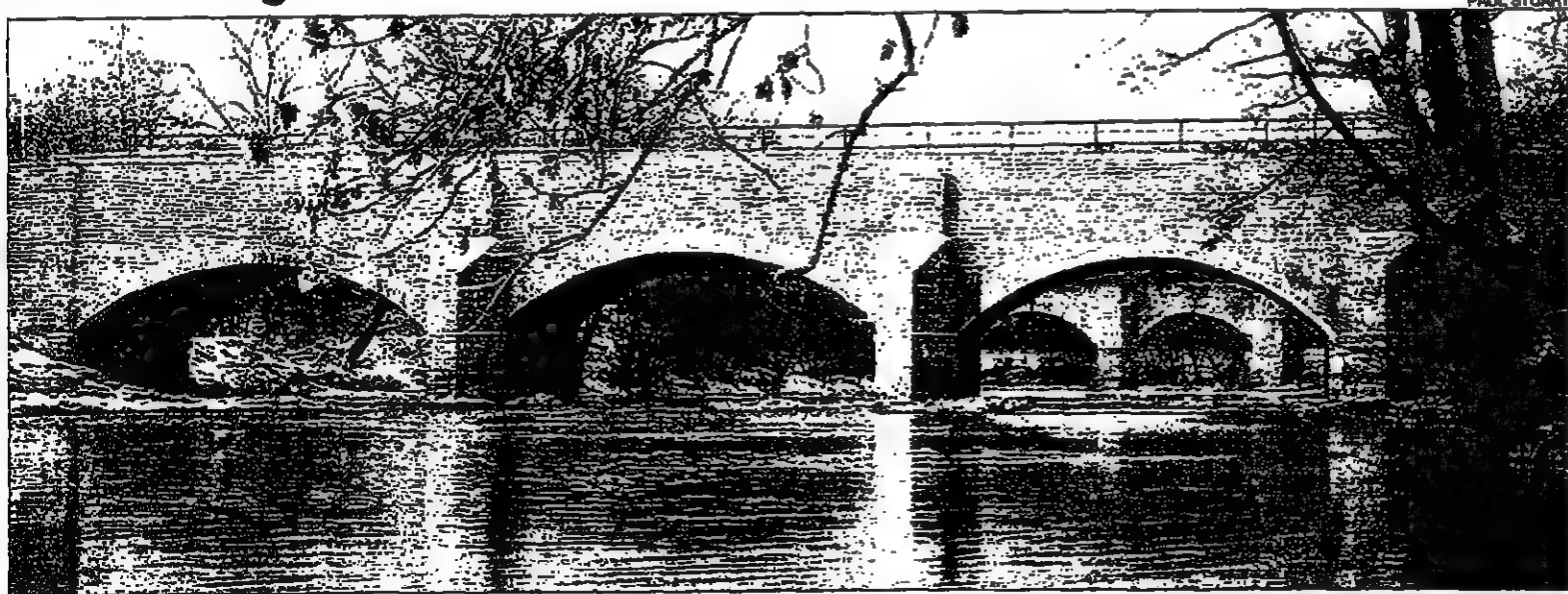
sportsmen now become the object of such hate? The easy answer is because so many hitherto silent urban dwellers now voice opinions. But is there something else, too? Is there, perhaps, something about some of those who shoot and hunt today, and their attitude to their fellow countrymen, that has also changed?

Before you jump to any conclusions, I am not one of them. But I am willing to broker some of your thoughtful answers.

● Readers should write to Paul Heiney, *Weekend, The Times*, 1 Pennington St, London E14 9AN.

● *Our Countryside* (Pearson Publishing, £9.95). *Behind the View* (£10, including p&p, available from Old Hall Cottages, Bressingham, Diss, Norfolk IP22 2AG. All profits to village charities).

## Batty idea for a new home underneath the arches



Brynith aqueduct, near Brecon, has been home to bat colonies for around two centuries. They roost by day in the cracks under the aqueduct

Above the flowing River Usk just below Brecon, in Powys, strides the magnificent four-arched Brynith aqueduct. It is a scheduled Ancient Monument and was built between 1797 and 1812 to carry what is now the Monmouthshire and Brecon Canal. The water still flows above the river, and the canal has been developed in recent years by British Waterways into a popular place for summer boating.

But underneath the arches lives a more mysterious population: numerous bats, including pipistrelles, the Daubenton's or water bat, and the large noctule bat. They fly and feed over the canal at night and, probably for two centuries, have roosted by day in the cracks under the aqueduct.

Now a huge restoration of the aqueduct is under way. It has involved squirting grout—a kind of mortar—under pressure into all the cracks in

the stonework so that it floods through the structure and hardens. But what, asked the ecologists at British Waterways before work started, shall we do about the bats? How shall we prevent them being immured in their holes, and how shall we provide homes for them again when the work is done? After consultations with wildlife groups they came up with some inventive solutions to each problem.

On a mild winter's day, with snow up above us on the Brecon Beacons but all the hillside streams flowing merrily, I went with Jonathan Briggs, the British Waterways conservation ecologist, to see what they have done.

We went first to the little village of Brecknock, not far from Crickhowell. Here lives Peter Smith of the Brecknock Bat Group, a former computer programmer who is now a freelance ecology consultant.

### The aqueduct needed restoration. But what could the workmen do with its bat colony? Derwent May reports on an innovative solution

At his small cottage, with a mountain towering above it and an alder-fringed stream at the foot of his garden, he showed us the devices he had made to help the bats.

The first was the one for getting the bats safely out of the aqueduct structure. It was a short length of drainpipe with a kind of footless sock on one end of it. Last September, just before the restoration work began, devices like this were fixed over all the holes and cracks under the aqueduct arches. The idea was that the bats, on coming out in the evening, would drop down and find their way out of the sock, but not be able to get back in again.

It must have looked like a whole nursery of Christmas stockings hanging there. And it worked. Where all the bats went is not known, but it is hoped that this winter many have found a hibernating place in other bridges and trees along the canal. To rescue some of them, Mr



Pipistrelle bats live at Brynith with two other species

Smith developed a device he had used before to provide bats with roosting places in trees. This is what he calls a "bat belfry"—a concrete cylinder with a removable "stopper" at one end shaped so

that bats can squeeze past it. Mr Smith and his bat group have hung these in the past from tree branches, and they have quickly been taken up as bat residences. They are warmer than holes in trees, where the wind can blow in. Now, under the arches of the aqueduct, a powerful electric stone-cutter has been used to cut holes in the restored stonework, and the new cylindrical concrete homes have been fastened inside them.

Bats will sleep packed up tight against each other. But in some of his cylinders Mr Smith has inserted wooden partitions, so that the bats can have a choice of apartment. We left him to his village idyll, and drove on through luxuriant countryside to the aqueduct. For part of the way



Workmen fill cracks after the bats have been removed. It is hoped they will return

we followed the lower reaches of the canal. Although the water has been drained from the channel in the aqueduct itself, because there is more work going on up there, there was still plenty of water in this stretch of the canal, fed by hillside streams.

We crossed a bridge over the Usk and the aqueduct came into sight. It is an enormous bridge, high above the river, which here runs through high, wooded banks. The river curls and creeps over countless rocks below, but in places is quite shallow, and we were able to walk out a little way under the first arch of the aqueduct on some flat stones.

There they were, the round, dark holes, the entrances to the new bat homes. They were installed while there was still scaffolding under the arches, but now that has gone and the river swirls under the arches unimpeded again. Some of the solid, cylindrical chunks of

stonework that had been cut out to make way for the new homes lay on the bank.

The chief engineer on the site, led us up the riverbank to the top of the aqueduct to look at the empty channel—a lorry stood in it, looking very out of place. The task of fortifying the channel will go on throughout the winter, because it must be ready to take cruising boats again in April.

The engineer, too, was interested in nature. He had been watching the fieldfares in the trees and the dippers on the river stones, and he told me how workmen had transported freshwater crayfish to safety from the channel and from an overflow stream.

So now everybody is awaiting spring and the time the bats stir themselves from hibernation. Will they come back to the aqueduct and fall on their new homes with delight? There's good reason to believe that they will.



Trendy home designers say minimalism is the thing, but it seems the British don't want to follow their lead

# Where clutter spells comfort

The couple are pictured in a design magazine in what passes for a sitting room: a wilderness of white walls and bare boards, punctuated only by a cream Ellen Gray rug and a single auburn lily in a tall Murano vase. They are unsuited, but radiate satisfaction with their elegantly empty home.

Around them are no objects, no ugly encumbrances such as waste paper bins and television sets, and of course, no mess.

The text informs us that they have two children, who must have been bundled away into designer cupboards along with all their toys the moment the photographer came up the drive.

Sound like anyone you know? Hum, I thought not. The post-Post-Modernist fashion for minimal, ascetic interiors may be the *derrière* of Sydney in Paris, but it shows all the signs of finding the British a much harder nut to crack. It's not that we don't admire the spare, sparse spaces we see in trendy design magazines, we may even aspire to them, but as a nation we secretly find all that emptiness a little bit terrifying, and will fill it up with a profusion of texture, pattern and colour.

British style abhors a vacuum. What we have always preferred to simplicity, if the truth be known, is according to the film stylist Sasha Scheraga, the impulse towards minimalism is something more often desired than fulfilled. "The impulse to clutter is deeper and more powerful. All clutterers like to think of themselves as pot and, in our heart of hearts, we would love to eliminate it sometimes," she says. "But minimalism just seems like such an un-personal way of living, you can't see any signs of the individual. I find clutter much more rewarding creatively."

Mrs Scheraga's house is big on signs of the individual. A bonfire of the past, she collects corals and milk bottle tops, string and coloured wool, and lets them spill colourfully out of cardboard boxes.

At any one time she may have three weeks of unread newspapers and a year of Country Life. And her two children are following in her



Even a radiator, right trompe-l'œil (above left) to the ornate sitting room (above right), Richard Lowe (below, in his "Egyptian" hallway) has left no space untouched, even the bathroom (below right)

positions. Her son has the scarf that her father once gave her when she was 11, and her daughter is the proud possessor of her mother's childhood wellingtons. "When I say 'clutter' that always fits too small," she says. "No, no, keep it for my child."

A recently launched interior design magazine, *Wallpaper*, is one of the main proponents of the new Modernist. But Peter Boyle, the Toronto-born editor, admits that at times, it is a difficult struggle. "Modernism has to be presented in a way that says 'this is a viable option'."

He also acknowledges a perpetual tension of the same idea, the same one that says "you don't have to have the clutter of Vienna or the wide open spaces that modernism offers."

The magazine's sumptuous photographs are always of spaces dressed for the occasion, never of real people's homes. Mr Boyle calls this "curatorial friendliness". Depending on your point of view, it could be a bit of a lie. When, for example, a room is clean, real people's homes are not shown. The magazine's sumptuous photographs are always of spaces dressed for the occasion, never of real people's homes. Mr Boyle calls this "curatorial friendliness". Depending on your point of view, it could be a bit of a lie. When, for example, a room is clean, real people's homes are not shown.



that borders on the monastic — and an awful lot of storage space. Even then, the chaos of modern life can so easily ruin the best-laid floor plans of nice and men.

"The architect John Pawson might design your interiors, but Domino's Pizza will still deliver your meal in boxes too big for the kitchen pedal bin," as *Wallpaper* puts it.

Lucinda Chambers, the fashion

director of *Vogue*, long ago learnt to stop repressing her love of complexity over simplicity, though she confesses to the occasional bout of clutter guilt. "If there's a space, I'll cram things into it. I've held three car-boot sales, but there's still no room," she says. She and her husband, Simon, a BBC producer, have just had an extension built, and are now laying bets on how empty it will stay. "I'm a collector,

always have been. I started collecting curtains at 15. I don't know whether I thought I was going to live in Hampton Court... But I love colour, texture, pattern, and I'm eclectic. I fall in love with things. There are a lot of things out there with my name on them."

Ms Chambers points out that, unlike the continentals who might change their decor with the same regularity as they change their



wardrobe — "one minute it's all colour, then it's a pebble and a piece of driftwood" — the British are not used to thinking of their homes as susceptible to fashion. "We want a setting that's comfortable and fairly familiar to us. Friends of mine have houses that do not look dissimilar to those of their parents."

There is a certain non-sense practicality at the heart of *le style*

anglais because, as she says: "If you have a concrete block and you're the fashion photographer Nick Knight, then you can have a single iris in a pot. But if you have a house crammed with children, then minimalism isn't for you."

Clutter is not only natural to some of us, it can be a vital means of self-expression. Richard Lowe, an art director, has decorated his small flat in Soho, central London, in the Egyptian style, inspired by the tomb of the chief artisan of the City of the Dead.

The place is a riot of hieroglyphics, stencilled animal figures and giant fake insects that creep across the walls, which are painted to look like dried, cracked mud.

"Some people would be driven mad by the dizziness of it all, but for me it is very relaxing," he says.

Stuffed to the gunwales with masks, puppets, rugs and objets d'art that Mr Lowe has gathered on his travels, it is a 1990s Modernist's idea of a nightmare. Like all good clutterers its owner has had moments of self-doubt, and sometimes ponders a redecoration in white-walled, bare-floored Japanese style. There would only be one problem with that. "Where would I store it all?" he asks.

PAUL RICHARDSON

## HOMESWAP

What you can get for £215,000

A 64-year lease on a 100-year-old London just off Edgware Road, Street, costs £215,000. (See page 10)

£225,500

For a little more you could be the owner of the six-bedroom, Grade II listed family house with a private garden, in the beautiful village of Southam, near Glastonbury, Somerset (Bridwell, 01458 753333)

£220,000

Further north in Leicestershire, £220,000 would buy this six-bedroom farmhouse in 5.43 acres of gardens and paddocks, near Tetney. George Farm House is ideal for those who love horses, with five stables, feed room and more (Savills, 01532 534691).

GERY TAYLOR

## Read all about it — on the wall

### Decorating with a quality wallpaper can be costly. Decoupage is an artful alternative

With good quality wallpaper costing about £20 for a 30ft roll, papering a room has become expensive. But for those who do not want to use the paintpot, there are alternatives. Walls can be decorated with all sorts of paper printed with words and pictures.

The Georgians understood this when they began gluing prints on to their yellow walls to create elaborate print rooms.

In New York, a new spin on the print room has grown among cost-conscious decorators, who are using magazine pictures, gift wrapping, brown paper, the pink pages of the *Financial Times*, greetings cards and postage stamps to brighten their walls.

The method is called decoupage, and the beauty of it is in the editing. Any sort of paper can be used, so long as it is combined with other elements in an imaginative way. The late Hiram Marburg, a Boston-based decoupage fan of the 1960s, would even use pages of the *National Geographic* magazine and Hershey chocolate bar wrappers.

Following the basic steps, even a novice can achieve a stunning effect. One such beginner was Michael Weber, who eight years ago decided to update the bathroom of his apartment in SoHo, New York, with a patchwork of 9in by 12in pages taken from one of Henry Miller's illustrated albums. Photos of Miller's wives, scribbled pages of manuscript and Cézanne-like doodles now amuse Susan Povich, a lawyer and the flat's present occupant. She particularly likes one of Miller's aphorisms, which has been glued to the wall at eye-level: "The thing is to become a master and in your old age to acquire the courage to do what children did when they knew nothing."

Mr Weber concentrated on the three walls enclosing his bath tub. A small hallway, a lavatory or even one wall of the kitchen are all ideal spaces. Decorating a living room with cutouts would need great patience, however.

For a project like Mr Weber's, where a page has to be neatly removed from the book with one clean cut, a pair of paper shears is needed. To be really professional, the elements to be pasted on to the wall should be sealed first. This prevents smudging — essential with newsprint — and offers protection from stains or discolouration caused by the glue or any finishing coats of varnish. Spray or brush on the sealer in a well-ventilated area.

Next, prepare the walls. Any cracks or bumps should be filled and sanded, because once the paper is up and the sealer is on there is nothing you can do about an irregular surface.

Wallpaper paste is fine for the sort of job Mr Weber was undertaking, but the amount and type of adhesive you

need will depend on the thickness of the paper. Too little and the picture will not stick. Too much and the clean-up operation afterwards becomes more difficult. Experiment on a corner first to find out how much you need.

To make sure you know exactly where the pictures are going, Blue-Tack or Sellotape them to the wall before gluing starts. Allow overlap on pictures, because the paper will shrink once it dries.

Once the pictures are up, clean the surface immediately with a damp sponge dipped in hot water. For an over-sealant, Mr Weber used a polyurethane varnish, which is solvent-based and excellent for a rapid build-up of coats. But, because the coats dry quickly, it is easy to leave visible brush marks on the surface by accident. Make sure that you brush neatly from top to bottom, so that if brush marks are noticeable they do not distract the eye. Remove any stray blobs with paint thinner.

This sort of varnish takes on a yellowish hue after a while, which will make your collage look as though it has been there for ever.

Miss Povich says she is happy with the result. The wall gets soaking wet every day, but the paper never bubbles or leaks, and cleans easily with washing-up liquid.

Miller would doubtless be thrilled to be sharing a bath with yet another naked woman.

LOIS LETTS

Detail of the Miller decoupage

Susan Povich's bathroom, decorated with pages from a Henry Miller album

## PROPERTY NEWS

THE Crown Estate is offering yearly leases on six flats at No 1 Palace Green, overlooking Kensington Palace. Originally built in 1869 for the Honourable George Howard, later the ninth Earl of Carlisle, the house was converted into flats in the 1950s. Prices from £500 to £3,000 per week. Knight Frank, 0171-937 8203.

THE number of households with negative equity fell by more than half during 1996, according to the latest figures from Nationwide, with about 800,000 now affected, compared with 1.7 million at the end of 1995. Nationwide expects the bulk of negative equity to be eliminated over the next two years.

ST JOHN'S Jerusalem, a Grade II\* listed house and Scheduled Ancient Monument at Sutton in Home, Kent, has been sold on a 99-year lease by the National Trust, through Strutt & Parker, which was quoted in the region of £500,000 for the leasehold interest. The Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St John of Jerusalem established a commandery and church on the site in the 13th century.

SELLING Your Home. (£4.99) the latest in the Collins Pocket Reference series, will be published on January 14, and offers advice on everything from choosing an estate agent to selling at auction and receiving offers and conveyancing.

THE Joseph Rowntree Foundation has published the first study of the effects of permanent sites for travellers on nearby residents. Most households questioned had no specific complaints and, although some claim that property values have been affected by the sites, there is evidence of building taking place within 50 metres of one site boundary.

Contributors: Amanda Loose and Cheryl Taylor

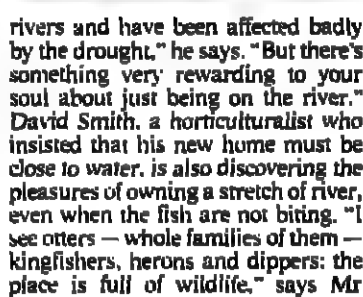


Homes with their own fishing rights are in great demand among anglers, says **Lynne Greenwood**

The House of Daviot Estate, near Inverness, a residential, agricultural



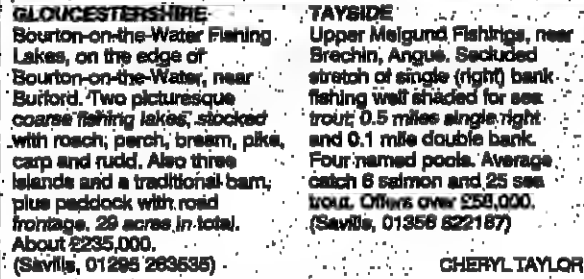
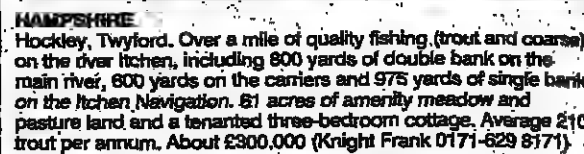
When Mr Dalgery bought his stretch of the Taw and leased an adjoining stretch of the Mole, he inherited meticulous records, which he has maintained. "Both are spate



As there were no records from the previous owner, he conducted his own research among local fishermen and the owner of a local angling shop. "A hotel which offers fishing owns up and downstream of me and a syndicate owns the opposite bank," he says. It is important to know your neighbours on the river and whom fishes the opposite bank if you are buying a single bank. Buyers are warned that if neighbouring stretches are owned by an angling club, it

● **House of Davint Estate, Inverness-shire, and the Boleside Fishings in the Borders, contact Strutt & Parker, Edinburgh (0131-226 2500).**

## LAND WITH FISHING RIGHTS



**TAYSIDE**  
Upper Melgund Fishings, near Brechin, Angus. Secluded stretch of single (right) bank fishing well shaded for sea trout: 0.5 miles single right and 0.1 mile double bank. Four named pools. Average catch 8 salmon and 25 sea trout. Offers over £58,000. (Saville, 01356 822187)

CHERYL TAYLOR

071 481 4000 (PRIVATE)  
FAX: 0171 782 7828 0171 782 7799

## LONDON PROPERTY



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**Abstract**

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1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Lichtenthaler and Whistler (1973). The total chlorophyll content was determined by the method of Arar and Cook (1980). The carotenoid content was determined by the method of Lichtenthaler and Whistler (1973). The total carotenoid content was determined by the method of Arar and Cook (1980). The total protein content was determined by the method of Lowry et al. (1951). The total lipid content was determined by the method of Bligh and Dyer (1959). The total carbohydrate content was determined by the method of Dubois and Gilles (1950). The total nucleic acid content was determined by the method of Burton (1956). The total ash content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total moisture content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total dry matter content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total organic acid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total alkaloid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total saponin content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total tannin content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total flavonoid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total phenol content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total terpenoid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total steroid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total glycoside content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total alkaloid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total saponin content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total tannin content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total flavonoid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total phenol content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total terpenoid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total steroid content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990). The total glycoside content was determined by the method of AOAC (1990).

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Beverly Hills  
near  
Fulham



Ros Drinkwater, a photographer, cases a family house in London where a superstar might hide from the paparazzi

# Beverly Hills near Fulham

Liz Hurley, the actress, is house-hunting in Chelsea, London SW3. If she can bring herself to stray 290 yards into Fulham, SW6, her search could be over: not only is Britannia Studios a home fit for a star, it is paparazzi-proof.

An American superstar has put this claim to the test. She rented the house for a month and liked it so much that she came back the next year and brought her family. The owners discreetly declined to reveal her identity, but a local tradesman let the cat out of the bag, saying: "Think megahair, mega-talent and a one-time Motown connection."

The property is short on glamorous history. A builder's yard at the turn of the century, it was used as a taxi garage until being abandoned in the 1970s. In the late 1980s, the architect Nigel Crump spotted the potential of the vast, derelict site in the middle of a four-streets-square residential block. He designed three grand houses around a beautiful garden and called it Britannia Studios.

I decided to check-out the house's privacy for myself. Armed with a telephoto lens I planned two visits, the first timed to coincide with the milkman (you'd be amazed at how many VIPs take in their own milk), the second at the voyeur's favourite hour: tea-time, when lights are on and curtains have yet to be drawn. It was all a waste of time. I discovered, from the street, the house is invisible, bar one chimney that seemed to be smirking.

Finally, I was on my way in. Having identified myself to the close-circuit television security system, the huge doors in the street parted to allow me to drive through something akin to the barbed wire of a medieval castle. Further in, more huge steel gates swung open and the

owners, Peter and Beth Moon, stepped out to greet me.

Inside, the instant impression is Beverly Hills in the best possible taste: acres of space, huge skylights that, even on a winter's day, flood the whole house with light.

Its greatest charm is that the rooms appear to career off in a dozen directions at once, giving vistas from gallery windows, bedrooms under the eaves, and three outdoor areas on differing levels with different characters. The huge ground-floor kitchen leads out to a cobbled, walled patio; the second-floor guest suite has a roof terrace which, screened for privacy, is ideal for sunbathing, with the bonus of cityscape views. The garden brings the country into the heart of the city.

The Moons use the ground-floor reception area as a combined drawing and dining room. The table seats 14, but such is the space that a sit-down dinner for 60 is no problem at all.

The pièce de résistance is the large, first-floor drawing room. The Moons' taste is minimalist, but the exposed, mellow brick walls, open fire and restored timber flooring — Canadian Maple rescued from a defunct Merseyside cotton mill — would suit any style, any period. The room is big enough to accommodate at least four separate seating areas, but with simple, twin sofas, is surprisingly intimate.

The couple bought the house five years ago. "We liked the idea of privacy, a safe place for the children we planned, and we fell in love with the space," says Mrs Moon, an American. "In the States, we tend to build wide rather than tall, so I love the way the whole house is contained on two-and-a-half levels. We moved here from a five-bedroom Georgian ter-



Beth Moon relaxing in the huge first-floor drawing room, which has exposed brick walls and a Canadian pine floor. Her husband, Peter, looks down from a gallery window

road property on five levels, where I felt as though I was permanently going up and down stairs."

With four-year-old Dylan, followed by twins Isabel and Alexandra last year, plus a steady stream of visiting relatives, the family now needs more bedrooms, hence the decision to move.

Mr and Mrs Moon both work from home. In the first-floor study, overlooking the garden, Mrs Moon designs stationary and invitations for special events. Mr Moon, a retired off-shore fund manager, takes care of his own portfolio from a bank of computers in the ground-floor study. Entirely sound-proof, it was built as a recording studio and has perfect acoustics. There is a caddy of floor space where he can practise tai-chi exercises, despite half the room being taken up with what looks like a swimming pool for a very small person.

The pool is, in fact, the swimming machine, as the agent's brochure has it: "The



The swimming-pool machine in the study, where you "swim" without actually moving

controlled-current pool where you swim in place at your own pace." When going full blast you can swim as many "lengths" as you like without actually moving.

"I get up from my desk, turn on Pink Floyd at full volume and pop into the swimming machine for ten minutes," Mr Moon says. "It's the perfect way to unwind."

What will the Moons miss most when they sell? "The peace; no traffic noise," Mrs Moon says.

"On a practical level, the house is child's play to run," Mrs Moon adds. "Our cleaner's first reaction was horror. 'I'll never get round all this,' she said, but she keeps it clean as a pin in under six hours, twice a week."

"There are the sunsets," Mr Moon says. "On summer evenings the sun floods through the circular window and bathes the drawing room in a golden glow."

Could Miss Hurley possibly ask for anything more?   
 ● Agent: Chesterfield (0171-581 5234)

## HOUSE OF THE WEEK

1 Britannia Court, Britannia Road, Fulham, London SW6

○ Price: £2.25 million for a 990-year lease, plus a share of the freehold ○ Setting: a split from both the Fulham and the King's roads, with private off-street parking for five cars ○ Size: huge, floor area of 5,180 sq ft. Five bedrooms en suite, a guest suite and a nursery suite ○ Shopping: Sainsbury's five minutes away



Front of the house by night



The breakfast room leads off from the kitchen, and out to a cobbled, walled patio

## SELLING POINTS

They call it curb appeal. That little something that makes people slow down, look again and feel a warm, anticipatory tingle down the spine. Yes, your front door could be your house's biggest selling factor.

While it may be fanciful to call the front door the eye of the soul, it is almost certainly the focal point of the front of a house. It is the feature upon which a prospective purchaser fixes their eye as they make their first approach. And it can — intentionally or otherwise — suggest a lot about the rest of the house: shabby, peeling paintwork arouses suspicions about dry rot and damp; smart, polished door furniture hints at a careful, house-proud owner. Neither may be true, but it could be the difference between getting a buyer over the threshold and a no-show. A fresh coat of paint is a cheap and quick make-over but take care over colour. A survey by the Alliance and Leicester Building Society found brown and purple front doors to be instant turn-offs (signalling, respectively, dull and definitely dodgy), while blue was the most popular — smart, hints of nobility.

Natural wood, stained or varnished, has a classic, dignified appeal, but could look dull if the rest of the house has few distinguishing features. However, rushing out to buy a glossy white, mock Georgian, paneled door with fanlight and brass foil-decor for your between-the-wars, pebble-dashed semi is definitely unwise. The style of door should subtly



Brass signals style but a cheap front door repels buyers



## FRONT DOORS

but are best avoided in a 1970s malaise.

Door security is an important consideration for any purchaser, but should only be mentioned in passing conversation. Do not make a feature of it. A prospective viewer will grow anxious if kept standing on the doorstep while listening to heavy bolts being drawn back, chains unspooled and a barking-mad Doberman. It does not put them in a positive frame of mind about the area, let alone the house.

Likewise, yelling through the letter-box to "shove on the door, mate, it always sticks in the winter" is likely to put them on red alert for other signs of poor house-keeping. Do your maintenance now.

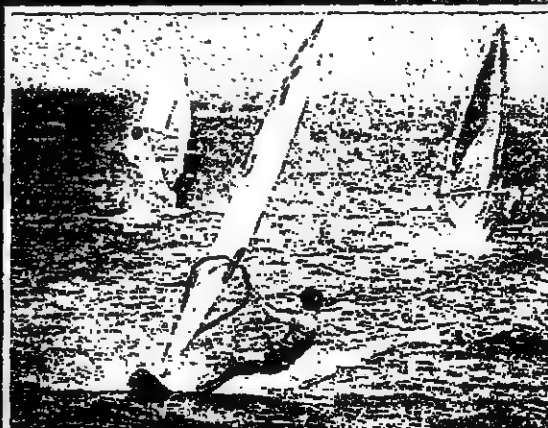
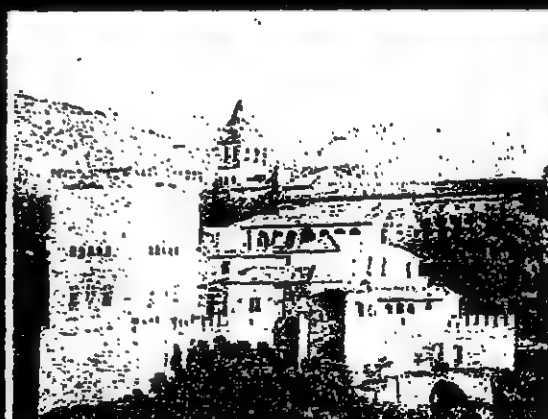
A decent quality timber door costs between £100 and £200, more if it includes glazed panels. Plastic doors (around £320) score highly for ease of maintenance and security, but may have aesthetic drawbacks. If you live in a conservation area, contact the local planning department to see if there are any restrictions. Enforcement notices to remove plastic doors have been served on conservation area home-owners who disregarded local planning codes.

One final point: never, ever send viewers round to the back door, even if it is the one everybody uses. These people have come to buy your home, not deliver the coal.

HELEN PICKLES

## THE SUNDAY TIMES

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THE SUNDAY TIMES IS THE SUNDAY PAPERS



# Part of the job is being trodden on

Operating on sick horses is a tricky business and an emotionally charged situation, especially for the owners

While returning from a ride on her mother's horse, Theo, Zoe Illingworth noticed that he had a small cut on one of his hind fetlocks. She treated it and the wound seemed fine but, while jumping three days later, Theo hit the same spot again.

Within a few hours, his leg was badly swollen so she called the vet. "He took some fluid out of the joint and then told us we should send him to an animal hospital. We decided on Leamington," Miss Illingworth says. The Philip Leverhulme Large Animal Hospital at Leamington is part of Liverpool University's Faculty of Veterinary Science and is the busiest such hospital in Britain.

Sixteen hundred cases are referred here every year, 98 per cent of them horses. Some are from the racing world (five race courses including Aintree and Chester send injured horses to Leamington) but the vast majority are kept for pleasure.

Horses come to Leamington from all over the country with a variety of ailments: orthopaedic and reproductive problems, intestinal problems, respiratory disease and skin cancers. When animals are brought in they go to the examination room where they stand in the stocks, one of two wooden padded frames which are expanded or contracted to accommodate anything from Shetland ponies to shire horses.

Gauge marks on the wooden posts and hoof marks on the pad at the back of the frame show how some animals respond to pain by kicking out with their hind feet. Professor Barrie Edwards, head of the Department of Veterinary Clinical Science and Animal Husbandry and professor of equine studies, says: "Nothing is more emotional than a colic case where the horse — and that can be one tonne of shire horse — is thrashing around because it is in such discomfort, and the owner is in tears. Not only do we have to examine the horse and prepare it for the operating table, we also need to reassure the owner." He has operated on 2,500 horses with colic over the past 30 years.

"Being kicked and trampled on is part of the job. So is being called out at night for emergencies. The hospital is open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Eighty per cent of colic cases arrive out of hours. They usually arrive for six or seven days, and the success rate is just over 80 per cent," Professor Edwards says.

"Successful treatment depends to a great extent on recognising early on that a particular horse with colic requires an operation if its life is to be saved. Any undue delay can lead to the death of the horse from septic shock or possibly rupture of the stomach," he adds. "Horses cannot

vomit, so a blockage of the small intestine will result in the build-up of large quantities of fluid in the stomach — up to 40 litres — which must be siphoned off. Horses have 70 feet of small intestine and, although we frequently remove 20 to 30 feet, they can still return to top-level competition."

A horse does not go in to the operating theatre on a trolley. The animal is anaesthetised in a padded recovery room before staff tie ropes around its hooves and hoist it onto a gantry for the short upside-down journey to the air-bedded operating table. Until it comes round, its progress is monitored through a peep hole in the door.

Liverpool is one of six universities in Britain which have either schools, faculties, colleges or departments of veterinary science. The Glasgow University vet school has just opened a computerised equine healthcare system. One of its advantages is that vets can now identify early signs of trouble in a horse's bone or joint. Radio-pharmaceuticals with a bone-seeking agent are injected into the animal and a "gamma camera" picks up images of the agent within the skeleton — the agent concentrates in problem areas — which are relayed to a screen.

Dr Mark Martinelli, equine orthopaedic surgeon, says: "We can pinpoint hot spots — areas where a stress fracture is likely to occur, and advise owners on how to avoid them." Peter Devlin from Scotsys, the company which helped develop the computer system, says: "It's a tool to assist in the diagnosis of horses but it doesn't take the place of an experienced human being."

In the future, the Weipers Centre for Equine Welfare at the vet school will store images on computer discs which have come either from using the gamma camera, from video endoscopy or ultrasound scans. The pictorial data base should benefit students as well as vets.

"We'll also be able to send images to vets via the Internet for a second opinion. It'll be a bit like the equivalent of having a ward round on the Web," says Sandy Love, the head of the Division of Equine Clinical Studies, who maintains that this is the first time that someone has tried to set up computer archiving and mailing of clinical images in the veterinary field in this country.

CHRISTIAN DYMOND

Large Animal Hospital, Leamington, Nott. South Wirral L64 7TE (0151-794 0039); Weipers Centre for Equine Welfare, University of Glasgow Vet School, Bearsden Road, Glasgow G12 8QH (0141-330 5999)



An anaesthetised horse is gently lowered onto the air-bedded operating table at the Large Animal Hospital in Leamington, Wirral



Billy needs a home with an experienced family

**ADOPT ME**  
SHAMMY is a two-year-old black male mongrel who arrived at Battersea last April. He would do well with a grown-up family. He needs owners firm enough to keep him in line but with the energy to entertain him.  
BILLY is a four-year-old black and tan mongrel who has been at Battersea since March 1996. He needs an experienced family who can slowly get him accustomed to being left alone. Contact the Dogs' Home, Battersea, 4 Battersea Park Road, London SW8 4AA (0171-622 3626).



Shammy needs a firm and energetic owner

## A VET WRITES

Q My friend's poodle, Charles, has gone blind. He gets around the house quite well and finds us in the garden when we call him, but he can't run free any longer. The vet says it's PRA, and nothing can be done. My friend is devastated. Is it quite hopeless?

A PRA is the acronym for progressive retinal atrophy, an inherited and untreatable degeneration of the retina. Light reaches the back of the eye but the image is not transmitted to the brain.

When the need arises, Charles will sniff his way to a suitable tree or lamppost. He hears sound beyond our ken. He'll respond to a "silent" dog whistle — one producing a supersonic noise — when he hears his mistress is blowing it, and a tikit is waiting.

He's a normal dog with one of his many senses impaired. So don't rearrange the furniture. Then he can enjoy a slightly restricted life until the end of his natural span.

Q Gemma will be ten in April and we agreed she could have a puppy when she reached double figures. What breed should we be looking at? Or would we be better off with a mongrel puppy looking for a home?

A Choose a pure-bred pup so you'll know what shape, size and temperament it will be as an adult. Oscar Wilde observed: "All women become like their mother." So do puppies. As to breeds, think long term. It's almost certain you'll be left in charge when Gemma leaves home.

Consider a whippet, a breed that takes exercise in explosive bursts. Ten minutes at full speed in the park, then back home for a few hours' snooze, but well capable of enjoying a whole day outdoors when the opportunity arises.

Short-haired dogs take less time than cuddly, long coated ones. Working dogs — collies and gun dogs — need occupation for many hours every day. What sex? My choice is a bitch — neutered. They're gentler, more biddable and don't cock their legs on the cabbage.

Q I know cats and dogs must be vaccinated but now I hear rabbits need injections too. We have four — two neutered bucks and two does, so no possibility of little bunnies — but what about our quartet? Should they be inoculated and, if so, against what?

A Myxomatosis and viral haemorrhagic disease occur in wild rabbits and the death rate is very high. Infection can pass to domesticated rabbits carried by rabbit fleas or certain biting, mosquito-type insects.

Vaccination is possible and, if there are wild rabbits near you, think about it. Better still, ask your vet about the risks in your area.

JAMES ALLCOCK

Readers should write to The Times Vet, Weekend, The Times, 1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN. Advice is offered without legal responsibility.

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Martin Barrow is Deputy Business Editor of *The Times*.

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## How was it for you? Electric but unsatisfying

### ALTERNATIVELY SPEAKING

Imagine being able to treat an illness without knowing the cause. That is one of the more modest claims being made for a new machine by the name of "Bicom" developed by a German doctor.

Figures suggest that half the patients who visit doctors don't have a readily diagnosable condition. I know the feeling: tired, fed-up, listless, pale — but is that just the aftermath of too much plum pudding and brandy butter? To find the answer I booked in to the Good Health Clinic in Kensington Church Street for a session with Peter Smith, a Bicom practitioner, acupuncturist and Chinese herbalist.

The £14,000 dial-covered machine, which looks like a plane's dashboard and is the size of a box of croquet mallets, sits atop many a German GP's desk. One day, says Mr Smith, it will be as widely used as a stethoscope. Its workings are more complex but any good lab technician could learn how to operate it in a week.

The theory is this. Groups of cells give off electromagnetic frequencies. Researchers have measured fields around tissues and worked out which frequencies are appropriate for different tissues. Change the electromagnetic frequencies in the person, and it will affect their whole physiology.

Bicom checks whether your body is tuned into the correct channel by the daunting prospect of making a circuit through your body. Mr Smith promises it is painless, and safe. He discreetly turned his back while I slipped off my nightgown. You need to be barefoot for the circuit to work.

Sitting between the machine and Mr Smith, I held an



RACHEL KELLY

electrode connected by wire to the machine in one hand while Mr Smith touched an acupuncture point with a stylus in first my hand, then my foot. The machine then read my electrical resistance.

My small intestine, it revealed, showed high electrical resistance, suggesting some form of imbalance. This could explain feeling tired and bloated, Mr Smith said, and that absence of a peach and cream complexion after which I so hanker.

After diagnosis came the treatment: healthy frequencies are amplified and played back into the body, or unhealthy frequencies have their peaks and troughs inverted and are then played into the body.

Individual diseases have specific frequencies, Mr Smith claimed. So hepatitis C, for example, has a particular frequency which can be corrected. He chants a mantra reminiscent of George Orwell: "Let the good frequencies flourish, and invert the bad."

I wished for that glowing complexion, so Mr Smith placed a roller electrode against my spotty face and played the correcting frequencies directly to it. I felt nothing.

After all the hyperbole, Mr Smith cautioned that not all cases show quick results, and skin is especially difficult to heal. Usually patients must return every three weeks for five visits for results.

But it is said to be good at detecting and correcting food allergies and intolerances. "The machine registers the resonance of the particular food or substance, and plays back the mirror image to the patient, thereby cancelling the patient's reaction to the substance," Mr Smith explained.

Viruses, bacterial infection, neuralgia, nerve pain, and postoperative pain have all responded well in clinical trials held in Germany, according to Mr Smith.

He prescribes waiting to see if the machine has any effect over the next few days, but meanwhile he recommends a clutch of pricey supplements to cheer up the intestine and improve my sluggish digestion, which in turn could aid my complexion: ten different Chinese herbal medicines costing £54 for three weeks' supply to be drunk twice daily.

"And don't use an anti-bacterial soap. They kill good bacteria too."

There were so many prescrip-



A patient undergoing Bicom, which is used to correct the body's unhealthy frequencies

## Bicom

- What it is: a high-tech device that works with the body's own electromagnetic rays to correct unhealthy frequencies and aid good health.
- Advantages: non-invasive and painless.
- Disadvantages: difficult to tell if it works.
- Cost: £60 for a first appointment of one and a half hours. £36 for a follow-up appointment.

Peter Smith, the Good Health Clinic, 182 Kensington Church Street, London W8 4DP (0171-221 2264). For further information on UK practitioners, contact Bicom UK on 01938 556801.





## Handful of dust that speaks volumes

### PERSONAL LIFE

**T**urning into your parents seems to me an alarming but, more or less, unavoidable characteristic of middle age. I didn't expect to become any of my great aunts quite so soon, but I think it's happening.

Great Aunt Violet was given to portentious pronouncements, some of which — such as that the Editor of *The Times* was a Bolshevik — have not proved to be immutable truths. But I'm starting to find sneaking sympathy with her view that books — "jasty dusty things" — were something she would simply not allow in the house.

I recognised the Great Aunt Violet in myself when my husband came home from the children's school fair triumphantly bearing a complete *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the 1946 edition, for only £30. Dust isn't something that exercises me particularly. It's just that the

final frontier, space, has run out. Books do furnish a room. In this house they furnish most of the walls, several of the floors, they prop up all the bits of furniture with wonky legs, and make interesting wobbly towers on quite a few chairs. There are several boxes of them in the attic and usually half a dozen or so in the car. There are a few thousand more in my husband's office which he thinks are coming home when he retires.

Some of them are good. Others less so, and I can't see why they're not dispensable. Will our children thank us for passing on biographies of Dolly Parton, the early works of Wilbur Smith and collected photographs of greenhouses? Doubtful, yet the mad accumulator I married can't bear to jettison any of them, even those we have

two or three copies of. Jumble sales come and go and I feel like the director of the British Library who had to get an Act of Parliament passed so he could stop having to accept every single edition of *Pride and Prejudice* whenever the publishers cashed in on a new BBC dramatisation.

Some of the duplicates have their own shelf, optimistically called Swaps. I've been able to work out some of the other filing categories — Cookery is easy enough and it's in the kitchen: our lucky visitors can browse round a spare room furnished with Sport and Hardback Fiction, K-S — but most of the system completely escapes me. Woe betide the amateur who, having removed a book

from its appointed place, attempts to bypass the third pile at the bottom of the stairs (Waiting to be Filed) and put it back themselves.

I know some people have to live with collectors of rare beer bottles or the skulls of small mammals. And books must seem fairly harmless compared with Art Deco lamps or some of the other ghastly bric-a-brac Elton John has crammed into his various mansions with the years. But at least he has mansions, and even he sometimes has a go at clearing the decks before he gets up steam again.

The truth is, at this time of year, with the house groaning under the latest tidal wave of plastic stuff for children to leave lying about, all I want is to shuffle some of this mortal baggage onto the first rag and bone cart. I want minimalism.

soon. Not to mention that we're sitting ducks for some lunatic insurance assessor to come by to say all these great works have to be covered at replacement value. I don't even know how I came by *Surfing Subcultures* in the first place. It's probably an excellent read but would I go out and hunt down another copy if we were burgled? I think not.

The real trouble is that I can't get anyone to sympathise. They don't see piles of books; they see a library. Once they know someone is a willing victim, friends and family will spend many happy hours scouring second-hand shops before Christmas and birthdays for more arcane volumes of prewar cricket autobiography.

And anyway the sum of human knowledge is contained in these volumes, I was told during the tantrum about the encyclopaedia.

Or at least human knowledge where it stood in 1946: "Look, isn't it interesting to see how many pages there are on steel? And anyway I bet any second-hand book dealer would give me £100 for this lot." It's no use saying go and find one then or what are compact discs for? Books are holy. Try to suggest thinning out surplus literature and certain sorts of people, of whom I seem to know several, start looking at you as if you're Goebbels.

I don't think that sort of creature would have bothered Great Aunt Violet. The other thing I remember about her was that she had a donkey. Are donkeys omnivorous like goats I wonder? If I got one could I surreptitiously start feeding it the travel section, guide-books to northern Italy, in Italian? Here's one small consolation. I don't suppose donkeys' digestive systems have changed much since 1946. I've got an encyclopaedia. I can look it up.

ROSE WILD

## There's no bad language here, I swear

Adrian Mourby talks to parents who insist that swearing is left outside the front door with the children's muddy wellingtons

**M**arcus Humphreys is 15 and when friends come to the house he issues a warning on the threshold. "We don't swear in here." He hasn't been told to say it but it's much the same rule that his father, Phil, kept to as a teenager, except that 30 years ago it wasn't necessary to voice the family bylaw. "We swore like troopers at school," Phil says. "But you never even thought of it at home."

These days Phil is an architect in the old Welsh country town of Montgomery and frequently finds himself on site with builders. A trade notorious for its abuse of language. His wife Cyndy has taught at a number of special schools with children whose vocabulary would put even builders to shame, but the family rule remains fixed. "We just don't," says Cyndy. "Well you do sometimes," says Marcus with sheepish candour. "Oh I don't swear," Cyndy insists.

"You say sugar," Marcus grins. "Everyone knows what that means."

Once the mere existence of forbidden words was not even acknowledged in middle-class British families. Today, we are all aware of four-letter words and most adults use them occasionally. I was horrified at some of the phrases our two-year-old daughter repeated to me one day, and thankful that she hadn't picked them up accurately. From time to time my wife and I tried to clean up our act, for we are the main source of our daughter's asperities, but Phil and Cyndy know that teenage children are influenced by the world beyond the family, and they are making a stand. With teenage adults in the house the Humphreys have decided that certain words will be left outside the front door, like muddy boots. There is no denying that they're still there, waiting to be used when Marcus and his friends go out again, or that

sometimes they will creep inside.

"I swear in my room with Bruno," Marcus says. "But not in front of Mum and Dad. If you respect someone you don't swear at them." But what about Tristram, darling? Cyndy asks. She wants to know if her eldest ever blasphemes in front of his seven-year-old brother.

"No," says Marcus after due consideration. "He doesn't know what the words mean. It wouldn't be right. But Lucy and I swear when you're not around." Lucy is 15 and the Humphreys' middle child. She agrees with her father that bad language is something you don't do at school but that, at home, it's a completely different matter.

"I don't use swear words when I'm at school," she says. "But when I'm at home, I use them. I don't think of it as swearing. I just think of it as the right word."

Marcus says, "I've never heard him swear." Phil looks shocked and some-what bemused by Marcus's attitude. Cyndy says, "I don't think he's getting a bad press."

"You do sometimes," Marcus grins. "Everyone knows what that means."

Once the mere existence of forbidden words was not even acknowledged in middle-class British families. Today, we are all aware of four-letter words and most adults use them occasionally. I was horrified at some of the phrases our two-year-old daughter repeated to me one day, and thankful that she hadn't picked them up accurately. From time to time my wife and I tried to clean up our act, for we are the main source of our daughter's asperities, but Phil and Cyndy know that teenage children are influenced by the world beyond the family, and they are making a stand. With teenage adults in the house the Humphreys have decided that certain words will be left outside the front door, like muddy boots. There is no denying that they're still there, waiting to be used when Marcus and his friends go out again, or that



Phil and Cyndy Humphreys do not allow swearing among their children Lucy, left, Tristram and Marcus. "We do say fiddlesticks, darn and bother sometimes," Marcus says

about "bloody" when used under duress although both Phil and Cyndy can remember it being unacceptable in their childhood. "I can even remember not being allowed to say damn," Cyndy recalls. "But times are changing. I went into an art gallery recently — the place was really expensive — and they were selling a postcard with the word 'shit' crocheted on it. I couldn't believe it."

Cyndy admits there is something highly subjective about which words we choose to proscribe in our own homes but that sticking to the rules is what matters. "When I taught at a residential school for emotionally deprived children some of them, when they arrived, swore just about every other word. But we found they could give it up quite easily if they saw that you respected them for not swearing. Self-respect is very important to these kids and if they've been sworn at all their lives, they're just not going to feel any. We

were very rigorous with them during the week and achieved real results but I'm sure when they went back home for the weekend they reverted to type, which is so sad."

Home is where the language issue really comes home to roost. Phil and Cyndy feel they have a duty to protect their children; Marcus and Lucy feel a duty to protect Tristram; while Marcus seems to feel a duty to protect his parents.

Some friends of Cyndy were

worried by the lax way in which they'd been bringing up their children, a fact that was thrown into sharp focus by the horror of horrors — the imminent arrival of Granny.

Accordingly, all the children were made to promise solemnly that they wouldn't swear for the duration of her visit. When the old lady arrived the youngest child took her to one side and whispered, "Granny, listen, whatever you do, while you're here you mustn't say shit, OK?"

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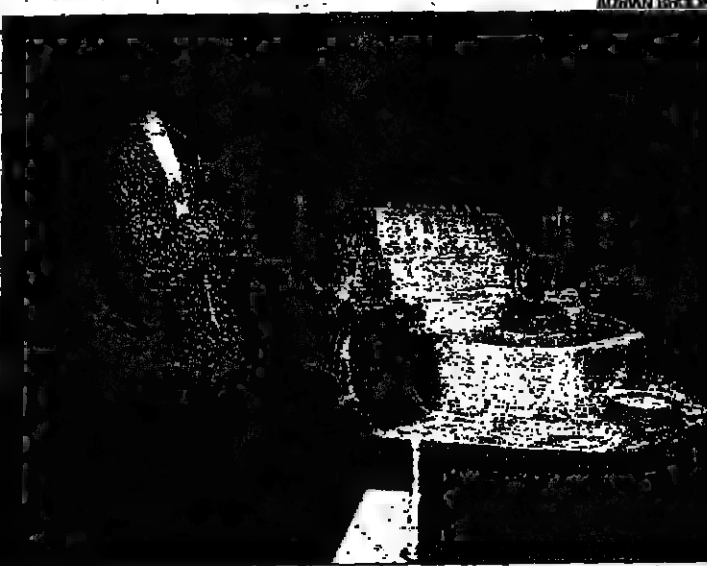
Ruth Gledhill takes a welcome winter retreat from the orgy of overeating and Christmas repeats on television

## Back to school with budding Buddhists

**T**HERE was something satisfyingly self-righteous about being on an ascetic, vegetarian, meditative Buddhist retreat while family and friends were tucking into turkey, mince pies, Christmas pudding and an orgy of television. A doctor, teacher, social worker, journalist and 70 others from many professions and social classes had thought likewise. Few, if any, were Buddhists, but had responded to the leaflets put out in libraries and surgeries in the run-up to the new year, offering the chance to relax, learn to meditate and "take a fresh look at yourself and your life."

A handful of the 17 organisers, from the Western Buddhist Order, had become fully-committed Buddhists and now live in one of the burgeoning numbers of single-sex Buddhist communities in London, attracted to the meditative life after going on an earlier retreat.

The order, founded in 1967, has adopted strands from different Buddhist disciplines, although its fundamental principles remain the same as those taught the world over. The theme of our retreat was to develop the five spiritual faculties of faith, energy, wisdom, concentration and mindfulness or awareness.



Retreat leader Paramabandhu at the London Buddhist Centre

Those who were there for the duration, a period spanning both Christmas and New Year, slept in the school dormitories. They rose at 7am to meditate for an hour, concentrating either on breathing techniques, or "metta bhavana", trying to develop a positive frame of mind and emotion.

Breakfast was followed by two hours of work, where participants took turns to clean, cook and serve

each other. I joined them for meditation in the "shrine room", the school theatre, adapted for the retreat with a golden Buddha seated on a silk-covered golden throne, and with an array of cushions and mats scattered around.

This was led by Srisambhava, an attractive, dark-haired young woman whose calm, reflective voice made staying awake a struggle in the darkened room. We tried the

"Alexander lying down", a technique of lying on our backs, and intended to relieve the stress in our spines. I was not aware of any stress in my own spine until it all started to ease away. "Try to stay awake," Srisambhava instructed us from the front, as she urged us to concentrate on different parts of our bodies.

When she got to the head I gave up the struggle and fell into a blissful sleep, with vivid dreams of

music and dancing. Half an hour later, the instruction to sit up drifted into the subconscious, and dozens of us guiltily rubbed our eyes as we moved into the "communications exercises" which followed.

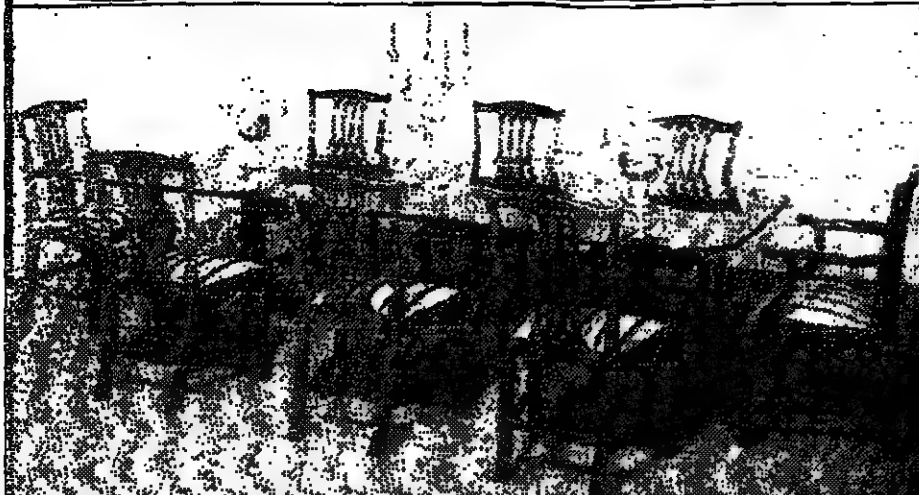
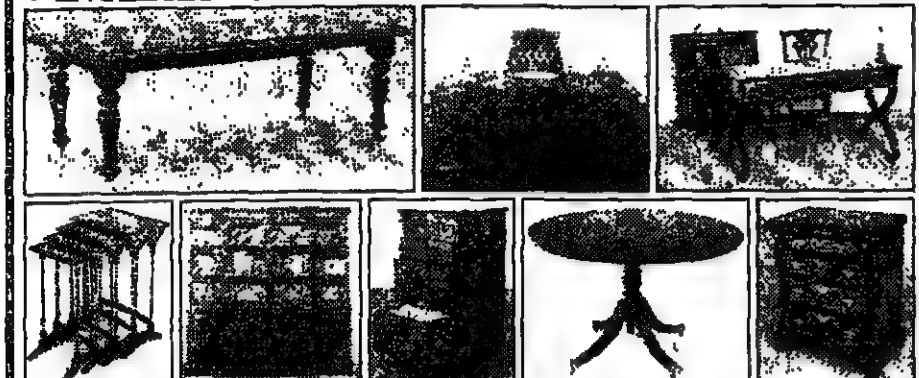
Here, we had to choose a partner and look deeply into their eyes, repeating certain phrases and responses designed to affirm and reassure the other. The exercises were simple but surprisingly comforting, although accompanied by much giggling and embarrassment. After lunch, an optional yoga period led by a qualified instructor was laid on, although many chose to disappear on solitary walks through the surrounding countryside, or to swim in the pool.

The day was rounded off by a "puja", a devotional practice intended to strengthen an individual's emotional connection with their ideals and aspirations. Sadly, my stay was all too brief. I returned home, more relaxed by the repetitive Buddhist intonations than my family was by the repeats on television, and able to touch my toes properly for the first time in years.

London Buddhist Centre, 51 Roman Road, Bethnal Green, London E2 0HU (0181-481 1225)

Weekend retreat, page 17



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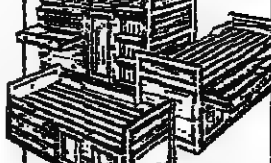
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By Joanne Glover

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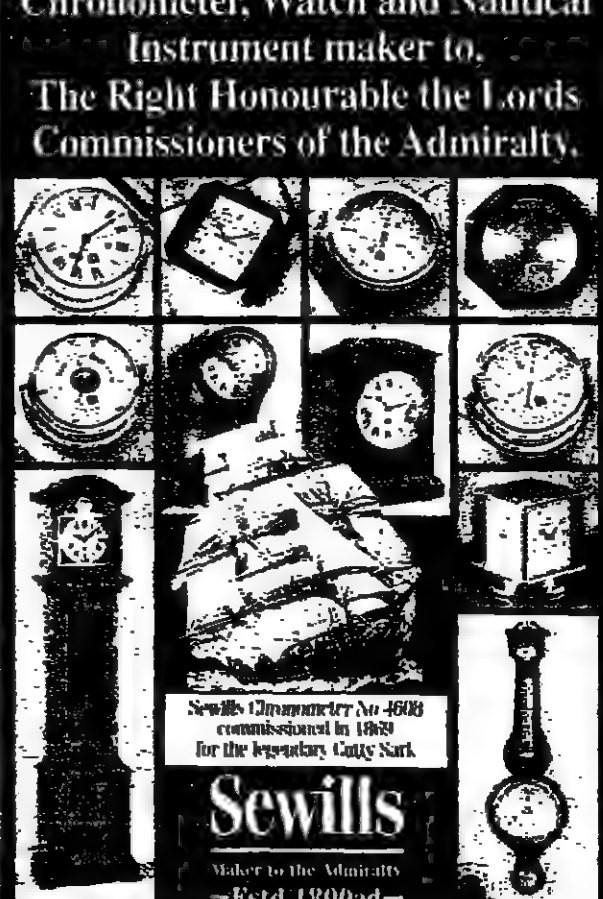
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## Turkish temples of delight

Interested in classical treasures?  
Cruising in a small boat is one of the best ways to dip into the past

It is a solid charge against holidays that, like badly written books, they lack shape and purpose. As Kingsley Amis used to complain, you don't have to do anything on them to earn your first drink of the day. Why not have it at breakfast, or even earlier?

One way of avoiding this tendency to indolence is to go on a tour, with a programme and an objective. But then again, if the tour is too tightly organised it becomes more of a grind than being at work. Hopping on and off buses and into tourist-crammed "sights" is a gruelling business.

So it was in an ambiguous frame of mind that I embarked on a cruise along the Mediterranean coast of Turkey. I had been told a cruise before and not much enjoyed life afloat, even though that was on a liner with every imaginable luxury.

This was to be on something called a "gulet", a Turkish variety of two-masted yacht, a piffling 26 metres long. How was I going to be properly cosseted on a boat this size, let alone hide from my fellow passengers if I couldn't stand them? There was another problem. Our formal purpose was to visit ancient sites, mostly Greek and Roman. Now if I have a talent, it is for forgetting things, particularly languages. My O-level Latin and Greek have vanished, along with what little ancient history I ever knew.

I was even slightly surprised to discover why am I admitting this? It was a mix of Greek and Roman civilisation is actually in Turkey. Was I going to be bullied out of my ignorance by our tour leader and our promised on-board expert? The prospect was full of dismal possibilities.

Let me at once blow them all away. I enjoyed myself enormously. In fact I can't think of any break I have ever had which so thoroughly satisfied all the sensible criteria for a decent holiday: the weather should be warm and sunny, the company good, food and drink of high standard, service at least competent but above all amiable. My bed should be comfortable, I should read a good deal and see something of interest or beauty. And I must come home feeling that I have more than a rapidly fading tan to show for it, that I haven't entirely wasted my time on tacky do-it-yourself improvements to body and soul. By all these measures the trip was a wild success.

We flew from Heathrow via Istanbul to Dalaman, thence by short minibus trip to Gökcek and our waiting boat, the *Arif Kapitan B*. The next morning we set sail on a zigzag course that took us west and then north, until a fortnight later we disembarked for the last time and flew home from Izmir. I sketch out the journey like this because a step-by-step account would be confusing at anything much short of book length. Instead, I shall concentrate on the highlights.

On a typical day we rose at eight in a quiet bay where the water was translucent and already warm; we plunged in to sluice away the vapours of the night and to earn our breakfast. When we had eaten that, but not before, Captain Hasan weighed anchor and set off on a two or three hour trip to another quiet bay. While at sea, we entertained

ourselves, read, wrote, chatted, sunbathed or just goggled at the seascape and shoreline.

One day I surreptitiously checked on what was being read: Herodotus' biographies of Alexander the Great, Ataturk and Dr Johnson; two *Teach Yourself Turkish* books; one guidebook to Turkey and another guide to Mediterranean flora (this to check on flowers picked the day before).

Someone was reading Jeffrey Archer, but I shall not reveal the wreck's identity, nor admit what I was reading myself. To tell the truth I sometimes became so suffused with well-being at this stage of the day that I couldn't make up my mind what to do. It seemed a shame to do nothing but an equal shame to wreck the spell by doing something.

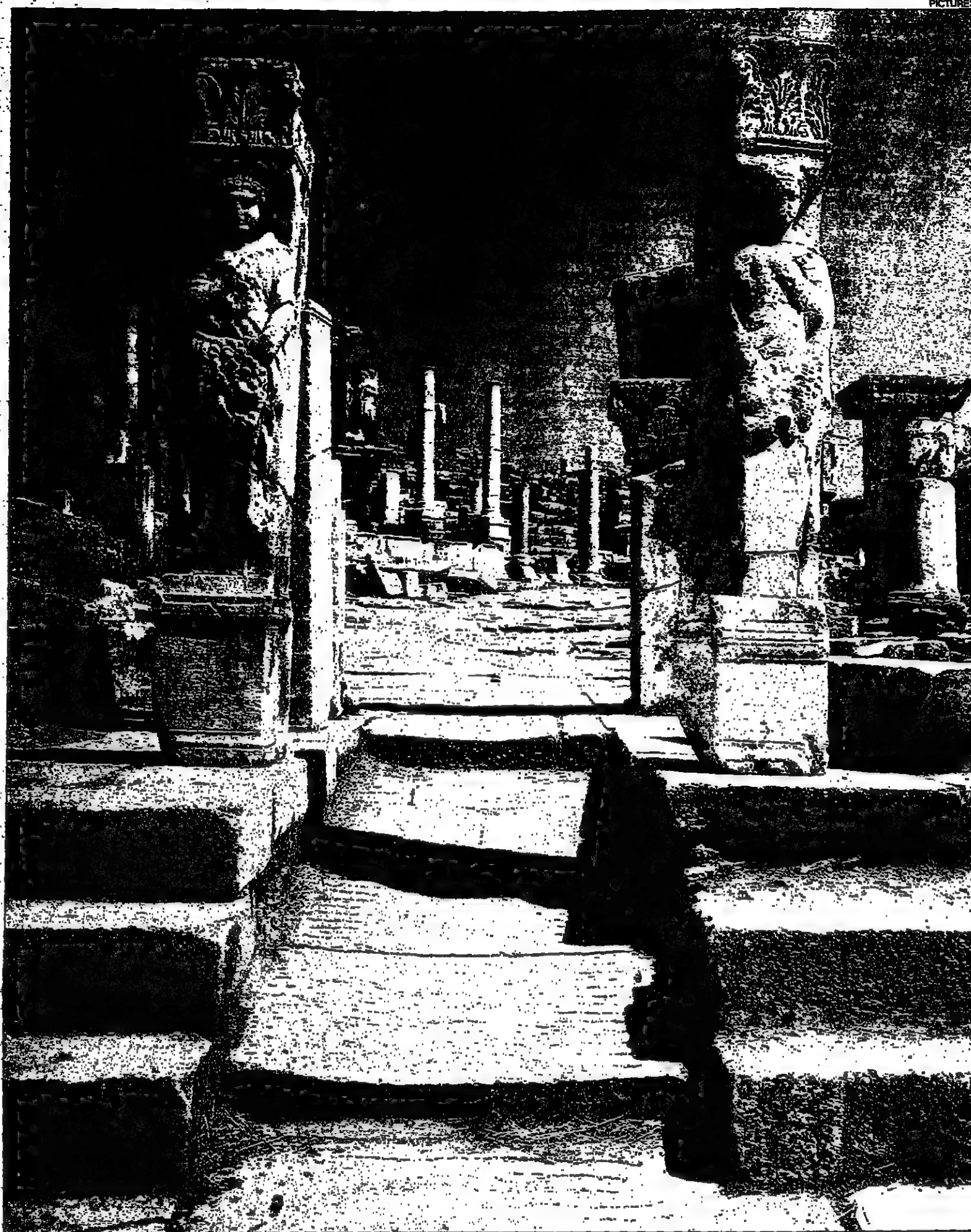
Such a relaxing choice of what to do was the absolutely contented holidaymaker.

At 12.00, or so, we dropped anchor, plunged over the side again, heard a brief lecture by our on-board guru about what we would see later and put down one or (never more than) two pre-lunch drinks. After lunch we had a siesta. Then, when the midday heat was easing off, we went ashore to visit the site of the day, usually an ancient city, getting there on foot or by minibus if the site was too far to walk. After an hour or two, scrambling among ruins we returned to the boat washed, changed, drunk, dined and went to bed where we slept, day in, day out. Home, I say, Homerically. There were many variations but this was the basic formula. No day was dull but no day was outrageously hectic either.

The passengers, a diverse bunch indeed, were as follows: an elderly but adventurous Australian couple (their next stop was Alaska, their next but three Siberia); their cousin, a stockbroker from New Zealand; two corporate executives based in Istanbul, one British, one Swiss, and their wives, one Australian, the other also Swiss; a British civil servant and his architectural historian wife; and me, a journalist. To these should be added the English wife of a Turkish professor of English, who was learning the ropes of tour leadership; Tom Johnson, who was leading our tour; and our guru, Dr Cyprian Broadbank of London's Institute of Archaeology, accompanied by his Greek archaeologist fiancée, Valsia.

On the face of it we were an unpromising combination. Cooped up for a long stretch together, I could easily imagine us coming to words, if not blows. But it didn't happen like that. The daily round gave us matter to chat about. Small though it was, the gulet proved a flexible space in which to do as we liked: rest in our tiny but well-equipped cabins, natter at the bar, read in the dining-room, or collapse into slumber in the bow or the stern. We respected each other's right to enjoy the trip in our own way. And we were jollied along by our team of cicerones.

While reading Classics at Cambridge, Mr Johnson became a tour guide on the Turkish coast. Since then he has spent much time learning the language and the ways of Turkey's boats and sailors. His experience showed in everything: in the choice of our



The gateway to Cures Street in the great city of Ephesus, just one of the many sites visited on a classics tour along the Turkish coast by gulet

guru (Dr Broadbank had been his tutor) of the sites and moorings we were to visit; how to fit them all into a workable itinerary; where to go for lunch or hire a minibus or a small boat. This kind of intimate knowledge meant that we were never rushed, never missed a connection, avoided the crowds, got into places other tourists do not see.

By my reckoning we visited 17 sites. This was a lot to cover in a fortnight but our programme was well balanced: every time I'd had enough we had an easy day, and when I got bored with those we suddenly had a busy one.

The sites we visited were as old as 2,500 BC and as recently in use as this century. They ranged from a single temple to the great city of Ephesus. To reach them we need sometimes only step ashore, at other times chug across a lake or clamber a hill or take a minibus or a perilous four-wheel drive up a mountain.

Whole civilisations and peoples drifted hazily across my consciousness as I gazed at their ruins: Celts, Lydians, Greeks, Persians, Romans, Arabs, Byzantines, Ottomans, even Britons, in the shape of Knights of St John or intrepid 19th-century discoverers.

Had I been on my own I think I might have become bored. There was plenty of natural beauty to look at — the ancient beauty of a sure sense of place when they built. After the third or fourth or fifth stop or acropolis or theatre, though, I might never have wanted to see another. But we were lucky. Dr Broadbank animated the scene wherever we went. What might just have been another pile of tumbled masonry to us was a trove of exciting clues to him. He trod among the ruins as nimbly as a goat and spotted connections that Sherlock Holmes, high on the classics, might have missed.

I had not, for example, realised how complicated a site can be. A Greek city might

have started out Lycian, then been Hellenised and Romanised, later taken over by Byzantines and Ottomans, after which modern archaeologists may have dug here but not there, restored this building but not that.

The unskilled eye might have made out the Doric or the Corinthian orders and left it at that. But Dr Broadbank found mysterious palimpsests in the rubble and effortlessly talked us through them.

His detective work could be thrilling. We were walking over the remains of a not very exciting castle of perhaps the 13th or 14th century at Peçin Kale when the good doctor's eye fell on a tiny scrap of obsidian, a volcanic rock which made the sharpest blades available in the pre-metal age. There were no volcanoes nearby so the obsidian must have been brought there. He dated the period when this was common practice to 2,500 BC. What we saw was an unremarkable ruined castle; what we imagined, or tried to, was life 4,000 years earlier.

I learnt to tell the difference between a Greek temple and a Roman one, but it was my imagination that was stirred.

Tourism, however, is currently covering the Turkish coast with ugly rashes of hotels, condos and timeshares and all the banalities that go with them: the discos, the tawdry gift shops, the cuisine favoured by the British abroad (it was not the least advantage of being on a gulet that we could avoid most of that). But the tourist age will pass. Its detritus will sink beneath the earth, leaving not much for the archaeologist to sniffle after. I came home feeling fit and well, with my mind a bit expanded and my spirits even more so. What more can you ask?

ERIC JACOBS

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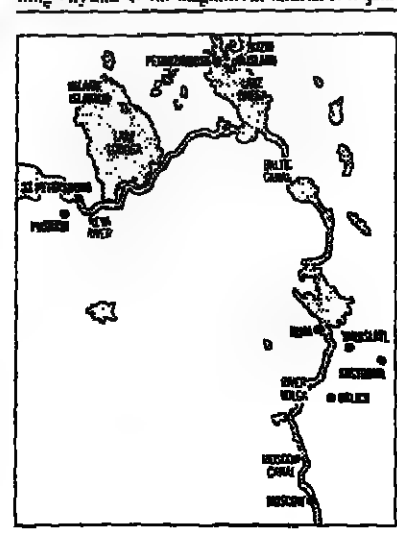
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### FACT FILE

■ Westminster Classic Tours offers classical or tailor-made private charters, so contact the company on 0171-404 3738 to discuss your priorities. Tours are for any length up to 14 days and can be divided between Istanbul and the Mediterranean coast.

■ The company also offers painting excursions led by the artist Susannah Fiennes.

■ This year's rates for the Ionian and Carian tour are £1,645 per person. This covers almost everything from the moment of arrival at Heathrow. Even drinks, except spirits, are included. Extras are your visa (£10, payable on arrival in Turkey), your bar bill and a well-earned tip to the crew at the end of the journey (£30 to £40 per passenger is recommended). The supplement for singles is £395. Tour dates are: June 1-15; September 7-21; October 4-18.

■ Customers wishing to get to grips with their classics before embarking on a Westminster tour might like to contact Friends of Classics, which has close links with Westminster Classic Tours. The Friends' secretary, Jeannie Cohen, is at 51 Achilles Road, London NW6 1DZ (0171-431 5088).

■ Several companies offer short trips around the Turkish coast by gulet.

■ Reading: Sarah Anderson of The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends *Memed My Hawk* by Yashar Kemal (Harvill, £8.99, ISBN 1 860 46103 4). A *Fox of the Heart* by Jeremy Seal (Picador, £6.99, ISBN 0 330 34362 9). *Turkish Travel Survival Kit* (Lonely Planet, £12.99, ISBN 0 864 42364 0).



Ephesus: treasure trove



Italy: A three-page special - from the hilltop towns of Umbria, the homeland of St Francis of Assisi, to ...

## By slow train to medieval magic

Others may deride their slowness and criticise their punctuality, but I have a secret passion for Italian trains. For the carriage with a view. I love to sit back, San Pellegrino bottle in one hand, guidebook in the other, with an historic city and its sights in prospect. For parents like me, rail travel has another attraction. Treated to a train trip in the morning, a child will be more patient among the antiquities in the afternoon.

Like its glossier neighbour Tuscany, Umbria is rich in antiquities of every sort: the shrine of St Francis at Assisi, shimmering medieval hill towns, smudgy green valleys and fine food.

Umbria's array of Renaissance offerings include Perugia, the region's capital, with its medieval cathedral, dozens of other churches, a gallery, impressive main piazza, caf  s, ice-cream parlours and shoe shops.

You can read all about these splendours as you proceed up the line on the narrow gauge Ferrovia Centrale Umbra railway, which runs from Terni (45km (about 90 miles) northward up the Tiber valley, through the capital towards Sansepolcro, a town just over the Tuscan border.

In Britain, such an idiosyncratic railway, with its manual signals, worked by highly polished brass levers on the platforms, would attract enthusiasts. But the average FCU passenger is a schoolchild, or a bemused tourist, wondering at the contrast between the Ruritanian grandeur of the railway's staff uniforms, bristling with gold braid, and the dowdy rolling stock.

Delaying the delights of Perugia, we travelled on to Citta di Castello, in the north of Umbria. We were following the recommendation of a guard who had assured us that, although all the line was pretty, the stretch between the capital and Sansepolcro was the most attractive. His loyalty was perhaps superior to his aesthetic sense.

Climbing steeply out of Perugia and its pasta-making industrial belt, the line runs between tiny, ruined hill towns, green smallholdings and the occasional ruined chapel. In the farmhouse gardens, the apple trees are hung with empty



### FACT FILE

- Simply Tuscany & Umbria, Chiswick Gate, 598-608 Chiswick High Road, London W4 5RT. 0181-995 8272. 24-hour brochure line 0181-995 9323. Offers self-catering holidays in a two-bedroom apartment at the Casale Satriano from £338 per person for seven days, rising to £515 for 14 days. Including return flights Gatwick to Pisa or Heathrow to Rome, and hire car.
- Umbrian tourist information centre, Corso Vannucci 30, Perugia (0039 75 572 5341).
- Reading: The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends *Rat King* by Michael Dibdin (Faber, £5.99, ISBN 0 571 15 421 2). A Valley in Italy by Lisa St Aubin de Teran (Penguin, £6.99, ISBN 0 14016 396 9). *Tuscany and Umbria: the Rough Guide* (Rough Guides, £8.95, ISBN 1 85828 091 5).

mineral water bottles to scare away the marauding birds.

We lunched in Citta di Castello, a standard issue Umbrian town, with the requisite art gallery and sombre cathedral, then bought a ticket back to Perugia's Santa Anna station. There and back, we heard few English voices, underlining one of the main differences between Umbria and Tuscany.

Walking up the hill from the Santa Anna, through the gates of the city, we made for the cathedral, the best place to start in a town over-endowed with monuments. It was filled with more schoolchildren, some praying at the altar of the Madonna delle Grazie, perhaps for deliverance from acne.

Perugia's cathedral is less exceptional than the sights outside. At the edge of its steps, in the medieval Piazza IV Novembre, stands the 13th-century Fontana Maggiore. Its lower and upper basins are decorated with bas-reliefs and statues, each aspect telling a saintly or allegorical story.

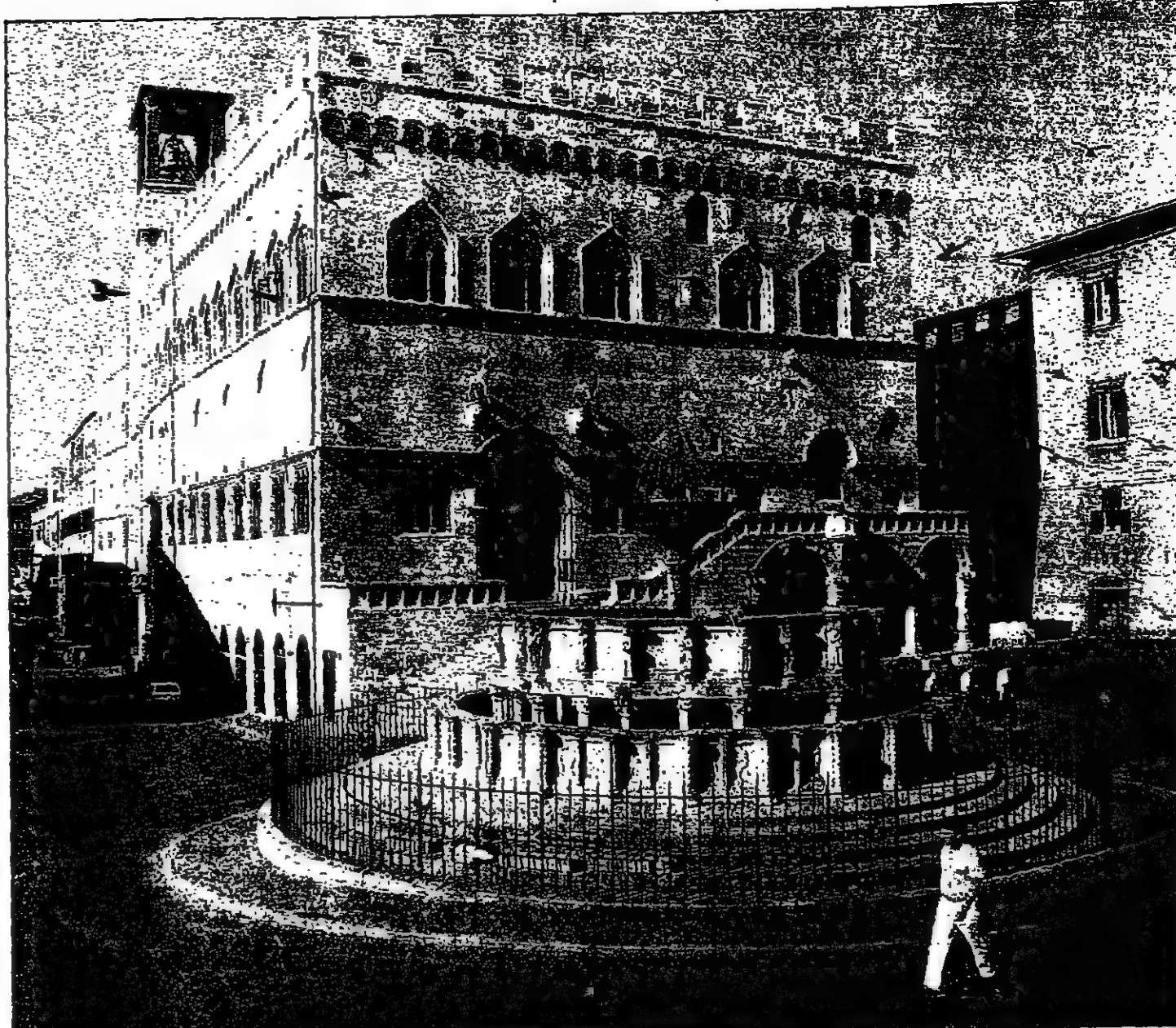
To the right of the fountain stands the late 13th-century Palazzo dei Priori, probably the world's most attractive council office. Its peachy-beige curving walls topped with delicate crenellations. One glimpse of this fairy tale local government building makes you dream of some humble pen-pushing post, with daily scope for observing the palazzo's imposing interior, including the fresco-lined council chamber. In reality, you can climb to the fourth floor and visit the Galleria Nazionale dell'Umbria, which has several masterpieces. There are works by Perugino, one of Raphael's teachers and the greatest Umbrian artist, at his peak between 1480 and 1502.

Perugia's contemporary, Piero della Francesca, Tuscan by birth but Umbrian by style, is also much in evidence. Della Francesca's polychrome of the Annunciation deservedly has its own room, with an audio-visual display.

Sipping an espresso in the Corso Vannucci, Perugia's main street, lined by bars and designer shops, we noticed that Perugians, dressed in beige and green, take care to coordinate even their umbrellas to their ochre and stone surroundings. Those who prefer brown are, perhaps, making a nod towards one of Perugia's other big products besides Renaissance architecture: Perugini chocolate.

Some of that chocolate sustained our family on the journey back to Terni, which also has an august cathedral and spacious piazza. Its most arresting sight, however, is the Santa Maria della Consolazione on the outskirts. Started in 1508, this lovely honey-hued church is a mini St Peter's, domed and built in the shape of a Greek cross.

Spoleto is not served by the FCU but you can take a train from Rome or Perugia. We arrived by car, conserving our energies for this



In the main square of Perugia, the region's capital, is the 13th-century Fontana Maggiore, decorated with bas-reliefs and statues

town built on the perpendicular. After the climb to the Piazza del Duomo, you may feel as if you have just followed a particularly strenuous exercise video, *Callisthenes: the Medieval Way*. But a 12th-century treat awaits you at the top. The cathedral and the wide, sloping square are lovely both in their proportions and dove-grey colouring. This muted background sets off the cathedral's proudest possession, the Fra Lippo Lippi fresco in the presbytery, a brightly coloured mini-series of the life of the Virgin.

Spoleto's other delights include its cuisine, which we sampled in the Trattoria Panciullo — and concluded that, although Umbrian cooking may be based on grilled meat,

particularly lamb, its pleasures do not pall.

The supposed beauty spot of the Spoleto district is the Fountain of Clitunno, praised by Byron in *Childe Harold* and painted by Corot. Today they would be disappointed. The sweet waters of the little lake are, in places, stagnant, and Byron's nymphs replaced by Flemish schoolgirls having a sly cigarette among the rocks.

We made all our journeys from our base, the Casale Satriano, a converted farm building outside Montefalco, another hill town gem on the eastern side of Umbria. Nearby, fields surround the former second home of the bishops of Spoleto. Like the Tuscans, the

Umbrians have embraced *agriturismo*, turning barns and out-houses into chic apartments with swimming pools. The bishop's house no longer accommodates churchmen — it was sold off at the beginning of this century, despite a papal edict excommunicating the buyers of church properties.

Undeterred by this thunderbolt, the Antonelli family, great-grandchildren of the original purchaser, are still happily installed in the house, running a winery. They also press olives for politically correct, preservative-free olive oil.

Montefalco is known as the balcony of Umbria, because from it you can behold the beauties of the whole area. Gazing at the green

hills below is as much effort as you can muster here. At no time of the day does town seem anything but sleepy. A perpetual lunch hour reveries. Those who can rouse themselves can tour the San Francesco church, with its frescoes by the Benozzo Gozzoli, a prolific Florentine painter.

This brief, but beautiful tour should have spurred us to set out to see the infinite glories of Assisi, with its frescoes of local boy made beatific, St Francis. But the contemplation of connecting train timetables proved too much.

ANNE ASHWORTH

● The author was a guest of Simply Tuscany & Umbria

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the fine art treasure trail of its more sophisticated neighbour Tuscany, and the secret delights of Lake Orta

## Just one more fresco

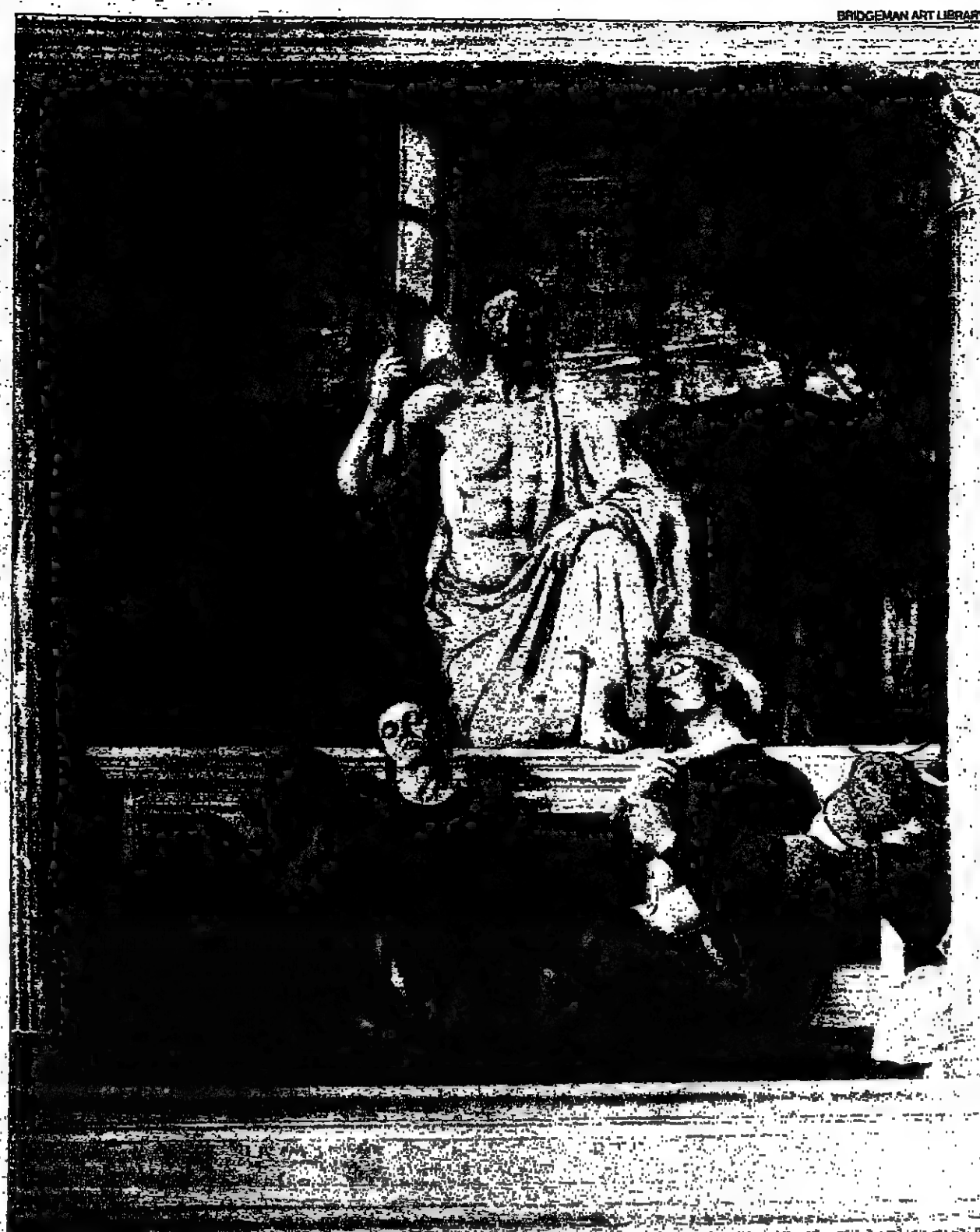


Travelling by car to our holiday villa in Italy, we finally arrived at the Mont Blanc tunnel (a bad choice in high season, as we soon discovered). The A1, the Autostrada del Sole, then took us down into the Lombardy plain and up over the Apennines to Florence; an hour later we were nosing down a woodland track to discover a villa set in the hills, with woods behind and an olive grove in front, halfway between Arezzo and Siena.

There are few things more pleasant than sitting on a shaded patio in the morning, drinking one's first cup of coffee, watching the cypresses emerging from the mist in the valley, while the sun is twinkling off the roofs, spires and domes of the little fortified towns — Lucignano and Monte San Savino — that crown the hills beyond.

I was planning the days excursion: an oenological expedition, perhaps? To the south is Montepulciano with its *vino nobile*; another handsome fortified town, with a long main street winding steeply up from the narrow gate to the splendid Piazza Grande on the summit; or Montalcino, home of Italy's first designer wine, the prestigious brunello — picturesque even by the standards of this region. On the way there, we could lunch at Bagno Vignoni and admire the thermal baths in which once splashed (though possibly not simultaneously) St Catherine of Siena and Lorenzo the Magnificent. To the west is the Chianti region, with a host of growers eager to demonstrate their vines, grappas and olive oil; and to the north, on the lower slopes of Montalbano, the Carmignano wine district, where you can lunch in the home of Leonardo da Vinci's maternal grandmother.

A more cultural jaunt would begin in Siena with its scallop-shell central square, the Campo, possibly the most beautiful public space in Europe, where one sips a drink and looks across at the 13th-century Palazzo Pubblico. The Palio, the bare-backed horse race round the square, had taken place a few days before, but participants of the winning *contrade*, or city ward, were still excitedly parading round the square in fancy dress, boisterously waving banners bearing the ward's device of a green caterpillar, and singing over and over again the first lines of *Jingle Bells* — a strange choice, given the season and the place. Above the square is



The reward for followers of Piero della Francesca is to see *The Resurrection* at the Museo Civico, Sansepolcro

### TUSCANY FACT FILE

■ The Individual Traveller's Company, Bignor, near Pulborough, West Sussex RH20 1QD (Italian brochure request line: 01798 869421; reservations: 01798 869426) offers a wide range of villas throughout Italy. The company will make travel arrangements and tailor-make the facilities as far as possible to suit individual requirements. The author stayed in the property number IT90. Prices for a party of up to four people for a two-week stay, including either one week's car hire (from Florence or Pisa), or a short sea crossing, or Le Shuttle, are from £1,145 to £1,548, depending on season.

■ Reading: *The Travel Bookshop* (0171-229 5260) recommends: *Innocence* by Penelope Fitzgerald (Fleming, £5.99, ISBN 0 006 54227 9); *The Rise and Fall of the House of Medici* by Christopher Hibbert (Penguin, £8.99, ISBN 0 140 05090 6); *Within Tuscany* by Matthew Spender (Penguin, £7.99, ISBN 0 140 14920 1); *Tuscany and Umbria. The Rough Guide* (Rough Guides, £8.99, ISBN 1 858 28091 5).

time, with long periods for recuperation at a café table in between; my companion, more intrepid, would take on entire galleries one after another with no noticeable ill-effects. I particularly liked the

14th-century portrait of Guidoriccio da Fogliano in Siena's Museo Civico. Wearing a bizarrely patterned outfit which matches that of his horse, a *condottiere* rides slowly across a barren landscape between two medieval towns. Formerly ascribed to Simone Martini, it is now thought by some to be a 16th-century fake: the American art historian who first suggested this was banned from the museum by the city council.

Our villa's position was ideal for a trip along what John Mortimer has called the Piero della Francesca trail. We began in the church of San Francesco in Arezzo. Here are Piero's frescoes depicting the Legend of the True Cross: still

being restored, they are not too easy to see, and you need a handful of 100 lira pieces to keep the spotlights on.

Then, over the hills to the east to tiny Monterchi. In the hall opposite the cemetery chapel the same artist's *Madonna del Fano* is on exhibition, together with pretty computer graphics depicting its restoration. On, then, a few miles to Sansepolcro. Piero's birthplace, and two more pictures: the *Madonna della Misericordia* and *The Resurrection* which, according to Kenneth Clark, is the greatest picture in the world.

Immediately after Sansepolcro we crossed into the Marche: stunning views opened on either side as we climbed up the most winding road in Italy that took us over the Alps of the Moon and on towards Urbino: a golden miniature city perched on a hill, with a staggeringly beautiful ducal palace.

We went to the gallery on the first floor of the palace to pick off the last two targets: Piero's *Madonna of Senigallia* and his more mysterious and uncanny *Flagellation*.

Next day we packed and headed home... mindful of the unseen beauties we were leaving behind.

TIM BINYON

■ The author was a guest of The Individual Traveller's Company

## Where Balzac was swept off his feet

Lake Orta is the jewel of Italy's 11 lakes, the smallest and the most northerly, set against a shimmering backdrop of hills and Alpine peaks. It is also Italy's best-kept secret, with only a scattering of villages and hotels dotted around the waterfront.

Most Italians are hard pushed to tell you where it is, although it covers about seven square miles, and were it not for the occasional motorboat transporting the few tourists around the lake, it would be difficult to tell what century you were in.

The abundant scenery is immediately charming but the lake's mystery and attraction comes from the Isola di San Giulio, the tiny island cast adrift in the centre of the water, looking like a ship poised to set sail to shore.

It is named after its founder, St Julius, who walked across the lake in the 4th century and slew a few dragons before setting up home there. Or so legend has it. His body can be seen in the sepulchre of the splendid but rather sombre church which dominates the island.

The small villages on the shore all seem to lean towards this centrepiece. The effect is so pretty that you can forgive the changeable mountain climate which can mean a few overcast and rainy days in high season. Unlike many holiday places which adopt a rather sulky air in the rain, the mountain scenery actually lends itself to a downpour.

The temptation to be languid is overwhelming, but there is plenty to do. Water sports are abundant and there are many walks, from the gentle to the difficult. From our base at the welcoming Hotel Giardinetto, set on the lake in Pettenasco about one mile from Orta, we explored the nearby villages and walked in the hills behind them. The town of Orta is a vision of narrow, medieval streets. It's said that Balzac

was so taken with it that he proposed to his girlfriend here; the central square facing the island has a wonderfully romantic feel, wasted on me and my female companion.

Above the town, up a series of winding paths, lies a mystical hilltop plateau scattered with 20 chapels built to commemorate the life of St Francis. On a drizzling day these deserted shrines, filled with friezes and statues acting out scenes from the saint's life, seemed quite sinister, but are powerful in their effect.

For metropolitan explorers, Turin is two hours away on a direct train, with Milan only

nestle close together but all boast different characters. Isola dei Pescatori (fishermen's island) is a tiny, working fishing village with nets draped over the railings of the stone houses and boats lined up against one shore. Nearby, the Isola Bella is entirely taken up by its grand 17th-century palace and gardens, while the Isola Madre is a floating botanical garden of rare plants and exotic flowers.

A cable car to the summit of Mottarone, which towers behind the town, affords spectacular views. On a clear day you can apparently see the tower of the Duomo in Milan; sadly, we had to peer through clouds.

At lake level, a few happy hours were spent at the enticing quirky museum of umbrellas and parasols just outside Stresa, which plays host to umbrellas from all ages, as well as the tools used to make and repair them.

Many tourists come to Stresa and then spend most of their time leaving it again, scaling mountains, visiting other lakes, even embarking on day trips to Switzerland. But this does it a disservice.

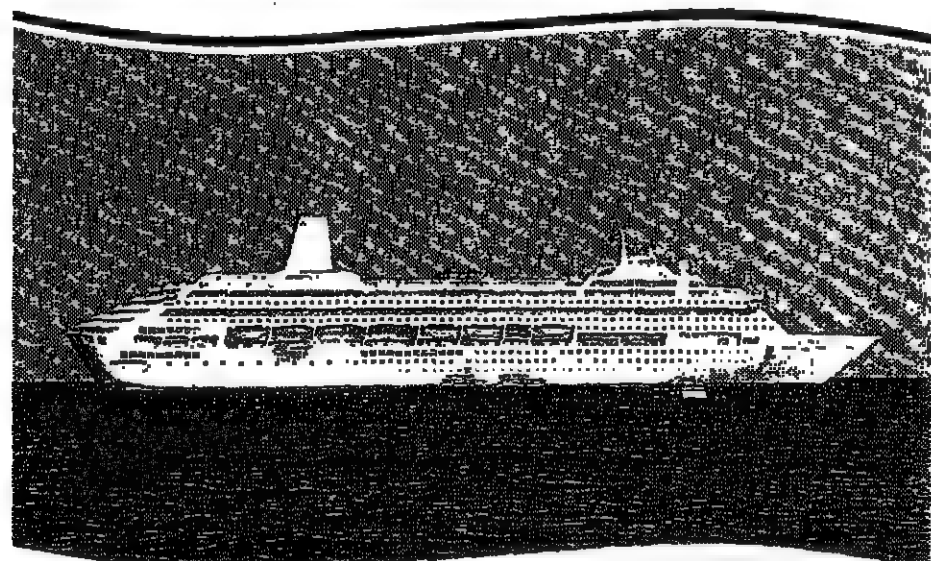
Stresa has a more hearty daytime feel than a resort which twinkles into the small hours. But with a gin and tonic, a veranda and a harmonious view, why go anywhere else at all...

KATHRYN KNIGHT

■ The author was a guest of Ingham Lakes and Mountains (0181-780-4444), which offers one week's half-board at the Hotel Giardinetto, with flights from Gatwick, Manchester, Heathrow and Birmingham to Milan from £401. A week's half-board at the four-star Hotel Astoria in Stresa starts from £458.

■ Reading: *The Travel Bookshop* (0171-229 5260) recommends: *Cadogan Guide Lombardy, Milan and the Italian Lakes* (£12.99, ISBN 0 947 7546 3).

Bergamo, page 16



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Italy: The little-known city of Bergamo contains a satisfying mix of Renaissance history and delightful people

# Dedicated to sticky buns

You have to doubt a city's self-confidence when it describes itself in relation to somewhere else: Venetians do not claim to inhabit the Bruges of the Adriatic, nor do Athenians boast of their city as the Edinburgh of the eastern Mediterranean. Bergamo, known as the Siena of the North, need not be so diffident however: it is a real find, a delight in its own right.

There is a Tuscan feel, with the old city perched on a crag, surrounded by 16th-century walls, narrow, traffic-free streets paved with chevron cobbles, and the white stumps of San Gimignano-style towers. There is no breathtaking Piazza del Campo but there is a proud central square, a satisfying mix of medieval and Renaissance buildings with architectural references to the city's period under the sway of Venice.

Nearby is a jewel that Venice, or Siena for that matter, would give its eye-teeth for. The chapel housing the remains of the great Venetian mercenary Colleoni, who was born in Bergamo, lies just off the Piazza Vecchia. The sarcophagus is a miracle of bas-relief: it is supported on four marble pillars, with a sort of kernel at the base of each, all four housing a sculpted head — or maybe a miniature lion, because the Venetians, for all their devotion to



St Mark, sometimes had a rather approximate view of big cat anatomy. Dogs or lions, one of them is overcome by the death of its master and howls, its head upturned, in stony misery. The other three look towards their brother with expressions of pity and concern. Nearby is the more modest tomb of Colleoni's favourite daughter, Medea. The Chapel (in contrast to the heavy Duomo next door) is breathtaking in its artistry and pathos. It was early spring and I had it all to myself.

Bergamo was the birthplace of Donizetti and the much-loved Pope John XXIII, and the city deserves a medal for gastronomic heroism for its local speciality — polenta taragna, a way of dealing with that runt of the starch family which makes it palatable.

Bergamo is also a city dedicated to sticky buns, with an Austrian-like supply of

pasticcerie and cafés. Fish is surprisingly plentiful (there is a large inland fish market), and the Taverna dei Colliani in the main square features it in a good fixed-price menu for 50,000 lire (£20). I preferred the Antica Osteria del Vino Buono, the best of the upper town's simple restaurants, and found its 25,000 lire lunch menu excellent value: local ravioli, lamb and one of its four fruit tarts (although if you are indecisive and winsome enough they will bring you a bit of each) and a half-carafe of the eponymous good wine.

My primary reason for going to Bergamo sprang from a Venetian experience: seeing a sublime Madonna and Child in the Museo Correr by Lorenzo Loto, the principal exponent of the Bergamo school. Loto's portraits are deeply and delicately psychological, and Bergamo has at least four breathtaking altarpieces, mainly in the lower town in a series of churches along the Via Pignolo.

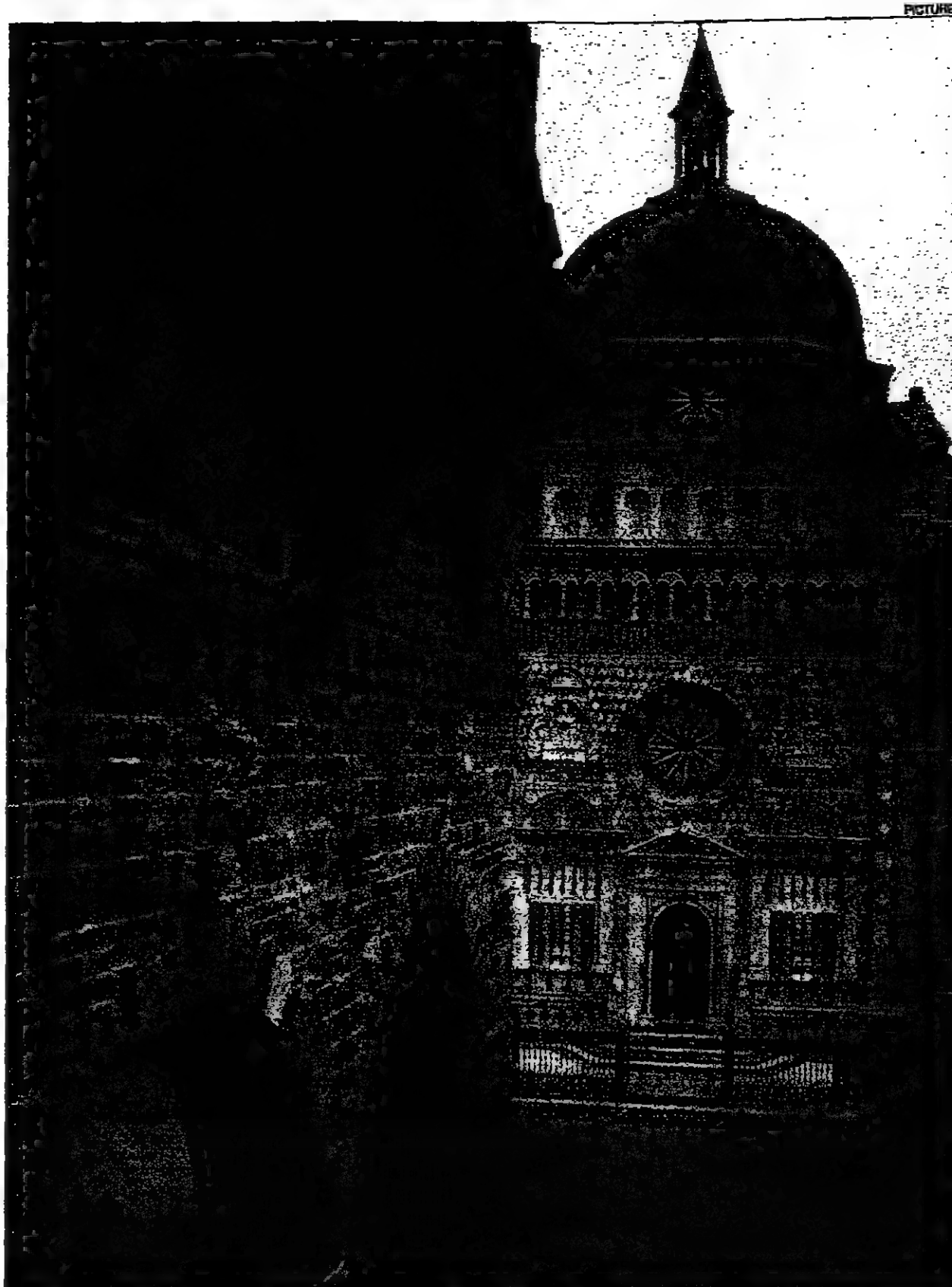
The Accademia Carrara also contains some sublime Lottos — as well as Bellinis, Raphaels, and works by Caravaggio and Piero della Francesca — which make it one of the finest galleries outside Florence, Venice or Rome, and the emptiest.

Bergamo is two cities, the historic upper town linked to lower Bergamo by the funicular railway, served by regular and efficient buses. Its dazzling churches apart, the lower town is a pleasant but unremarkable example of the post-Risorgimento era, sturdily civic, with its inevitable Via Garibaldi, Verdi and Mazzini. Apart from some spectacular temples to gluttony among the food shops in the central shopping area, the principal delights are in the *alta città*. The upper town is not particularly well served with hotels: the Agnello d'Oro, with 20 rooms, has character and is well situated, close to the Piazza Vecchia, with rooms which are simple, if a touch charmingless and noisy. But at 100,000 lire for a double, it is a third of the price of the five-star Excelsior San Marco, a modern hotel in the lower town, close to the funicular.

Trains run fairly regularly between Bergamo and Milan, an hour or so away. It was a mistake to hire a car, since it is virtually impossible to park inside the old city. Mercifully, I could not get it to start on the second day and it reverted to the responsibility of Thrifty Car Rental.

Another of the advantages of not being Siena is that Bergamo, being comparatively under-visited, is quite remarkably hospitable and friendly. At midnight when I arrived, desperately delayed by a strike of airport firemen and unaware of Old Bergamo's antipathy to motor vehicles, I found myself hopelessly lost. At a traffic light, a young man recognised my plight and told me to follow him — a detour of 20 minutes which he seemed happy to undertake, telling me he would soon be visiting Oxford and was sure the local inhabitants would be just as pleased to help a similarly struggling visitor.

Again, leaving the Accademia Carrara, I was escorted the mile or so by foot to a



A wonderful chapel houses the remains of Colleoni, who was born in Bergamo and became a great Venetian mercenary

church to which I had asked directions. At San Bartolomeo, as I was reading my guidebook, I felt a touch on my shoulder: the priest asked if I would like to know more about the prized altarpiece. The ensuing lecture on the political, moral, allegorical and artistic aspects of the painting was delivered with humour, perception and tolerance: whenever my grasp on his Italian faltered,

years further down the road with a ravishing, pelfucid Virgin and Child enthroned with the requisite crew of cherubim and saints, an evening epiphany service was beginning and I was pressed to join in. Despite explaining my Protestant, if not occasionally pagan, principles I was cheerfully recruited to the ceremony, which involved processing round the tiny church with lighted candles.

At San Bernardino, 100

At the Hosteria del Vino

■ The author booked through CTS, 220 Kensington High Street, London W8 7RG (0171-937 3366). Return flights from Heathrow to Milan cost £94 plus £11.50 airport tax. The Italian Flight Centre (0800 129129) has flights from £123 return.

■ Where to stay: the Hotel Agnello d'Oro (035 249883) in the old town, Via Gombito 22, has double rooms for 100,000 lire (£40) per night. The Excelsior San Marco (035 366111) in the lower town is up to 301,000 lire (£120).

■ Car hire arranged at the airport from 78,000 lire (£31.20) per day, including insurance, plus VAT.

■ Single train fare Milan-Bergamo costs 5,000 lire (£2). Funiculars and buses are about 1,700 lire per trip.

■ Entrance to Accademia Carrara is 8,000 lire (£3.20). Lunch at Antica Hosteria del Vino Buono, Piazza del Mercato de Scarpe, is 25,000 lire (£10). Dinner at Milan's Il Cestino is about 60,000 lire per person (£24).

■ Airport bus from Milan is 4,500 lire (£1.80).

■ Reading: The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends: *Italian Journeys* by Jonathan Keates (Pan, £6.99, ISBN 0 330 32465 9); *Blue Guide: Northern Italy* by Alta Macadam (A & C Black, £14.99, ISBN 0 713 63276 3); *Lombardy: Milan and the Italian Lakes* by Dana Racaros and Michael Pauls (Cadogan, £12.99, ISBN 0 947 75476 8).

Buono, they gave me dinner at the lunch-time discount because they were pleased I had come back. It is a commentary on the damage that mass travel has done to manners that one should be touched by courtesies such as this; but if I were running the Bergamo tourist board I would definitely promote the city's extraordinary generosity of spirit.

I had set off to Bergamo safe in the knowledge that if it turned out to be dull, I could easily nip back to Milan. In the end, I found it hard to leave, only heading back to Milan in the evening to catch the next morning's early flight. There was time to gaze at the majestic confectionery of Milan's Duomo, before asking the hotel concierge where was fun to eat. No fun in Milan, he replied glumly: "Milano — città di lavoro, lavoro." I ate decently enough at Il Cestino, round the corner from La Scala, but while Bergamo had taken care of the solitary traveller, Milan, like any big city, leaves the stranger alone.

DAVID JESSEL

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### WORD-WATCHING

Answers from page 23

NEFANDOUS (b) Not to be spoken of, unmentionable, abominable, atrocious. From the Latin *ne* not + *fandus* to be spoken, the gerundive of *fari* to speak. That spirit of nefandous im-

piety with which it was carried on by the Monastic Orders.

PERFLATE (b) To blow through or ventilate. From the Latin *perflare* to blow through. *The Soldier's Friend*, 1798: "The canvas should be drawn up every day, the straw well shaken, and perflated by the wind."

NEOMENIA (c) In Greek and Jewish antiquity the time of the new moon, the beginning of the lunar month. Also, the festival held at that time. From the Greek *neos* new + *menē* the moon. "The Battle of Megiddo, fought in the neomenia of that month."

PLATINA (a) The earlier name of platinum. The diminutive of the Spanish *plata* silver. *Philosophical Transactions*, 1754: "The substance brought into England under the name of platina appears a mixture of dissimilar particles."

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## Britain: Weekend breaks with a difference, from spiritual renewal to creative ways with corpses



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROY ELIZABETH

## Retreat lights the way ahead

Every holidaymaker knows the story: the hard-earned break to recharge one's spiritual batteries by "getting away from it all" ends in nervous exhaustion induced by airport delays, noisy hotels, milling tourists and culture-vulturing around must-see museums.

So how do you get away from the stresses of modern life, short of locking yourself in the attic with a vacuum flask and a week's supply of sandwiches? One increasingly popular answer is to go away "within yourself" amid more conducive surroundings — at a spiritual retreat.

There are about 200 places quietly holding retreats in Britain, based on a range of beliefs from Anglican through to Jesuit, Buddhist, New Age and North American Indian.

All share the aim of enabling people to find inner peace and spiritual renewal, and they receive a wide variety of visitors, from committed practitioners to businessmen seeking answers to life.

Before we start chipping away at the meaning of life, however, a couple of more pressing questions present themselves. Can you attain "inner peace" without shaving your head and doing Kung Fu on bad guys? And, perhaps more important in these secular times, can you seek "spiritual renewal" without having to sign up to a creed or cult?

To find out, I visited one of the least doctrinal retreats on offer: Gaia House, a former Anglican convent in tranquil Devon hills near Newton Abbot. The Gaia House community recently moved into the 16th-century convent from its old cramped quarters down the road. The nuns lived in remarkably basic conditions, which the new occupants have upgraded to spiritual-spartan.

Though its approach is loosely based on Buddhist meditation practices, Gaia House is non-denominational. Christopher Timms, a former Fleet Street journalist and Buddhist monk who is one of the retreat's leaders, says it attempts to "free the spiritual from religious overtones — to touch the deep spiritual parts within the human being to see how it applies to daily life". The community is silent, and participants observe a timetable of meditation, meals and household tasks. "These are the polar opposite to the doing-doing, busy-busy life we lead in the 1990s," Mr Timms says. "They are a chance to reflect on where we are and where we are going."

Sweeping late-20th-century chaos for monastic austerity requires the rental equivalent of a handbrake turn. The silence of the four-day retreat feels daunting at first, like bursting into a wholefood remake of *The Prisoner*.

I found Gaia House peopled by everyday-looking types walking the flagstoned corridors with wordless purpose. How did they know what to do? The temptation to drag one of them off to a side room for a sharply-whispered interrogation mounted steadily. Fortunately for peace and harmony, one of Gaia's friendly managers shepherded me to the "admin office", where talking is permitted, and explained that the trick was to read the day's programme on the noticeboard, along with instructions about food, washing-up and housekeeping that are posted around. My group was, according to Mr Timms, typically disparate, and included city workers and computer experts, a sportsman, an aid-worker and several visitors from overseas.

The very fact of being in a group is changed fundamentally by the regime of silence. Even for the most habitual chatterer, it makes a welcome release from the usual group-work chores of engaging in transitory friendships, rivalries, small-talk and cliques. It is also remarkable how quickly one learns to live without words and to communicate in other, subtle ways.

The days begin and end at suitably spiritual hours: 6.30am to 10pm. First, participants are encouraged to exercise, be it yoga, tai chi or, my preferred option, a walk through the grounds. Then you join a meditation session for 45 minutes in the former convent chapel, decorated with beautiful simplicity and adorned with flowers.

The meditation method is taught on the first day; you sit upright, preferably with legs crossed, and focus on your breathing. The meditations aim to take your mind away from everyday fixations, fantasies, worries and daydreams. Certainly, they instil an otherworldly awareness of self — some kind of timeless sense of peace. I confess, however, to being no strong candidate for lamahood: it occurred to me during an early session, for example, that the retreat would make the ideal setting for a murder mystery.

The day's agenda also includes an hour's work around the house, performing chores such as cleaning and cooking. This helps the retreat community keep its church-mouse budget balanced; many staff are voluntary or nominally paid. My job was to swab down the eating areas and sweep the stairways and passages — sweep, mind, no vacuum cleaners here. The silence presented a small problem when a fellow retreatant decided to tramp across my freshly-mopped linoleum. Developing a look that speaks unpublistable volumes is perhaps one of the least positive results of my stay.

But, positive results there indeed are as the days continue, with each silent session, each silent meal and meditation taking us another step away from the temporal cares of everyday life and deeper into ourselves.

For those seeking such a profound level of inner experience, it undoubtedly works, as it has for religious communities since time immemorial. I was looking, on a more simple level, for sanctuary from the urge to rush around achieving — and I found it there.

Certainly, it is not for everyone; but as we approach the Millennium and a much-heralded spiritual revival, it may become more commonplace to answer the question "Where did you go on your holidays?" by saying "Oh, I spent a few days exploring me."

JOHN NAISH

● The author was a guest of Gaia House in Newton Abbot, Devon (01262 333613). It offers a variety of group and individual retreats; the standard cost is £20 per night.

● More than 300 retreats in Britain and Europe are listed in *The Good Retreat Guide* by Stafford Whitehead (Rider Imprint of Random House, £12.99).

At Your Service, page 11

## Murder most pleasant

I was in my best frock in a grand dining room. There was condensation on the glass of Chablis and I was about to start on a haddock and asparagus tartlet. The woman on my right screamed and slumped into her plate. She was dead: poison we later discovered. Instant commotion, everyone running everywhere — everyone except me that is. I was rooted to the spot. Never mind her, what about my dinner? It seemed callous to huck in as she was being carried out, but first...

During the next 18 odd hours of this Murder Weekend (and many were very odd indeed) we gradually became used to people popping their clogs, buying the farm, shuffling off their whatevers...

The plot is intricate but the basic scenario is this: a group of actors — all convincing actors it must be said — pose as members of a wealthy but unconventional family who don't like each other. Consequently, they are disposed

of in turn and we have to work out why. Like the actors, most people on murder weekends are rather out of the ordinary. On the first night we were invited to a Funny Hat Contest. "Great hat," I said to a man with a large propeller on his head. "What hat?" he said, his eyes bulging. The winner wore a pink topper three feet across.

We soon divided into two camps: the bon-viveurs, for whom the evening became a kind of Alcoholic Hieronymus, and the purists who had been six times and took things terribly seriously, scuttling after anyone they suspected and hiding behind curtains in empty rooms. Some brought video cameras and heartlessly took pictures as people slid to the floor, clutching their chests. I hope they never invite me round for dinner and a film show. I offered

to buy the "chief inspector" a drink. "Not while I'm on duty, thank you," he said reprovingly. A group of real detectives who went along solved the murders in 15 minutes, which I found strangely reassuring.

We missed breakfast on Saturday but turned up for lunch to find fellow sleuths boot-faced. "Oh there you are. You'll never solve it if you don't keep up."

Murder Weekend hotels all have that old-England Agatha Christie feel to them: splendid nosh, lots of chintz, afternoon tea, poison cupboards, that sort of thing. Our room at the Whately Hall in Banbury even had a priest's hole. We found ourselves wondering if that was where the culprit had lurked. After a few hours people eyed their companions askance. Would he be next?

Could it be her? Drink does terrible things to the imagination. Sunday dawned. It was like taking A levels. The sinking feeling when you turned over the question paper flooded back. It said: "Who was responsible for the murders and why?" One man, who had enjoyed the odd tippie, wrote "What murders?"

I must admit, I was totally baffled but enjoyed myself nevertheless. It's also an inexpensive weekend, if you consider the hotel and the quality of the food — two sumptuous dinners, two breakfasts and a splendid lunch.

The sudden deaths you get used to. When the last victim slumped into her main course I stole her warm bread roll. Well, she wouldn't be needing it, would she?

MARY GOLD

● The author was a guest of Trevel House Farm, Murder Weekends cost from £185 to £210 depending on the hotel. Details on 0345 543555.

## A tribute to the taxidermist

And now for the most gruesome bit," said Adrian Usher, carefully scraping the brains out onto a tissue. Next it was time to pierce the eyes. "Stand back or they might spray you." They got him instead.

Taxidermy (Greek *taxis*, arrangement, *derma*, skin) is certainly not for the squeamish, and may not be ideal to read about over breakfast. But if you don't mind getting your hands dirty while learning a traditional craft, it could be the thing for you.

Mr Usher is one of Britain's few full-time taxidermists. His tiny workshop on the Norfolk/Suffolk border is filled with examples of his art — an owl, a salmon, a fox with a pheasant in its mouth. Lest anyone should think he slaughters animals to stuff them, he is at pains to point out that he mostly works with victims of road accidents. But he will take commissions for animals that have been legitimately shot. "I did six pheasants for the Queen's banquet table at Sandringham," he says, "as well as Prince William's first woodcock." His biggest job was a red stag, which took six weeks. I had booked a day's course, along with a stockbroker and a property investor. Both were into shooting and fishing. I had never willingly handled a dead animal in my life.

Four magpies, straight out of the freezer, were waiting on the workbench with a collection of tools. "First, open the beak and stuff in some cotton wool to stem the flow of blood," Mr Usher began. Then we had to slice down the breast bone, remove the carcass, and cut the meat off the legs, tail, wings and head, keeping the skin intact and trying to keep blood off the feathers. The birds were incredibly forgiving — you could pull them apart, but after a quick blow with a hair drier the feathers looked almost alive once more. After lunch we stitched up the skin, placed glass eyes in the sockets and fastened the head, wings and feet with wires.

You won't learn enough to do it professionally, but in one day even a beginner like me can get a feel for the craft and create something unusual with which to surprise your friends. The finished product actually looked good. Honest.

It was Mother's Day and I wondered whether to present my masterpiece to my mother. Then I thought better of it. She got the azalea and I got a stuffed magpie for my study.

TONY KELLY

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More courses. Directory, page 17



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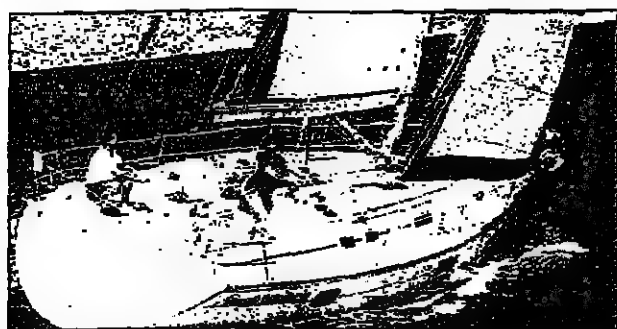
Seychelles: Sailing among the mountaintops is like looking at the last crumbs of prehistory, says Libby Purves

# Voyage through a drowned continent

We made a nightly appointment with the moon. After the tomato-ketchup sunset (6.15 precisely) it grew cool enough to cook supper. We ate on deck as the stars began to prickle through the dusk, and had washed up by the time an unearthly silver light topped the crags to the eastward. When the upper rim of the moon appeared the stars paled and shrank. Never had we seen such pouring Equatorial brilliance; certainly never in such solitude, rocking gently at anchor a thousand miles out in the Indian Ocean.

"What's next beyond that island?" somebody would eventually say, and someone else would glance at the binocular compass and say "Africa", "Sumatra", "Antarctica" or "Arabia". Then we would all go quiet, glad to have GPS satellite navigation on board in case we drifted to another continent in the night.

Sailing under your own command in the Seychelles archipelago is extraordinary. These are the world's only granitic ocean islands: 1,000 miles out to sea you would expect volcanic shapes or low, flat, coral islands, but instead you have towering, wooded shapes more like the Hebrides. You are looking at the



The fleet of yachts is only open to experienced sailors

mountaintops of the drowned continent of Gondwanaland, the last crumbs of prehistory. This explains the eccentricity of the wildlife: enormous, mad-looking beetles, six-tailed lizards, giant coco-de-mer seeds so suggestively public that Gordon of Khartoum announced they were the Forbidden Fruit of Eden. There are fairy terns, which balance their eggs on bare branches, clouds of garish, red-headed fodies, paradise flycatchers and arrogant swaggering egrets like miniature storks which sneak up on you in the market and pinch fish from your shopping bag.

In the woods scuttle hairy little anteater-snouted tenrecs, and on some islands live wild giant tortoises the size of schoolbags (they were rein-



roduced after being nearly wiped out by hungry 19th-century sailors). This is no guidebook list: the wildlife is so cheeky that the most unobtrusive tourist can't miss it. Nor, in many places, can you dip a masked face in the water without beholding such a casual wealth of glittering fish that you gape (and the snorkel falls out).

The islands were properly discovered only two centuries ago, airborne tourism has only been possible for 25 years, and it is only this past year that the travel company SunSail has begun to offer a small fleet of yachts to reasonably experienced charterers.

Before the SunSail venture, the only way to explore privately by sea was to be an ocean gypsy (in which case the authorities regarded you with deep suspicion) or a passenger on a skippered boat.

I have to admit that on an earlier land-bound visit I doubted this would ever change, particularly given the Government's environmental strictness. But somehow SunSail met all the green conditions (holding-tanks, keeping anchors off the coral and so on) and solved the practical problems. Hence our bemused moonlit evenings anchored off the white beaches of Mahe and Praslin, La Digue and Curieuse, watching the fish jump and hearing from the land the chirrup and rustle and grunt of irrepressible Jurassic Park life.

They try to make it easy. Our Oceanis 351 had everything: a powerful engine, vast water tanks, a showerhead on the bathing platform, awning,

barbecue, fridge, fans, and cruising directions a 12-year-old could follow, to anchorages chosen for safety in either northwest or southeast monsoons (the year divides, with the least wind at changeover times in our spring and autumn). The anchor came up electrically at the pressure of a big toe, and sails were so easily handled from the cockpit that we began to wonder why sailing usually involves so much clambering. It was quite the cleanest boat we had ever been on (better kept than our own) and the local staff had provided our pre-ordered provisions with scrupulous care, throwing in a tin of cockroach spray just in case (though the

islands, given their latitude, are surprisingly free of antisocial insects and tropical disease). But then, they have to make it easy. Four degrees south of the Equator we party Brits need nannying.

Sailing and living aboard a 35ft yacht is far more strenuous in unaccustomed heat than just ambling from hotel to beach and back again. One day, as we hauled up the dinghy and picked our way through dozing Italian tourists under takamaka trees, in search of a shop that sold washing-up liquid, our paterfamilias (Yorkshiremen deteriorate in the heat) observed pitifully that "yachting in paradise is still bloody yachting". Anchorages are a fair distance from shore and you are never alongside a quay except in Victoria, the enchanting capital. So dinghies must be constantly used, outboards manoeuvred on and off the stern, restaurants and food shops found and walked to, fresh water topped up, weather watched. It may rain, in sudden curtains of solid water which, while they do not last long, inevitably find their way through the hatch you have not fastened properly because

you were fazed by heat, and soak Yorkshire Man's bunk cushions. You would think a man who was feeling the heat would enjoy a nice cool wet bed, but oddly, he didn't.

But who cares? While the hotel tourists go back to their air-conditioned hutchies, or wait sweating for taxis and inter-island planes, you have the freedom of the ocean: long, exhilarating reaches past marvellous islands, quiet anchorages, private meetings with enormous tortoises, and a world of circus-coloured fish and coral only a step and a splash away.

Almost best of all, you meet the Seychellois. Years of People's United Party Socialism,

now relaxing into a two-party system, has left the people self-confident and the schools and hospitals good. When the international airport first opened, the Government pronounced it policy that "no tourist shall exploit our people, nor shall our people exploit the tourist". There is none of that chippy, down-down irritability which blights

so many sunny destinations. Moreover, yachtsmen and women are a novelty: coming ashore to market or explore, you are at once a welcome guest and a huge joke. Everyone wants to help; walking the lanes and the footpaths through the cinnamon-trees, you are among friends.

• The author and her family were guests of SunSail.



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## SEYCHELLES FACT FILE

■ SunSail, The Port House, Port Solent, Portsmouth, Hampshire PO6 4TH (01705 222222) offers yacht charters in the Seychelles from £800 to £1,200 per person (six sharing) for two weeks, including flights by Air Seychelles to Mahe and transfers.

■ Reading: The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends *Journey Through Seychelles* by Adrian Sikerrett (Camerapix, £25, ISBN 1 87404 190 3), *Spectrum Guide Seychelles* (Camerapix, £12.99, ISBN 1 87404 193 8), *Mauritius, Réunion and Seychelles Travel Survival Kit* (Lonely Planet, £8.95, ISBN 0 86442 188 5).

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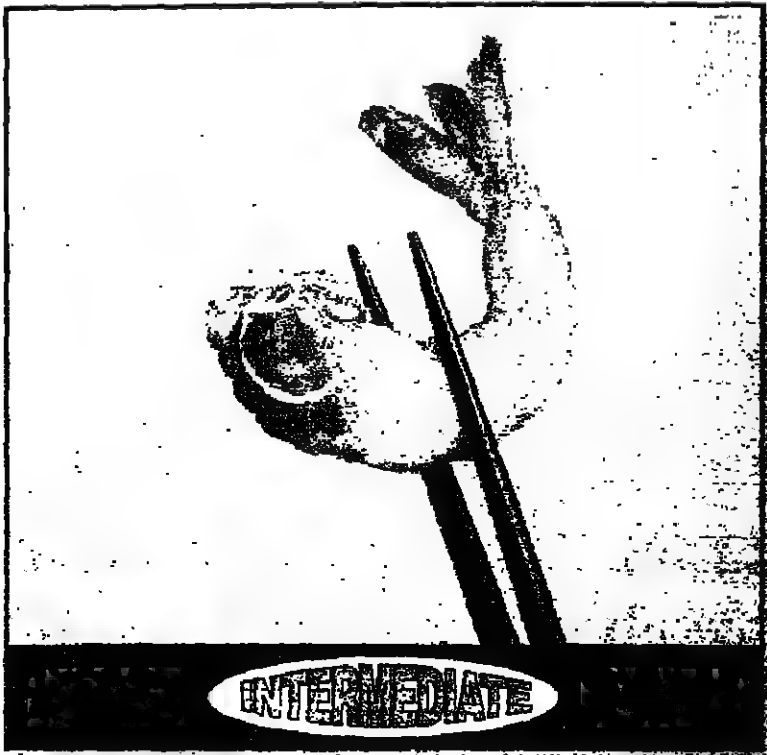
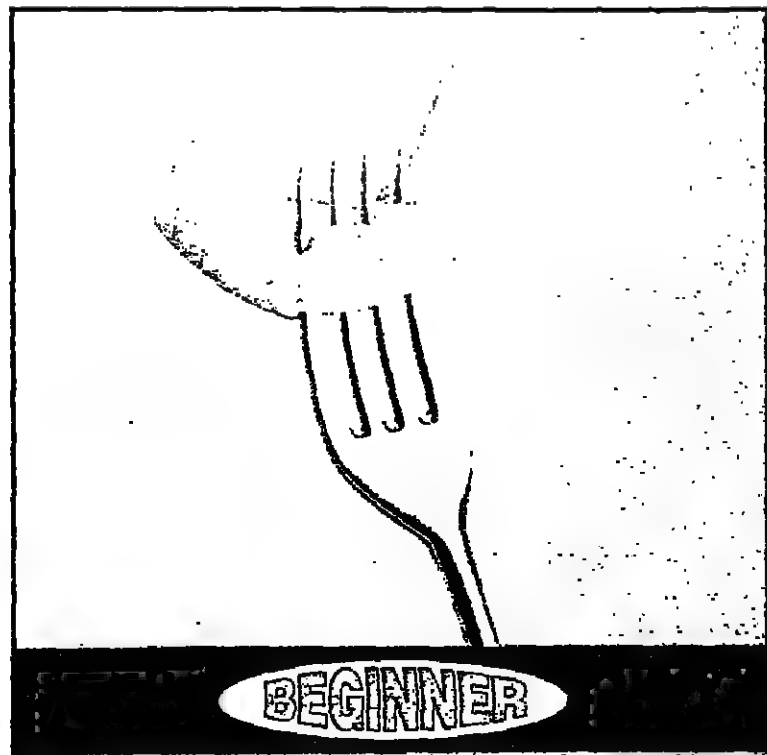
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## Romania: Where even communism failed to bury the myth of Vlad the Impaler

# Living in the shadow of Count Dracula

In the courtyard of King Carol's extraordinary "Victorian" summer palace in Sinaia there is a bronze dog. With worried eyes he stares at the promise of blue skies high above the ornate roofline and he is short of one leg. There are a lot of real dogs like that in Romania, three-legged and worried-looking. They sleep in the road or on the pavements, on the steps of metro stations, on the door-



steps outside even the grandest hotels. They are just part of the landscape — a landscape caught in a time warp.

At one time the great plains of southern Romania fed most of Europe. Black and fertile, nurtured by the Danube and sheltered by the Carpathians, they now lie broodingly dormant, still covered by the brutality of agricultural collectivisation — everywhere rotting barrack-like shelters for animals and workers alike, fenced land squared off in bureaucratic symmetry, mute testimony to woefully inefficient social engineering and hopeless husbandry. But even these sad, lacklustre places are worth seeing before they finally rust away for ever; they are, after all, tribute to a now-historic tyranny that was just as real and just as deranged as the monstrous destruction of Bucharest itself, a city which once rivalled Paris.

The clue to Romania's magnetism, however, lies in and beyond those plains. To the north of Bucharest, to the north of Ploesti's oil-fields, are the mountains. Snow-covered peaks, vast forests where bears still maraud and which out-shine in the autumn the leaf colours of New England. Small fertile plateaux, and valleys of idiosyncratic painted churches, clean rivers and streams — and "ciadale" villages scarcely changed for more than a century, peopled by men and women bent under huge sacks of maize or riding carts of ancient design. The tractor and the chainsaw belong to the future. Here the past is the present — horses and oxen and axes.

In these Carpathians lies Transylvania — land of terrible legend: Vlad Dracul, Vlad the Impaler, Dracula, the Vampire. In Transylvania, myth and history combine naturally, merge into one and as a tourist attraction are welcomed and expanded. And why not? One look at Bran Castle is enough to convince even the most doubting that sometimes fact and fiction do well to go hand-in-hand: Bran chills, and although Bram Stoker, who wrote *Dracula* a century ago, never visited Bran, nor even Transylvania, his fertile imagination got it right in one.

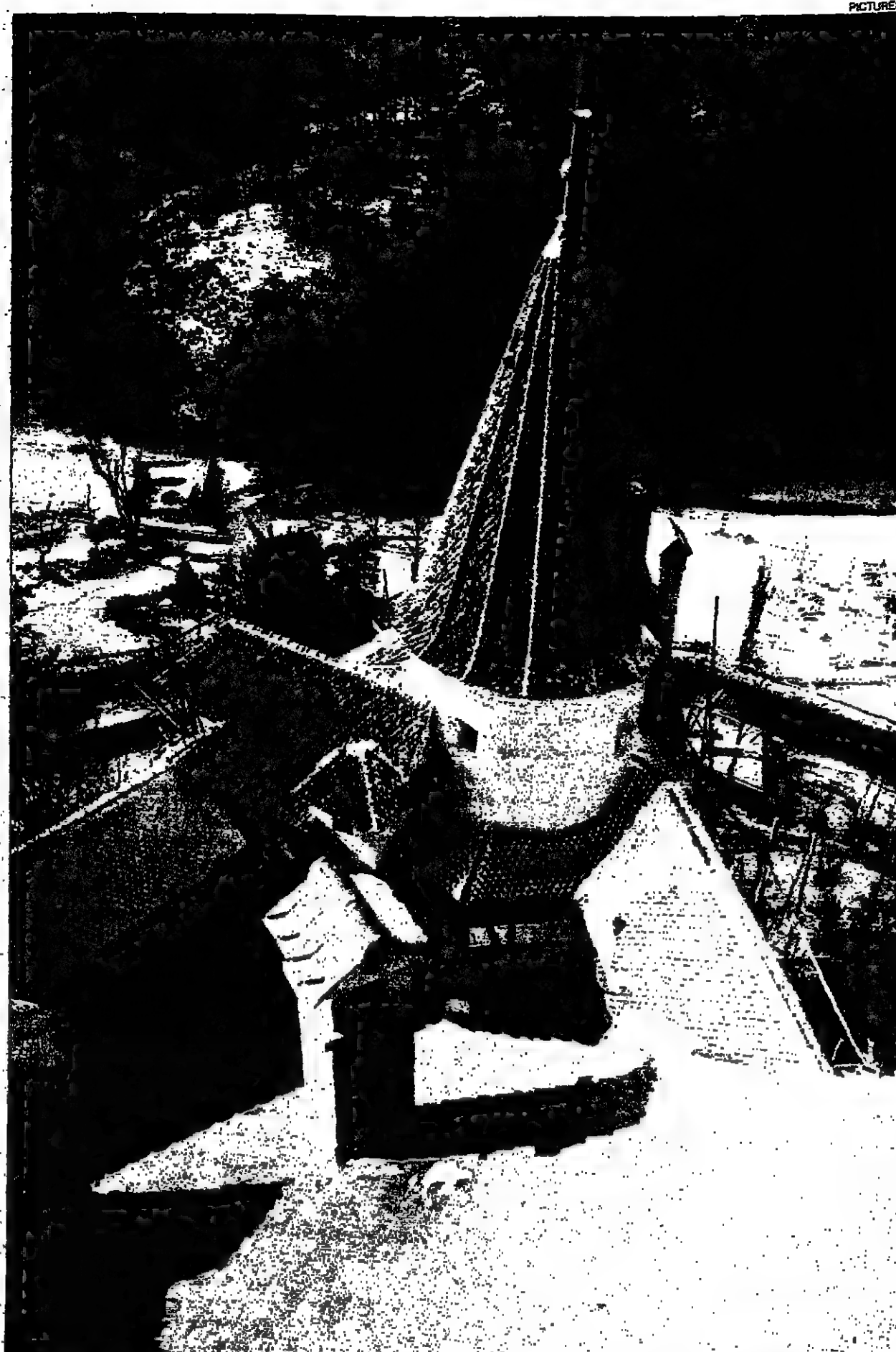
If, alas, Dracula never actually did descend head-first down those terrible walls like some vast foul spider, then he

jolly well should have done. And if Dracula never did spend his daylight hours in that huge coffer (which is now, significantly, empty — as you can find out if you dare to lift the lid), then he jolly well could have done. Why, just within sight of the ramparts, beneath Bran's walls, the heart of Queen Maria, wife of Romania's second king, Ferdinand, lies buried in a special tin box. And that is fact, not fiction.

But was Vlad Dracul really The Impaler, was he really imprisoned in that narrow cell they show you in Bran? And does it matter? Certainly the house where Vlad was born in wondrous medieval Sighisoara is there for all to see and Count Dracula's Motel and Restaurant, just outside the town, is a certain reality — so what more does anyone want? In the space of a day, the visitor can be chilled to the bone within the towering, sinister walls of Bran, stand agape at the loveliness of Sighisoara's alleyways and squares and then eat comfortably and well in a modern, roadhouse named after an English author's creation.

A visitor to a country such as Romania is never far from fairytale reality. In Sibiu, the Hotel Imperialul Romanilor, reputed to sound on the site of Europe's oldest purpose-built history, is a "must" for tourists and locals alike on a Saturday night. The four-piece band plays while couples dance under a huge, ornate roof installed in 1995 which, at the touch of a button, slides back. Delightful on hot summer nights, useful in winter to release tobacco fumes, an effective and instant extractor system in a country where a No Smoking notice is virtually unknown. Live music is a pleasant feature in most good hotel restaurants — the dreaded canned species is a threat yet to be realised.

In all cities, museums abound; in Sibiu the famous Brukenthal provides Rubens, Van Dyck and a delightful winter landscape by Van Alstoy, while across the noble square the dignified Roman Catholic cathedral, as elsewhere in Romania, provides comfort for an ever-increasing number of worshippers, as do ubiquitous and riotously Byzantine Orthodox churches. Votive candles are so popular that special mini-buildings,



Bran Castle, Transylvania, where Vlad the Impaler, or Count Dracula, may have lived, merges myth and history into one

complete with chimneys, now stand outside in the courtyards and, quick as ever to recognise a market niche where they see it, the priests of St Adomir in Brasov's Republic Square have rented out as shops the two properties on either side of their monastery's courtyard entrance.

The scale of worship in today's Romania is truly moving and is mirrored in the painstaking restoration of structures like the vast Black Church in Old Brasov or the tiny recreated detailing of ancient frescoes and reconstruction of breathtaking ciadale village churches such as Prejmer and Harman.

The manic hubris of Nicolae Ceausescu, the late president, evident in most cities and grossly apparent in Bucharest, where he cut swaths of ghastly modernism through once-gracious streets, nonetheless creates intriguing images for the inquiring visitor quite apart

from the grim collective farms. The black gravestones in the public squares of towns pay proper testimony to those who died in the December 1989 uprising which led to the execution of Ceausescu and his wife that Christmas Day. In Brasov itself, in the square between the Faculty of Medicine and the Post Office, are 40 graves of citizens shot by the Securitate and the surrounding buildings preserve the bullet-pocks in their stonework as further memorials.

Other facets of a hideous communist era are less grim. The ski resort of Poiana Brasov, for instance, is a curious example of successful "collectivisation" of tourists. They were needed for their foreign currency, yes, but how to ensure that these valuable incomers did not contaminate the local populace? Simple. Ban all locals

from living where they had to work. Romanians are still forbidden to rent or own any property in Poiana — all workers have to be bussed in from Brasov.

Such bureaucratic idiosyncrasies may take a generation to eradicate, but other traditional facets of life under communist rule will become extinct much sooner: the holidaymaker must make the most of simple, if arcane, curiosities, not the least of which is that harmless hunt for a gin and tonic. Which bar in town has the tonic but no gin and which has the gin but no tonic?

Even the "most polluted town in the world" bears its own scars of fascination. Copșa Mică, between Sighisoara and Sibiu, is known as the Black Rock. Decades of uncontrolled carbon black production have befouled not just the buildings, roofs, streets and the few trees but also totally blackened the rocky escarpment behind the town and the hills beyond.

Yet, oddly, it is these peculiarities that make Romania so delightful for the visitor. From the Black Sea resorts with their mud-bath cures to the northern mountains of Maramures, the country may well display some of Europe's poorest living standards but it is rich in fable, legend and history, both ancient and modern; it is how Europe was 50 years or more ago but never will be again. Even those dogs will one day be jostled aside by progress; they are amenable enough, they are just wary — a bit like the Romanians themselves: showing scars of the past, worried about the present, but hopeful of a brighter future.

HUGH PITT

● The author was a guest of Saga Holidays

### FACT FILE

■ Saga Holidays (0800 300 300) offers ten-day touring holidays from £499 per person, departures from April to October. Cox & Kings (0171-573 5000) offers a 15-day tour starting on May 24 at £1,250 per person. ■ British Airways (0345 222111) flies London/Bucharest from £375 return. Taram (0171-224 3693) flies direct to Bucharest every day except Friday, from £236 return. ■ In Bucharest, the Flora Hotel charges £40 per night for a double room. In Sibiu, the Hotel Palace costs from £20 per night. In Poiana Brasov, the Alpin Hotel charges up to £40 per night. ■ The Imperial Romanilor charges from £20 a night. ■ The Romanian Tourist Board, 63a Marylebone High Street, London W1M 3DE (0171-224 3693) has free brochures.

■ Where to eat: Most towns have good restaurants for the locals, such as La Gustari in Republic Square, Brasov, and the old-fashioned brasserie Carul cu Bere in Calea Victoriei, Bucharest. The best place to eat in Bucharest is the former Writers Club, now the Casino Palace. Both these famous institutions escaped the awfulness of Ceausescu's reforms. Three outstanding dishes are *mititei* (often seen on menus as *mici*) which are small rissoles of minced meat, *rostitura*, a meat stew, and the ubiquitous *cacsal pane*, cheese fried in breadcrumbs eaten either as a starter or with meat dishes.

■ Reading: The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends *Out of Romania* by Dan Antil (Faber, £14.99, ISBN 0 571 17220 2), *Transylvania and Beyond* by Dervia Murphy (Arrow, £6.99, ISBN 0 099 20601 3), *Romania. The Rough Guide* by Dan Richardson and Tim Starford (Rough Guides, £9.99, ISBN 1 858 28097 4).

## Swan lake in East Anglia

A PAIR of whooper swans that have flown the 1,500 miles or so from Iceland with their cygnets to winter in East Anglia's Wulsey Washes are attracting a record number of visitors at the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust (01353 860711). A total of 1,100 whoopers, 3,311 bewick swans which brave the 2,500 mile journey from Arctic Russia, plus some 7,600 widgeon and a colourful cacophonous assortment of pintails and lapwings, teal and gadwalls, snipe, ruff, greylag geese and a solitary ean goose are squabbling over the Washes' rich pickings.

The swans and their families return each October, leaving in March, for up to 18 years. They are the ideal family unit, remaining faithful to their partners for life and proving excellent parents. The Trust is open every day with floodlit Swan Lake evenings five times a week; entry £3.

## Cycle rides

BIKING tours from adventure specialists Exodus (0181-675 5550) range from Saigon to Hanoi in Vietnam and the Sierra Madre in Mexico, the most popular routes being Morocco's Atlas Desert and High Atlas Traverse. Among the new tours, a 15-day journey following the Pilgrim Route to Santiago de Compostela in Spain, with overnight stays in some of the original pilgrims' lodges, costs £850. A 17-day South Africa trip free-wheeling round the Garden Route, the Cape and the Winelands costs £1,575.

Flights, some meals and accommodation are included in the prices. Mechanics accompany each trip and the average age is 33.

## Prague life

WITH hotel accommodation in short supply in Prague, the apartments of Interhome (0181-891 1394) in and around the city could be useful for independent travellers prepared to stay for a week. Prices start at £302 for a flat sleeping up to four. The accommodation agency, Europe's largest, has more than 100 homes for rent throughout the

country. A home in Rudkov which can take up to five, with bikes for holidaymakers to explore the hills of Bohemia Moravia and the medieval town of Trebic eight miles away, costs £155 a week.

## Cairo nights

CITY BREAKS to the Middle East from Cox & Kings (0171-573 5000) include four nights in Cairo from £495 B&B; Jerusalem from £595; Abu Dhabi from £615; Damascus from £725, and the increasingly popular beach and shopping city, Dubai, from £625. A long weekend (four nights) in the once-lost 2,000-year-old Nabatean city of Petra, with visits to Jerash and two nights in Amman, costs from £795 half-board.

## Greek extras

THE island of Skopelos has been added to the programme of the somewhat confusingly named Corfu a la Carte (01635 201140) which also offers holidays in Paxos, Symi and Skiathos, as well as Corfu and Skopelos.

The firm specialises in traditional properties: in Skopelos, a fisherman's cottage for four in the Old Town, with walled courtyard and lemon tree, costs from £394-£489 for one week, £389-£499 for two weeks. The Hotel Aliki, a former sea captain's mansion on the waterfront at Symi and one of the most interesting old hotels in the Aegean, costs from £389 B&B per week.

## Aeolian tour

THOUGH great favourites with Italian holidaymakers, the Aeolian Islands feature in few British brochures. Magic of Italy (01233 21610), however, will get you to Vulcano and Lipari where a week's self-catering costs from £425 half-board in a hotel from £569. A week's Discovering the Aeolian Islands tour of Lipari, Filicudi, Panarea, Stromboli and Salina costs from £819, but is not available in high season.

Correction: The Galapagos are off Ecuador and Machu Picchu is in Peru and not in Chile and Patagonia, as stated last Saturday.

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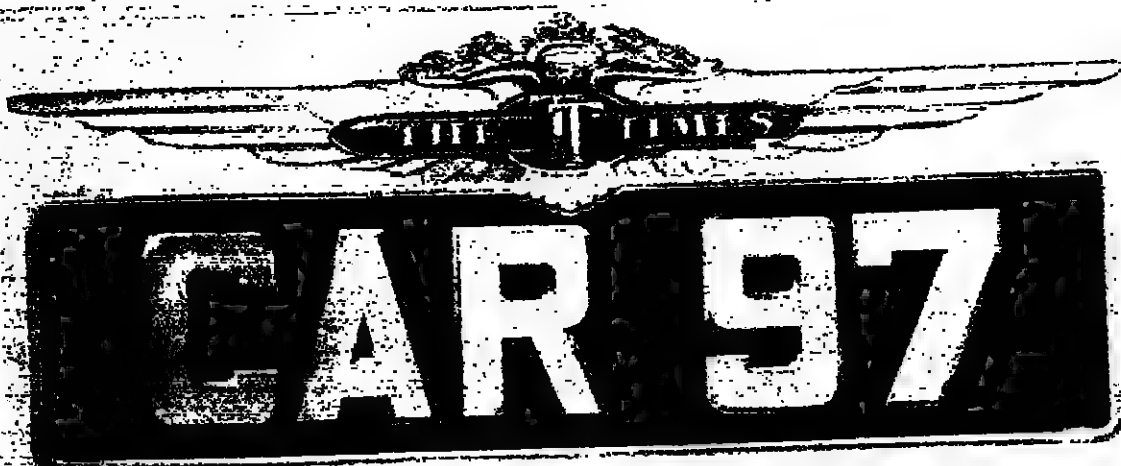
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When the service comes to your doorstep

Page 7



A speedy antidote for the holiday hangover

Page 10



SATURDAY JANUARY 4 1997

Now is the winter of our insurance claims... Tony Dawe reports on a perfect client and the hazards of cold weather

# A driver who is definitely worth the risk

Joyce Daniel is just the woman to bring a new smile to the faces of insurance companies as they await a barrage of claims following cold weather crashes.

She drives a popular Ford model, which means that new parts are cheap: her 950cc Fiesta is seven years old, so replacing it would be relatively inexpensive. She lives in a village not far from Swansea, parking the car in a garage lit by a security light behind her home, and drives barely 6,000 miles a year, mainly on local roads.

In short, Mrs Daniel is the perfect motor insurance risk. Companies would fight to cover her; indeed she changed firms eight months ago because she was offered a better deal. Her fully comprehensive premium is now just £81.65.

With insurance costs expected to rise this year, and January being the month when people look to save money after Christmas indulgence, many motorists will be wanting to know Mrs Daniel's secret.

The main reason she pays so little is, of course, that she is a safe driver. She enjoys a 62.6 per cent discount on the basic comprehensive premium of £721.92 for an A registration. Fiesta Popular because she has gone seven years without making a claim.

"Some people might accuse me of being too cautious, but I have been lucky," she says. "I always take care when coming out of junctions and am reluctant to overtake. A single sure I can see a long way ahead before doing so and check that I have checked the other vehicles completely before pulling in again."

"I have had a couple of scrapes over the years. I hit a student's car outside the school where I work part-time but we settled that privately on a knock-for-knock basis. On another occasion, I remember a lamp-post happened to be in the way when I was reversing out of my drive."

The modest car she drives also attracts Mrs Daniel's insurance companies. Indeed, she has never nurtured ambitions to drive anything grand. The first car of my own in the late 1970s was a little yellow Fiat 500," she recalls. "It was very economical, used two-star petrol but was not worth a lot so I only insured it third party."

She took out a comprehensive premium when she inherited a 1000cc Ford Escort, and maintained her excellent driving record when she moved on to a Morris Marina and then the Fiesta, which was a silver wedding present from her husband, Brian.

Her age, 55, earns a further discount as more and more



Starting with a Fiat 500, right, then moving to an Escort before her Fiesta, Joyce Daniel's modest cars keep her premiums down

insurance companies offer savings in the statistically safer drivers over 50. Even her idea for a silver wedding outing, which she offers no extra discount, has it. Instead of driving somewhere on a sunny day, she prefers to cycle down to The Mumbles on the Gower Peninsula.

Although she pays less in insurance than almost every statisticist in Britain, Mrs Daniel, like most drivers, is always on the lookout for a better deal. So when she saw a reader offer in the Sun last year guaranteeing a £10 saving on motor insurance or £10 back, she followed it up.

"Every year when the insurance policy is coming up for renewal, I put out feelers to see if any other company is cheaper and this time I managed to save £19 with Zenith," she says.

Mrs Daniel was identified for Car 97 as the perfect risk by PremiumSearch, the Northampton-based brokers who found her the better deal.

Based on our experience, I started by looking for a lady of a certain age and then for one who drove a small car of

EVELYN PAYS	
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\* Silver policy discount is for agreeing to a limit on claims for such items as a broken windscreen or stolen car radio.

modest value," says Karen Noble of PremiumSearch.

Her company's idea of the perfect risk does differ slightly from other insurers. The latest quarterly survey from Velo Insurance Services, based on 25,000 claims, suggests that a Fiat owner living in Suffolk, who mainly drives on motorways and uses well-lit, multi-storey car parks, is the ideal driver.

"Velo" justifies this finding with figures which show that

Flats were the cheapest cars to repair — with an average accident repair bill of £360 — and that motorways are Britain's safest roads.

The company also reported that only 1.4 per cent of car break-ins occurred to vehicles left in multi-storey parks and that Suffolk was by far the cheapest place to have an accident, with an average cost of £358 for each claim. The county was also bottom of Royal Insurance's road acci-

dent league table, with only three accidents a year for every thousand people in the county. Strangely, West Glamorgan, where Mrs Daniel lives, has repair costs higher than the average for England and Wales, which makes her insurance deal even more remarkable.

Her premium is also only a quarter of the average figure for a good risk quoted by the Association of British Insurers. The association bases its figures on the comprehensive premiums charged by its members for a 1300cc family saloon car garaged in the Home Counties or a small provincial city and driven by a mature motorist.

The latest figure is £369, which is double the average premium ten years ago but still £64 below the peak that was reached in 1993 after claims resulting from crime and bad weather had reached record levels.

With premiums expected to rise again, more and more motorists will aspire to match Mrs Daniel's profile, but for many it will mean changing to a smaller car and moving to a less-accident prone area.



Janine Marshall inspects the damage. "After the second crash, I was sitting in the kitchen telling my mum that these things happen in threes"



## GOOD NEWS, BAD NEWS

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● Drivers of Fiats, Range Rovers, Peugeots and Fords. These cars have the lowest average accident repair costs.

● Motorists who fit alarms and/or immobilisers

● Those who drive most frequently on local streets, where the average cost of accidents is the lowest.

... and the worst

● Drivers under 18. They have the highest number of accidents per miles driven.

● Motorists living in Greater London or Surrey, which are top of the road accident league.

● Drivers of Mazdas, Saabs and Toyotas, which have the highest average accident repair costs.

● Those who regularly leave their cars outside their homes, where 39 per cent of thefts occur.

● Those who drive most frequently on B roads, where the average cost of accidents is by far the highest at £1,821 a time.

## Three strikes and Janine's Fiesta is out

The string of disasters that befell Janine Marshall and her Ford Fiesta this week — and ones like them — spell bad news for all motorists. Miss Marshall's car was hit three times within an hour without moving on a freezing morning as drivers skidded on black ice outside her home.

The Siberian weather conditions which have swept Britain have caused innumerable similar accidents and insurance companies are bracing themselves for a deluge of claims, which are likely to lead to higher premiums later in the year.

Like many thousands of motorists, Miss Marshall is spending this weekend filling out insurance claim forms. She should, at least, find them easier to understand than most because she is an insurance underwriter.

Her misfortune began when she was woken with the news that a car had skidded on the ice into her Fiesta. As she telephoned for a claim form, she heard a second bang. A Mitsubishi had rammed the Fiesta, shunting it into her driveway.

The distressed woman who had been at the wheel and her two children were driven

away by a friend, leaving their car behind the Fiesta. Then, proving that troubles like insurance forms can come in triplicate, a Vauxhall Omega smashed into both vehicles.

"After the second crash, I was sitting in the kitchen telling my mum that these things happen in threes when we heard the next bang," said Miss Marshall of Stockport, Greater Manchester. "I couldn't believe it."

Gary Ashworth, statistician at PremiumSearch, insurance brokers, says that accidents increase by about 30 per cent in icy weather, with motorists skidding off the road and into posts and other vehicles.

"A long cold snap will add to the pressure on premiums," says Suzanne Moore of the Association of British Insurers. "The vast majority of claims are for knocks and bumps and these increase when the roads are slippery."

Premiums have dropped slightly in recent years as the number of claims has fallen because of greater efforts to reduce car crime and less severe weather conditions. Crime is on the increase again, however, and some analysts have been forecasting a significant increase in motor premiums this year.

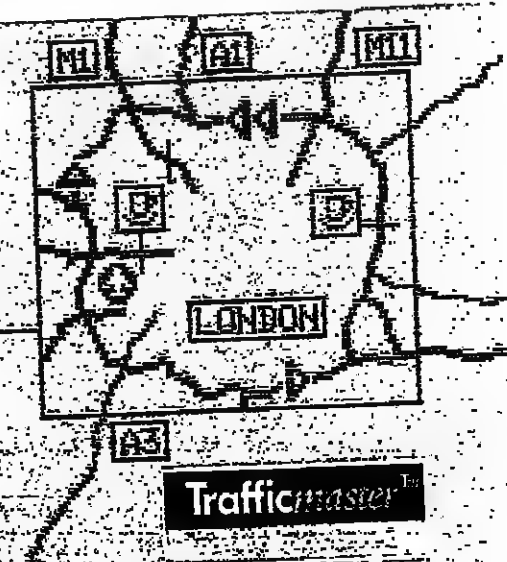
DRIVING ON SNOW AND ICE: PAGE 3

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They appear to have abandoned all contact with other road users, preferring to behave as if the highway was provided for them on an exclusive basis

## Lady drivers of an uncertain age

The last time I raised the delicate matter of women drivers, defending them on that occasion against chauvinist prejudices, several men wrote to complain that I had clearly gone soft in the head and that they liked me better when I displayed blind prejudice. So this week I shall revert to type and have a go at women drivers.

Not all of them: even blind prejudice needs mitigating. Taken as a statistical collective, the insurance companies say that women are safer drivers than men. They are certainly safer to be around. They are unlikely to set about your head with a starting handle, for instance.

Again, taken statistically, the safest of all women drivers are elderly ones. The image of the little old lady in her Morris Minor

### DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION



Peter Barnard

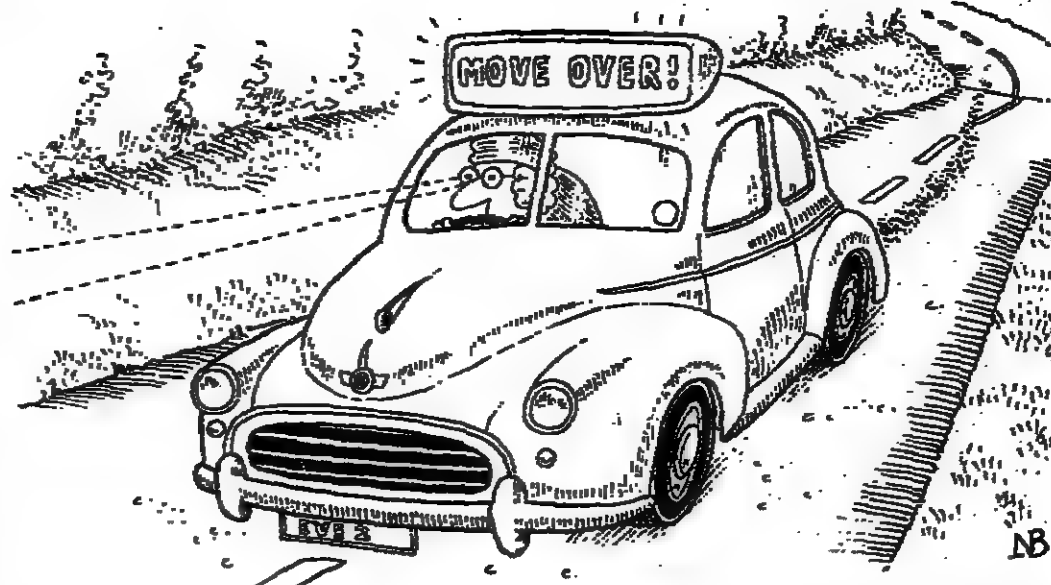
drifting along the highways and byways without causing offence to anyone is a strong one. And, in my view, somewhat misleading.

The reason elderly women do not get involved in many accidents is that the rest of us are piling into each other trying to avoid them.

Elderly women drivers are in a world of their own on the roads. They appear to have abandoned all contact with other road users, preferring to behave as if the British highway was provided for them on an exclusive basis.

This is not much more than a trifling irritant on narrow country roads. Here, oncoming males are expected to reverse for miles so that the old dear does not have to set a spruce tyre upon a verge or, heaven forbid, search for reverse gear. She stares that stony stare through the windscreen and we know what it means: the cricked neck shall be ours, not hers.

One of the strangest manifestations of elderly woman syndrome is to do with indicators. No matter how new the car, its indicators stop working once the woman who owns it reaches the age of 60.



Perhaps the car's management system has decided to save power on indicators in order to maintain the glow from headlights, fog lights and even interior lights, which never seem to switch themselves off.

But of all the environments in which elderly women cause alarm, the motorway is the prime exam-

ple. These drivers are not even part of the main flow before early warning signals are flashing, as I discovered on the M4 this week. I was approaching down a slip road with only light traffic on the motorway itself when a car chugging alone in the first lane simply refused to do what almost every other category of driver would

have done: move over to let me in. Needless to say, the driver was a woman aged about 65. Within 100 yards of forcing me almost to a halt on the slip road, she pulled out to pass a lorry without indicating.

I think I know what is going on here. Much as the dreaded Internet defies comprehension by a generation of older people, modern

traffic flows are a mystery to many of them, especially women. Therefore they sally forth wearing blinkers: all of their attention is focused on getting from A to B. Far from fiddling about in handbags or applying mascara at the wheel, as the standard image suggests, elderly women drivers are in fact concentrating fit to make Damon Hill envious.

They are, in other words, the safest drivers on the road. No wonder the insurance companies love them. They are completely selfish, in the truest sense, and if the rest of us let their selfishness affect us then we have only ourselves to blame. The elderly woman driver is at once a perfect nuisance and a perfect example of survival in the hurry-burry of modern driving.

So I salute them... as soon as they are safely in my rear view mirror. And it is a polite salute, for you cannot but admire their gall. Entries for our competition to give the Ford Ka a nickname less daft than the real one have been pouring in, but keep them coming. The closing date is January 13 and the winner gets a megagram of champagne. Postcards to: Name That Ka, Car 97, The Times, 1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN.

## Buying cheap can cost you

Eve-Ann Prentice looks at the figures that may surprise car fleet operators

### CHEAPEST AND DEAREST

	Retail price £	Monthly cost per mile
Fiat Cinquecento 900 S 3-dr hbk	6,132	148
Nissan Micra 1.0i Shape 3-dr hbk	7,660	161
Rover 100 1.1i Knightbridge 3-dr hbk	7,048	165
Mercedes S 500 limo 4-dr saloon	102,444	1,709
Mercedes CL 500 2-dr coupé	81,344	1,254
BMW 4.4i 740i L 4-dr saloon	57,948	1,163

The price tag on a new company car can be deceptive, according to the latest guide to total running costs of hundreds of vehicles ranging from the humble to the extravagantly show-off.

Cumbersome or merely cost-conscious firms which think they are saving money by opting for the cheapest purchase price when choosing cars for their employees may be sadly disappointed.

For the cheapest model in a given category is sometimes more expensive in the longer term than a rival when the hidden costs of motoring are taken into consideration.

The Company Car Cost Calculator provides a fascinating insight into operating costs. Compiled for the past 12 years by Leasecontract, the company that provides many fleets, it shows that the cheapest car to run in Britain is the Fiat Cinquecento, while the most expensive is the Mercedes-Benz S 600. The Fiat costs 21.8p per mile to run and the Mercedes a whopping 220.9p a mile.

Goff Beque, who compiles the guide, says: "The bottom line is that if you look at total operating costs, you can often enjoy a better specification, higher performance vehicle and better motoring than if you simply based your choice on purchase prices."

The costs have been calculated on the basis of a range of factors including depreciation, fuel costs, vehicle licence, funding, maintenance, temporary replacement vehicles, AA Relay Plus membership and fleet administration. Costs in the Calculator are also based on a three-year life and the driver travelling 12,000 miles a year.

Starting comparisons can be found throughout the guide, which takes all the hard

work out of price-checking. The Volkswagen Polo 1.4L 5-door hatchback, for instance, costs £9,165 — £1,500 more than the Hyundai Accent 1.3i 3-door Coupe — yet costs £193 a month, 55p a month less than running the Hyundai.

"The Polo therefore costs the user, or his company, less to run over three years, most particularly because it should sell for a much better price at the end of its contract period," says Beque.

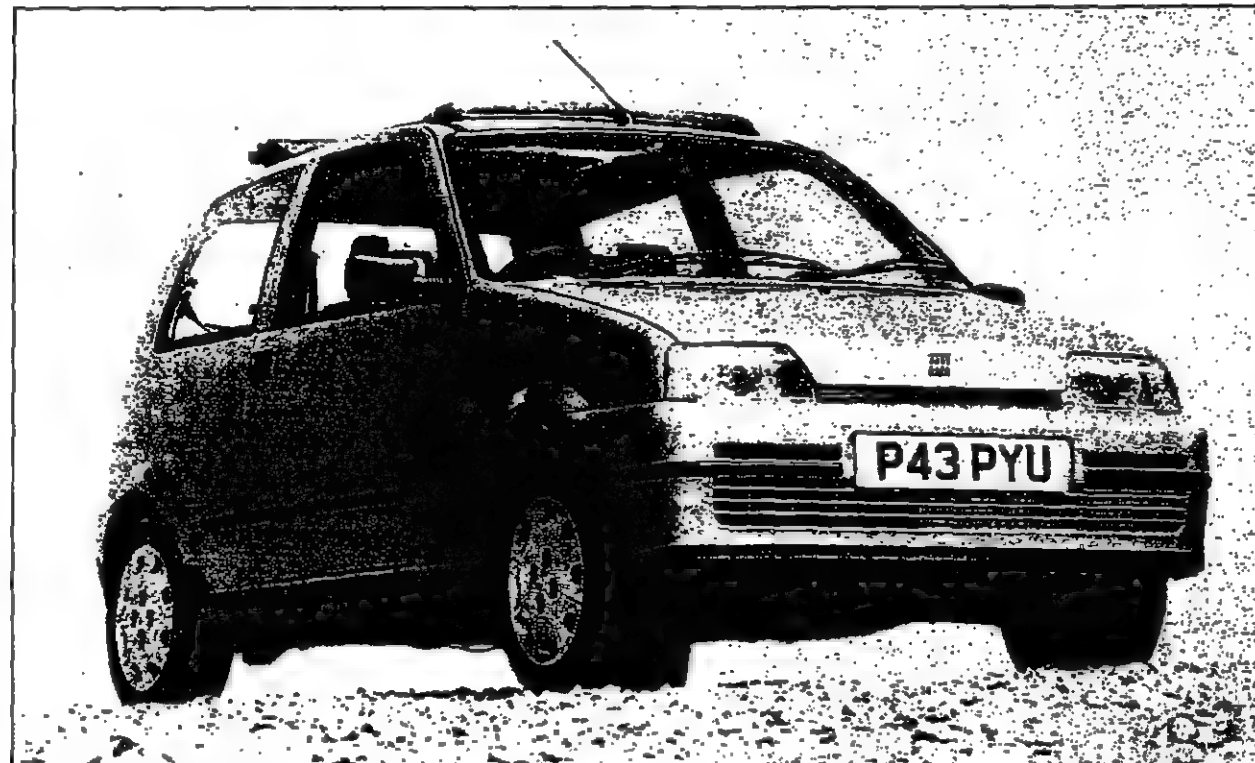
At the luxury end of the market, the Mercedes-Benz E 320 Cabriolet two-door soft top costs £52,075, but at 105.9p per mile is cheaper to run than the 106.5p per mile cost of a car which is £11,000 cheaper to buy, the Range Rover 4.0i SE station wagon four-door.

The comparisons become more dramatic as the price of the vehicles increases: the Seat Alhambra 2.0i SE 5-seat, five-door people mover is available for the same monthly cost of £272 as the Daihatsu Sportrak 1.6i XE three-door estate — yet costs over £4,400 more than the Daihatsu.

Best fuel consumption comes from the Peugeot 205 1.8 D Level 1 three-door hatchback diesel at 58mpg, while the Calculator's gas guzzler awards go to the Toyota Land Cruiser Colorado 3.4i VX four-door estate at 16.1mpg, and the Range Rover 4.6i HSE station wagon four-door estate at 18mpg.

Ford's new Ka 1.3i three-door hatchback makes an impressive debut in the guide with total running costs of £190 a month (26.7p per mile), as does the new fleet contender, the Chrysler Neon 2.0i LE four-door saloon at £289 a month (39.6p per mile).

For the first time, the Calculator shows the net monthly cost in 1997/8 of benefit in kind



Good news for the company accountants: at 21.8p a mile, the Fiat Cinquecento is cheapest car to run in Britain...



... while providing a Mercedes-Benz S class will mean meeting running costs of 220.9p for the same distance

taxation to standard as well as higher rate tax-payers. This is based on company car drivers who have an average business mileage of between 2,501 and 17,997 miles a year and pay for full private use.

A look at 1987's Calculator shows the dramatic change in motoring costs in the past 10 years. Petrol was £1.52 a gallon net of VAT in 1987, benefit in kind tax was based on engine size and you could buy a Mini for £3,725. The cheapest car to run back at the height of the Thatcher years was the Austin Mini City E two-door at £131 a month (17.4p per mile), on which the monthly benefit in kind tax was £12.6p.

The 1997 Company Car Cost Calculator is available free to fleet managers and executives with company car responsibilities from Leasecontract, Lauriston House, Pinchill, Evesham WR11 5SN, tel 01380 570854, fax 01380 570998.

## New gear resolutions

After several years in which sales have shown little movement from a level of around two million, Britain's motor industry might gather some New Year cheer from the latest survey about car buyers' intentions, writes Alan Capps.

January is the second best month for sales after the August rush caused by the annual registration change, which is expected to disappear this year.

But January 1997 could see a rush of motorists visiting showrooms, according to the quarterly Car Confidence Index produced by Autoglass, the wind-

### More drivers are planning to buy

screen specialists. It concludes that confidence about car buying remains at a three-year high, a level first reached during last year's August rush when the R-plate arrived.

More than one third of the 651 drivers questioned for the survey in December said they intended to change their cars in 1997, an 8 per cent increase over January 1996 when 25 per cent of those questioned had plans to replace their cars.

Of those who plan a

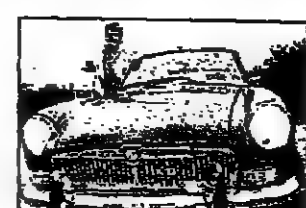
change in 1997, 33 per cent said they were intending to buy a new car. The average price of a new car is expected to be £10,836, an increase of £500 over last year, and 13 per cent of those in the new car market said they intended to go for a luxury model, costing more than £18,000. The luxury sector is already leading the way in a sales revival.

Andy Edyvean, marketing manager for Autoglass, said: "This is excellent New Year cheer for the car market. It's also good news for Autoglass because many drivers will be getting their windcreens fixed before trading their cars in."

### Moral: listen to Dr Dashboard

NOW entering his third year of dispensing wisdom on all matters motoring, Dr Dashboard always aims to please. But in a Christmas card from one reader he has received thanks for helping her win the MGB GTV8 featured in Car 96 on December 21.

The raffle for the restored car held by British Motor Heritage and Motorcare Services raised £25,000 for charity. It was won by Jean



Fernandez of Lyme Regis, Dorset. In a delighted note she says: "It is all because I read your column... I felt it such a good idea to support the Marie Curie Cancer Fund but never dreaming in a thousand years that the car could be mine. You inspired me."

● LONDON  
A406 Upper Edmonton. Major roadworks on Angel Road (North Circular Road) over the Lea Valley Viaduct to add lanes, flyovers and tunnels.  
A3 Kingston, Northbound lane closure on the Kingston Bypass between Sharnon Corner (A298) and Coombe Lane junction (A238) for work on Carters Bridge.  
A3212 Westminster, Bridge Street and Victoria Embankment closed 9pm-6am at weekends in places between Parliament Square and Westminster Bridge.  
A3220 Earl's Court, Gas main work 8am to 4pm on Warwick Road at junction with Philbeach Gardens.

● SOUTH-EAST  
A4 Reading, Berkshire. Restrictions and lane closures for widening work between the Hogarth Roundabout and Burghfield Road.  
A330 Ascot, Berkshire. Temporary lights for road widening and new roundabout.  
A27 Brighton, Overlight (10pm-6am) maintenance work on the Brighton bypass between Hangleton Junction and Ditchling Road Bridge.  
A23 Patcham, East Sussex. Lane closure on the slip roads, with various other local restrictions in place.  
M25 Surrey. Restrictions and lane closures both ways between Godstone and the A3 as major widening work continues along the 19-mile stretch.

A3 Surrey, Hogs Back (A31), long-term roadworks at Stag Hill flyover. Various restrictions in place.

● SOUTH-WEST  
A3022 Brixham, Devon. Water main work under way between Cudhill Road and Town Hall.  
M5 Gloucestershire. Major roadworks with only one lane open at roundabout junction with A418.  
M5 Gloucestershire. Contraflow across Avonmouth Bridge with a 50mph limit.  
Swindon, Wiltshire. Construction work on Fleming Way with restrictions between the Magic Roundabout and Wharfedale.

● MIDLANDS AND EAST ANGLIA  
A1 Alconbury Hills, Cambridgeshire. Down to one lane northbound at the A14.  
A38 Derby southern bypass. Roadworks for construction of A584.  
A6 Lockington, Leicestershire. Contraflow from just north of M1 J24 to Sawley Island, with no right turn into Dorington Lane.  
A484 Haughton, Shropshire. Temporary lights.

for water works between Upton Magna and Astedey. A41 Wolverhampton, West Midlands. Temporary lights on Bilston Road at canal bridge.  
A454 Aldridge, West Midlands. Temporary lights on Walsall Road between Tynning Lane and Quickland Lane.

● NORTH  
A62 Chadderton, Greater Manchester. M68 construction work on Oldham Road at junction with Hollinwood Avenue.

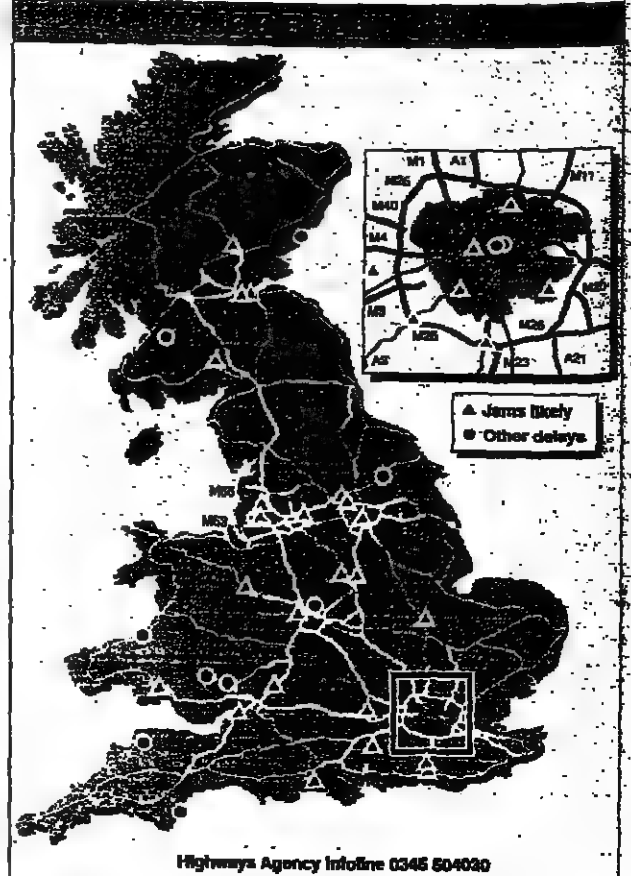
A570 Bickenstaffe, Lancashire. Bridge works at Rainford Road junction with M58. Single lane traffic in both directions.

A59 Much Hoole, Lancashire. Resurfacing work on Liverpool Road causing major hold-ups heading to and from Preston.  
Yorkshire. Diversion for roadworks on Don Valley Road near Ings Road junction. M1 West Yorkshire. Major roadworks continue around the Leeds junction with lane and speed restrictions. Diversion on M1, M621 and Dewsbury Road.

● WALES  
A482 Aberystwyth, Ceredigion. Upper Aberystwyth Bridge on South Road closed for reconstruction work. Diversion via Panteg Road and the A487.

A470 north of Geth Ceid, Merthyr Tydfil. Temporary lights on Brecon road for major works. 40mph on A465 at Cein Coch with temp lights on Aberdare Road.  
M4 Swansea. Carriageway reduced to one lane in both directions for roadworks between Swansea and Llanelli.  
A472 Pontypool, Torfaen. Contraflow between Pontypool and Heron roundabout.

● SCOTLAND  
M8 Edinburgh, Junction 2 Newbridge Spur (M9). Major roadworks, with lane closures on the roundabout.  
A8 Princes Street, Edinburgh. Closed eastbound to motor vehicles. Diversion via South Charlotte Street, Queen Street and York Place.  
A837 Montrose, Angus. Roadworks at Hilledale.  
A701 Dumfries and Galloway. Roadworks between Parkgate and Beattock.  
A9 Greenlough, Perth & Kinross. Contraflow four miles east of Dundee.  
A76 Lochill, East Ayrshire. Temporary lights north to New Cumnock.



Highways Agency hotline 0245 504030

### AUTOFAX by David Long and Les Evans

AS LATE AS 1939 MERCEDES STILL USED WOODEN WHEELS AS A FACTORY OPTION...

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S FIRST CAR WAS A 1934 STANDARD NINE...

LORD NUFFIELD OF HORMES MOTORS WAS THE SON OF A STAGGONIC DRIVER...

RACING IN MEXICO IN 1965 RICHIE GANTHERS HONDA WAS THE FIRST JAPANESE CAR TO WIN A CHAMPIONSHIP GRAND PRIX...





## As Britain skids into wintry chaos, Ian Morton takes part in a driving test where it gets seriously cold



The Volvo V70 on ice: there are probably more off-landers in Chelsea than the whole of Sweden, where drivers take pride in beating the blizzard with two driven wheels, and four-wheel-drive is only for wimps, woodsmen, and rescue services

## A chilly circuit of Lapps on a foot of ice

They wore bulging blue anoraks and fur hats and big smiles. As well they might. They were our Swedish hosts, experts in a man on how to speed safely over the slippery stuff, and they were about to witness an amusing exhibition. British drivers on ice.

This was Volvo's annual winter test, about as far north as you can get without falling into the Barents Sea. Russia - a few miles away, a herd of reindeer in the birch trees nearby, and a pretty Lapp lady in trad gear offering mini-Santa sleigh rides. Picturesque, when you can see it, for the area has only three hours of semi-daylight at this time of year.

And there is cold, damned cold, and this lake place. Overnight temperatures had descended to minus 26 Centigrade, someone was saying, and we were not to worry - ice creaks when you walk on it, even when it is thick enough. They had drilled through to make sure there was more than the foot or so of thickness required. This was a comfort.

A tractor-snowplough had pushed aside a two-foot layer of snow to form a 1,000-yard circuit like Thruxton only worse, all beckoning straights and subtle snakey sections and tightening curves. And naked grey-black ice instead of tarmac, and run-offs into snow instead of grass. Get your driven wheels into soft snow and you will need to be towed out, they said. A lot did.

If there are few conspicuous scarred or bashed vehicles in Scandinavia, and if the populace produces prime rally drivers, here is a reason. They do not suffer winter driving, they revel in it. They train on ice and snow, and pass tests on ice and snow. Above all, they learn not to fear it.

You might suppose that four-wheel-drive would be a necessity rather than a luxury in a Scandinavian winter, but there are probably more off-landers in Chelsea than the whole of Sweden, where drivers take pride in beating the blizzard with two driven wheels, and four-wheel-drive is only for wimps, woodsmen and rescue services.

Although it has been producing four- and even six-wheel-drive army vehicles for years, Volvo has offered only one model with all-round power (the S80 AWD, now being replaced by the V70 AWD), and Saab has yet to make a showing. Yet both manufacturers have become turbo specialists.

More available power rather than less on slippery surfaces? It works when used properly, and becomes stunningly effective in conjunction with winter tyres with metal studs, the sort of kit you never see in Britain, another reason why winter will always impose chaos upon us.

Is there a more satisfying process than charging the apex of a long flat curve on an ice track in a deliberate state of under-steer, the whole car weaving towards apparent

disaster, the front tyres free-spinning and singing under gross turbo power, the balance held in the tips of the fingers as they feel and control the pulse of the steering? And then, with one gentle quarter-turn of the wheel, the tyres take a clean bite into the surface and the car straightens and heaves forward even more eagerly?

Or perhaps that progression of events - when a corner tightens, the car's speed is patently too great, the wheel goes limp, and the front end is heading for the soft snow and the disgrace of rescue - and then you set the steering and haul on the handbrake for a moment, the car turns magically on its own axis, the front tyres grip, and off you have again as some bloke behind explodes into the drift you have just avoided?

By means of such activity, Scandinavians discover in perfect safety how to interpret what their cars are telling them, how to anticipate, how to react, and even more importantly, avoid over-reaction. They experience just what their cars will and will not do in extreme circumstances.

And as they enjoy this hectic high-speed learning process, they also absorb the essential virtues - applicable on public roads all the year round, but especially important on icy surfaces - of smooth acceleration and gear work, minimal braking or none at all, gentle wheel movement, constant observation, planned manoeuvres, letting quicker drivers through, and giving everyone plenty of space. Virtues that we in Britain all too often recall the hard and expensive way.

Sometimes it seems that one flash of the weather girl's white winter symbols south of Scotland and the Pennines, any hint that Kent and the Cotswolds are in the path of the cold front, and car commuters are giving themselves an extra half hour to get stuck, weekend motoring trips to see Gran are postponed, and bodywork repair specialists everywhere are booking Barbados for next summer.

In these matters, we might conclude that our winters are generally too short and lenient to allow us to learn very much, but are none the less long and severe enough to remind us of what an inadequate lot we are.



Volvo S70 saloon: the overwhelming sensation remains a feeling of secure wellbeing

Why do we make the discontent of our winters worse?

## How drivers catch a cold

WILL the British ever come to terms with even a sprinkling of snow? It is easy to see why we are so often caught out; we make few or no preparations for cold-weather driving.

According to the RAC, every El spent on winter maintenance saves £9 in terms of reduced accidents, traffic delays, and lost production. Yet almost half the 21 million breakdowns which the RAC dealt with last winter could have been avoided.

Biggest let-down is the duff battery. Too many motorists expect the modern power-pack to live forever. But if an ageing or ailing battery is going to expire, it will probably do so on the coldest day of the year. Even new cars are not immune: the growth of in-

car electronic equipment means an increase in battery drain.

Other electrics, notably distributors and alternators, are a major problem too, and damaged tyres have a habit of shumping in the snow - wheel-changing comes high up the rescue list during the very worst weather. Worn treads will be at their least effective on slippery roads, and are never worth the risk.

Cold conditions should never be tackled with low oil and screen-wash levels, and wash bottles need a higher proportion of additive. Smeary wiper blades should be replaced. Lamps must be checked for dead bulbs and wiped clean before any trip. De-icer for screen and locks and damp-

start spray could prove a boon. An old handbrush and a properly designed plastic scraper are essential if you want to avoid using your credit card to clear the screen.

A serious winter journey demands even more preparation. Many a motorist has been grateful for jump leads, tow rope, snow chains, old sacks or matting, small shovel, blankets, powerful torch, first-aid kit, a stock of energy-rich snacks such as biscuits and chocolate, and a supply of morale-raising tapes.

Remember, too, the tank should be kept full - cars use more fuel in winter - and should the worst happen, a running engine may provide the most welcome warmth you ever experienced.

## The range of 1,800 differences

Volvo used the winter test session to show off its latest 13-model range - the heavily revised S70, now renamed the S70 saloon and V70 estate.

However, Volvo-watchers should be advised that though the overall shape is similar - S70 body shell and doors survive - some 1,800 changes have been made, and frontal and interior treatments follow the recently revealed C70 coupé.

Looking to the range to help boost overall annual sales by a quarter to 500,000 by the end of the decade, Volvo has joined the middle-executive mainstream with a sloping V-shaped bonnet which merges with the traditional Volvo grille, slimmer headlamps, modish thick-section bumpers, flared front wings, and more windscreen rake. Inside the fascia has softer lines and finishes and handier switchgear (Audi was the benchmark here).

More wood-insert choices seek a wider up-market impact, and a new optional steering wheel combines wood rim and leather, the only doubtful touch. Volvo is particularly proud of its new door panel design, and safety

improvements include massive new B-pillar treatment and a four-section steering column.

Seven engines include a more powerful 2.5-litre, 20-valve with light-pressure turbo which produces maximum torque at only 1,800rpm. Prices range from £18,400 for the S70, with a 2.0-litre 10-valve engine to £27,900 for the V70 with sophisticated triple-differential AWD (All-Wheel-Drive), but every car will be built to customer order, and with Sports, Luxury, and CD option packs and a separate 50-item options list from £20 cupholders to £2,000 electronic climate control, few 70-series cars are likely to emerge to standard spec.

First impressions are of conspicuously rigid construction, a quiet and refined ride even in rutted conditions, ample power delivered with huge self-assurance, and a classy and spacious interior. The Swedish carmaker has really proved in recent years that safety sells and although Volvo has gone to great lengths to add performance to its virtues, the overwhelming sensation remains a feeling of secure wellbeing in hostile conditions.

### DR DASHBOARD'S COLD COMFORT

- Above all, ask yourself: is this journey really necessary? If you're not convinced, don't go out.
- If your battery is the old type that needs topping up, check levels now. Keep all terminals clean, tight and covered in waterproof jelly. If in the slightest doubt, replace it.
- Check the cooling system, and add anti-freeze if necessary.
- Make sure that tyre treads are not worn and that tyres are properly inflated.
- Check oil and water levels. Make sure that fan belts are tight and that spark plugs are properly adjusted, their leads are firmly in place and free from dirt or cracks.
- Lubricate door locks, check the demister is working properly and that the number plate is clean.
- Make sure all lights are working and all lenses are clean.
- Fill screen wash bottles and use an additive to prevent freezing. Check the adjustment of screen washers and wipers, not forgetting the rear wiper if fitted. Replace worn wiper blades.
- Ensure the fuel tank is full. Cold weather increases fuel consumption and journeys take longer than expected.
- Make sure your radio is working properly. Weather forecasts, police warnings and advice from the motoring organisations can be invaluable.
- For regular use equip your car with de-icer, damp-start spray, a plastic scraper, torch and a dry cloth or chamois leather for drying inside windows.
- In really severe weather or for long journeys take an emergency kit: jump leads, tow rope, a shovel, some old sacks or matting to give tyres extra grip on ice, warm waterproof clothes, blanket, flask of warm drink, food (biscuits or chocolate bar), lock de-icer and chains to go on your tyres.
- If things look really bad, take a mobile phone or let someone else know your proposed route and your estimated time of arrival.

In association with Volvo, Car 97 offers a reader the chance to win one week's use of a S70 saloon as featured in the company's ice-driving course. Just answer these questions:

- 1 How many engines are offered in the new Volvo S70 and V70 range?
- 2 What is the biggest single cause of car failure in cold weather?
- 3 For every El spent on car maintenance, how much is saved in the cost of accidents, delays, and lost production?
- 4 How many separate items are there on the Volvo S70 and V70 options list?
- 5 What is the minimum ice thickness Volvo requires for driving on a frozen lake?

Write your answers on a postcard, or the back of a sealed envelope, and send it to Ice Advice, Car 97, The Times, 1, Pennington Street, London: E1 9ON. Closing date for entries is January 14, 1997. Usual competition rules apply. The first correct answer drawn at random will win.







# On the ultimate deserted road

Eve-Ann Prentice talks to two drivers preparing for 19 days of rallying hell

For the next 16 days, Keith Parker and Dick Partridge will go to extremes. In temperatures ranging from below freezing to more than 130 deg F, the Suffolk adventurers will race for up to 800 kilometres a day in some of the most inhospitable terrain on Earth.

The pair, from Ipswich, are the only Britons taking part in the 11,000-kilometre Dakar rally in northern Africa, one of the most gruelling and dangerous events in the world's motoring calendar. Originally the Paris-Dakar rally, the event now starts and ends in the Senegal capital, although the entrants only learn the exact route as they go along.

After several deaths in the rally's 19-year history, the event is being diverted well away from minefields and political hotspots this year. There have also been changes in the technical regulations, aimed at reducing the importance of big budgets and high-performance vehicles.

Which is all good news for Partridge, 40, who is making his fifth attempt in the rally. He has never got beyond the halfway stage before. He and Parker, who is making his second appearance as Partridge's navigator in the event, have spent the past year preparing an Isuzu Trooper to cope with shifting sands and stinging winds in the wastes of the Sahara. They have little or no back-up and must undertake all the maintenance work themselves.

"What I really want to do is finish," says the indefatigable Partridge, who was stranded for three days in the Tenere desert, hundreds of miles from civilisation, on his second Dakar attempt. "We have spent about £20,000 buying and preparing the vehicle, we have no one to help us when we are out there."

Although Partridge and Parker face a struggle against the Sahara's sand dunes, they will be driving on a more

competitively level playing field this year. High finance will no longer have such an edge as mechanics following richer teams in chartered planes will only be allowed to service these cars every three or four days. Turbos are also barred this year, and new minimum weight restrictions have been introduced.

A vast medical and rescue team has been deployed to follow this year's event in an attempt to safeguard the competitors in a rally which has not only claimed more than its share of lives over the years, but which consolidated its reputation with the death of its founder. Thierry Sabine and four others were killed in a helicopter crash while following the rally in Mali. The event is now run by Sabine's father. This year, 30 aeroplanes, eight helicopters, teams of doctors and fleets of ambulances will be on hand to rescue those who fall by the wayside.

"This is not just a motor race, it is an education," says Partridge. "It is an overwhelming experience and we want to give it our best shot."

He and engineer, Parker, 42, face coaxed their Isuzu across dried-up riverbeds, potholed tracks and the sheer emptiness of the desert in the fierce heat of the day. Then, as temperatures plummet to below freezing at night, they must repair the ravages of the day, queue for fuel and food, put up a tent and study the route for the next day's section. If they are lucky, they may be able to snatch a couple of hours' sleep.

So why do they do it? "Where else in the world of motorsport can we line up with the former stars of Formula One and world rally champions, as well as others in our own position, in a situation where everyone is fighting against the conditions and not just each other," says Partridge. "Where else can we test ourselves to the limit of our endurance, at the end of our tethers, knowing that losing our composure is a recipe for disaster?"



Keith Parker, left, and Dick Partridge: "Where else can we test ourselves to the limit of our endurance, at the end of our tethers, knowing that losing our composure is a recipe for disaster?"

ing our composure is a sure recipe for disaster," says Partridge. "Where else in the world of motorsport can we line up with the former stars of Formula One and world rally champions, as well as others in our own position, in a situation where everyone is fighting against the conditions and not just each other," says Partridge. "Where else can we test ourselves to the limit of our endurance, at the end of our tethers, knowing that losing our composure is a sure recipe for disaster?"

Weymouth and Eastbourne before quitting at 21 to set up a garage business. At 25, Partridge fulfilled a long-standing ambition and learnt to fly. His competitive streak soon came to the fore when he began entering aerobatic contests. He was runner-up in the 1986 Scottish Open Championship and came second in the annual points table the following year.

The lure of motorsport soon became paramount again, however, and Partridge sold his plane to pay for his first entry in the Dakar rally. Parker's association with Partridge goes back to 1981, when the engineer went to work for him, helping to establish a dealership, workshop and MOT test centre at his garage.

In 1984 he set up his own business, through which he helped prepare Partridge's vehicles for domestic rallies. His first taste of the ravages of the Dakar event came when he helped restore the Isuzu Trooper following its recovery from the desert in 1989. Two years later he followed the rally in the mechanics' plane, only to see a transmission failure put Partridge's vehicle out of action. Parker coaxed the Isuzu back to England by road from southern Libya.

Vaughan Freeman finds the Chrysler Voyager has style and space — and chairs on wheels

## VOYAGER LE

Engine: 3.3-litre V6, giving 156bhp at 4,700rpm, driving front wheels through four-speed automatic gearbox with overdrive.

Performance: Top speed 112mph, 0-60 in 11.5 seconds.

Economy: 32.5mpg overall.

Equipment: Seven seats arranged with two front, two middle and a three-seat rear bench.

Price: £24,995 for the V6 long wheelbase Grand Voyager LE; £23,695 for the V6 short wheelbase; £18,995 for the short wheelbase 2.0-litre SE.

## A moving way to solve the seat of the problem

A bag of house coal weighs close on half a hundredweight, or 25kg. To move two such bags at once needs serious muscle power. Yet the "Easy Out" removable bench rear seats on Chrysler's all-new Voyager people carrier weigh in at 100lbs.

The smaller, removable single seats weigh a mere 55lbs, or one sack of coal. Even Chrysler has recognised the problem: for the rear, heavier bench seat is fitted with, as Chrysler claims, "rollers that act like small landing gear" so the seat can be trundled away to the garage when not needed inside the car.

Not only are the seats heavy, they are bulky too. For the garage-less Voyager owner, the seats must presumably sit side by side with the front room sofa. Garage owners can either put the car in out of the

cold, and the seats outside, or the car on the drive while the garage doubles as a furniture warehouse.

The dozen or so multipurpose vehicles, or people carriers, now competing in the market, all give their owners similar challenges. To handle the poundings of adult passengers, and to surpass ever more

rigorous safety requirements, car seats must be well engineered and strong, and that means heavy. The upside is that up to five seats in the versatile Voyager can be removed, giving a luggage space of Grand Canyon proportions. The Voyager's advantages clearly outweigh the seat dilemma, if sales are any judge.

In America, Chrysler is building around 700,000 a year; for Europe Chrysler plans initially to build a further 50,000 a year at its Austrian plant.

In Europe, Renault claims its Espace was the first "monobox" people mover, launched in 1984. In fact, Voyager went on sale in America a year earlier, and has since sold around six million units, making it far and away the world's best-selling MPV.



Child's play: landing gear-style rollers enable the back seats to be moved easily

This year Renault launches its dashboard-free Espace, from Toyota there is the new six-seat Picnic, as well as rivals from Ford, VW, Peugeot and Citroën, among many.

How does the Voyager compare? First, it is incredibly sleek. The nose, bonnet and windscreen are steeply raked, cutting wind resistance and wind noise and improving fuel economy at the same time. From the driver's seat, though, the bonnet falls away so sharply that it is impossible to

see the front bumper or corners, and parking is a nervous affair for those unused to the proportions.

A huge plus are the giant sliding doors on each side for the rear passengers. Gone are the days of chipped door edges in tight parking slots. They are easy and light to operate, yet shut and lock with a reassuring thunk. Unusually door runners are tucked away out of sight.

The very American-style positioning of the gear shift lever on a stalk mounted on the steering column is surprisingly easy to get used to, and, importantly, leaves the floor clear between driver and front-seat passenger.

The Voyager is very family-oriented, proof of which comes with 14 cupholders dotted around the interior, as well as useful cubby holes here, there and everywhere.

The Voyager arrives in March with a 3.3-litre 156bhp V6, and the 2.0-litre 16-valve engine taken from the Chrysler Neon saloon, matched to long and short wheelbase bodies. A 2.4-litre petrol and a 2.5-litre turbo diesel are also planned. The V6 version that I tried has plenty of power, even if it did seem to rev rather manically to deliver the extra pace needed to overtake motorway speeds.

The short wheelbase version is 186ins long, a foot longer than the Citroën Synergie and Renault Espace, while the long wheelbase Voyager is an even lengthier 199ins. The Voyager

is also 6ft tall and 6ft bins wide, so that the sliding doors come in handy, as do electrically folding wing mirrors that fold flat and then out again at the touch of a button.

American dimensions are matched by US levels of equipment. Air conditioning, anti-lock brakes and dual airbags are standard across the range, together with three years' warranty and roadside assistance cover.

Chrysler has spent \$3 billion on the new Voyager, and a further \$50 million converting it to right-hand drive. The fact there are at least a dozen MPV contenders in the market shows how fierce competition now is and why such investment is needed.

UK spokesman Peter Rawlinson says: "We expect to sell around 3,000 Voyagers this year, and the plan ultimately is to take 10 per cent at least of the UK people mover segment. The Ford Galaxy is the one to go for, because the Galaxy, and its identical sister car, the VW Sharan, take almost 50 per cent of the market and naturally we would like some of that."

Chrysler accepts that the prices for the Voyager start towards the top end of the Galaxy price range, pinching it head-on to the Espace, but hopes that the higher levels of standard equipment, and the larger dimensions, will woo motorists looking for something a little different.



Voyager: the world's best-selling MPV has a \$3bn new look and right-hand drive







SATURDAY JANUARY 4 1997

CAR 97

7

After strange adventures with the AA, Phil Butcher now provides doorstep service. Eve-Ann Prentice reports

# A very, very nice man to take home

The AA patrolman was quietly horrified. A black Labrador dog at the home of a prospective member cocked its leg and used an antique table leg as a canine latrine.

Phil Butcher, who had arrived to complete the paperwork for the home-owner to join the AA, was "slightly embarrassed... I thought that, if I had this lovely house, I wouldn't let my dog do that".

The Labrador had been sitting by the front door when Butcher arrived, and he assumed it was the man's pet. "When the dog, which trotted in when I was asked inside, sat up and had a pee, neither the gentleman nor his wife said anything. I was amazed."

"When we had completed all the paperwork and I was leaving, the dog stayed where it was and the man said 'Aren't you going to take your dog with you?'."

The experience was a typically zany example in the life of the AA patrolman. Now Butcher has abandoned his yellow patrol vehicle to hire himself out as a travelling mechanic, touring hundreds of square miles in one of the flattest and most windswept places in Britain.

It is the brainchild of carmakers, Seat, who have equipped Butcher, 40, with a white, hi-tech Alhambra van and the tools needed to carry out services and repairs at homes and workplaces in the Fens of Cambridgeshire and North Norfolk.

As he begins his new life as a travelling, personal mechanic, he revealed some of the outrageous moments which show how colourful the life of the AA man can be. His experiences include looking aghast as the man whose car he had been towing suddenly appeared running down the road alongside him.

"It was dark and raining when I arrived to give the man a tow. He said he had been towed before and everything was going OK when I heard this bugging noise. I looked to the side and saw the gentleman running down the road alongside me when I was doing about 10mph. He said he had just thought of a short cut I told him it was a bit naughty to leave the car."

Then there was the saga of the Frenchman. One of Butcher's colleagues asked for assistance after being baffled trying to find a fault in a car belonging to a man who spoke no English. The car was on a ramp, various parts were strewn around and the car-owner was gesticulating wildly when Butcher arrived to help.

"I soon realised the foreign gentleman was French and that



Have grease gun, will travel: Phil Butcher services Angie Fairhurst's Seat Ibiza in her works car park. "If there's anything I can't do, I would refer the customer to the best dealer I know for the job"

there was nothing wrong with his car," he says. "He had just stopped to ask directions."

The pursuit of being a very, very nice man was not a little painful when Butcher was approached by a female AA member driving a Mercedes who complained the car was overheating. She said she could not open the windows to talk to him while he worked as she had a nervous Siamese cat inside which was desperate to escape.

Butcher, who was in the middle of dealing with another customer, quickly diagnosed the problem and was about to return to his first client 200 yards down the road, when the woman absent-mindedly

wound down her car window to thank him.

The cat flew out and the woman was very distraught. I ended up with a can of cat food and a fork from the lady's boot, on a roundabout in the middle of a very busy junction searching for the cat while the woman became more and more agitated. After 45 minutes I saw two pointed ears in the middle of some nettles. I leapt at him, managed to grab him and, non-too gently because I was not going to let go, managed to get him back to his owner. It was only then that I remembered the customer I had left 200 yards down the road...

Now Butcher has abandoned

roadside crises to take his expertise to people's homes. The idea behind the travelling mechanic scheme is to persuade people to buy a Seat car even though there may be no Seat dealer within miles. The contracted-out AA man will go to the car and carry out the work from his van. This way, Seat hopes, potential customers will be reassured that they can have their cars serviced without undertaking a trek across miles of treeless terrain which can be deeply inhospitable in winter.

Although it is a Seat scheme, anyone with any make of car living in the flat, bed-dyed area can use the service, which costs £21.25 an

hour plus VAT "from the moment the bonnet is opened, not from the time I set out", says Butcher. Some garages in the area charge £30-£37 an hour.

As the number of car companies proliferates, the number of dealerships has been dwindling, and would-be buyers in rural areas can feel cut off from help should anything go wrong after they have taken the car home.

Butcher, who keeps a large stock of spares at his home and workplace at Littleport, near Ely, is anxious to avoid treading on dealers' toes: "I reckon I can do anything which

doesn't need a ramp, but if there is anything I can't do, I would refer the customer to the best dealer I know for the job."

His area stretches from Wisbech in Cambridgeshire to Fakenham, Downham Market, King's Lynn and Wells in Norfolk.

"This is not a nine to five job and if anyone wants me on a Saturday morning if necessary, I will do it," he says.

Although as an AA man he has become accustomed to working under a bonnet or wrenching at wheelnuts in the sort of Siberian-blown weather which only the Fens can dish up, Butcher has devised himself a key comfort for working

from the Seat Alhambra which is his mobile garage. He persuaded a Cambridge sail-maker to rig up a sheltering polypropylene canopy which can fit between his van and the car on which he is working.

"I designed it because everything I was shown had poles or attachments which could damage the customer's car," he says. "This has no sharp materials and is light and easy to put up and only cost £120."

Kevin Rose, Seat's Director of Sales, sees scope for expansion of the scheme: "We could have technicians all over the country."

You can telephone Phil Butcher on his mobile phone during working hours on 0410 094338 or on 0501 23 23 22.

## A booted one that will run and run

Alan Copps finds the Renault Megane Classic in the best French traditions

My wife, Anna, swears by her basic transport, a boxy-looking Renault 9 that she inherited from her father about ten years ago.

Its brown paint is faded and the seats creak a bit - I've even noticed a hint of moss around the rear screen seal. But it always starts first time, even in this week's bitter cold, and will happily cruise a motorway at 70mph.

The odometer is fast approaching the 100,000-mile mark, but the car plugs on with running costs that consist of routine oil and water checks, the occasional minor repair and a once-a-year pre-MOT service. The cares of depreciation and resale value are long past: "It's virtually free motoring, now," Anna gleefully reminds me as I quote the price of the latest car I've been given to test.

I suspect that in a dozen more years motorists will be able to say the same about the Renault Megane Classic, the booted version of the French company's successful lower-medium range model. The virtues of this car are very much in line with those of the faithful old 9: a comparatively simple car that promises utter reliability with a clever combination of passenger and luggage space.

I've often been impressed by the interior space of the Renault 9, even compared to

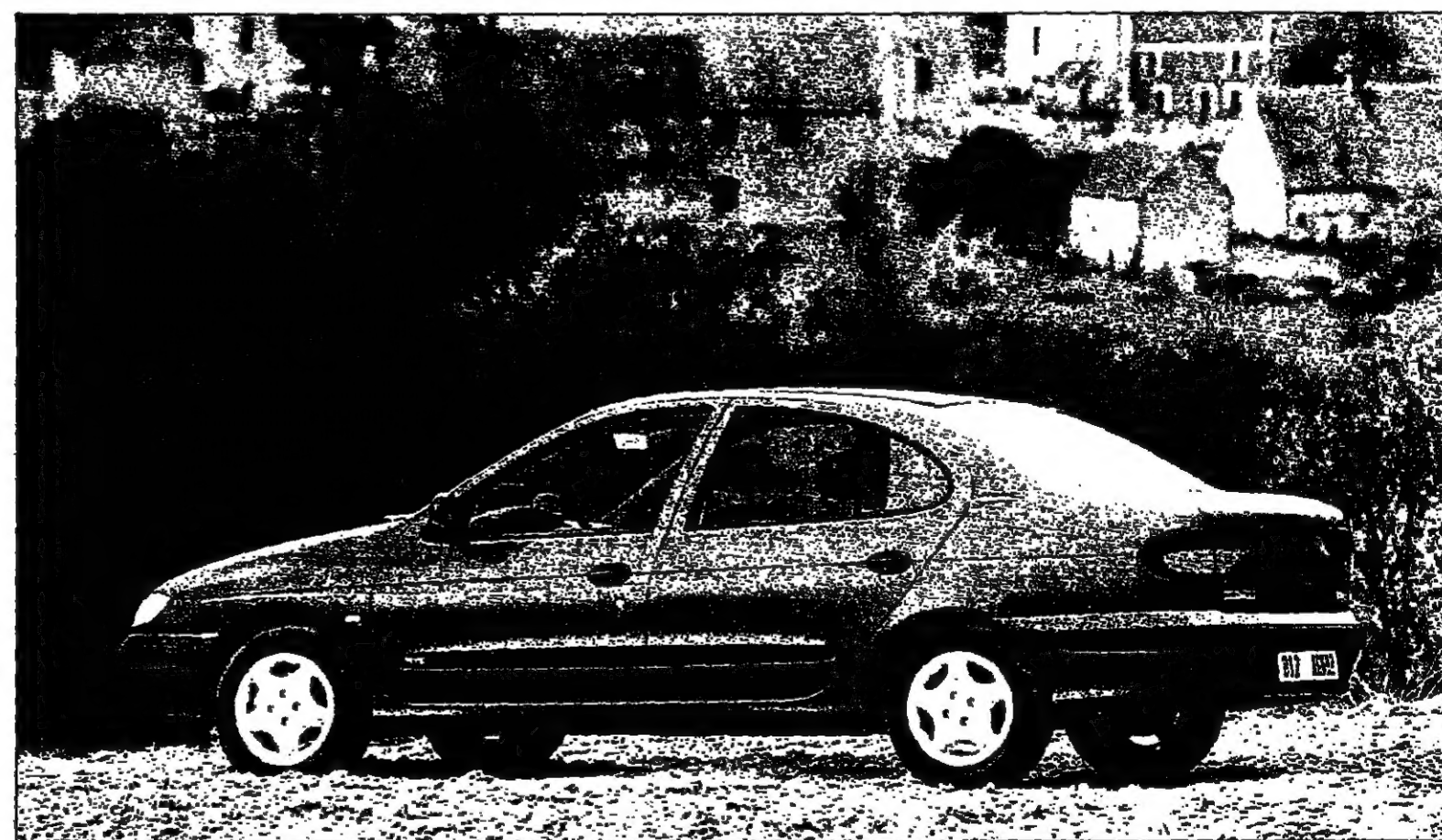
some current vehicles in the same class, and the boot has rarely proved anything but adequate to the needs of a family on the move.

But in both these departments the Megane Classic represents a huge step forward. The boot is little short of phenomenal: at 510 litres, Renault claims that it is not only much larger than any competitor in the lower-medium segment - the likes of the Ford Escort, Vauxhall Astra and Peugeot 306 - but is bigger than that of many cars from two classes above, such as the Jaguar saloon, BMW 5-Series and Audi A6. Renault also points out that it offers more luggage capacity than any of their own hatchbacks.

I cannot pretend that I had the opportunity to check all these claims in a week's test drive, but I can say that the boot will take a 5ft-plus Christmas tree with a tendency to spay out in all the wrong places, an avalanche of presents and several bags of supermarket shopping and still close with room to spare.

Just in case that's not sufficient - should, for example, you wish to move a wardrobe in your saloon - the rear seats are split to fold in combination and since the folding mechanism includes the seat cushion as well as the backrest the flat load area offered comes close to that of some estate cars.

The only snag with this enormous boot is that it does



Renault Megane Classic: as well as the phenomenal boot, interior space matches that of cars such as the Ford Mondeo and Vauxhall Vectra

### RENAULT MEGANE CLASSIC

Engine (1.6 RT): four-cylinder 1598cc producing 90bhp at 5000rpm.

Transmission: Choice of five-speed manual or four-speed automatic.

Performance: Maximum speed 115mph; 0-62mph in 11.5 seconds.

Economy: 56.5mpg at constant 56mph; 34.4mpg urban cycle.

Price: £12,500 on the road.

nothing for the car's aesthetics, but then styling has never been the principal reason for buying a Renault and a bit of bulk at the back end is a small price for such practicality.

The huge boot may be the most remarkable feature of this car, but it is not the only one. The interior space also matches that of cars such as the Ford Mondeo and Vauxhall Vectra, and the cabin offers excellent visibility.

The controls are very simple and convenient and a comfort-

able driving position is easy to achieve. The performance of the RT version I tried was hardly startling but would easily meet everyday needs.

One big difference between this, or almost any modern car, and its predecessors such as the 4 is the amount of attention paid to safety and security. One of Renault's innovations in this area is the Programmable Restraint System which works on the seat-belt pretensioners to slow the rate at which passengers suf-

fer deceleration in an emergency stop. It is said to offer better protection against neck, thorax and head injuries.

The Megane Classic comes with a choice of 1.6-litre and 2-litre petrol engines or 1.9-litre diesel in either naturally aspirated or turbo form. The fuel economy for the turbo diesel is exceptional, with a claimed 62mpg at a constant 56mph and over 40 in town; this would give a touring range of 617 miles on a single tank. The 1.6-litre petrol version offers 56.5mpg at a constant 56mph and 34.4mpg in town.

Another big advantage is that Renault prices "now include delivery, three years' RAC membership and "3,21 Peace of Mind package" - three years' warranty, two years' free servicing and one year's road fund licence.

Whether this Megane will prove to be a real Classic remains to be seen, but it is a worthy upholder of a tradition of economical and functional French motoring.

### NEWS IN BRIEF

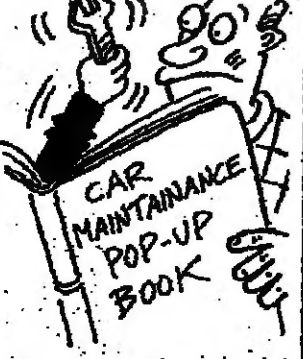
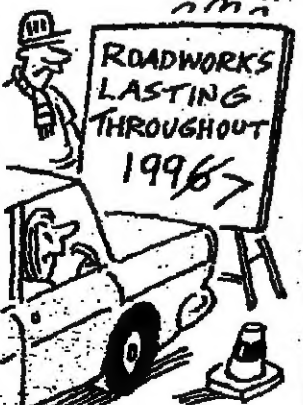
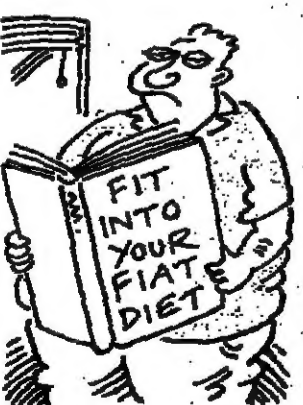
## Ford raises prices, but includes extras

PRICES of most Ford cars and commercial vehicles are going up by an average of 1.7 per cent from Monday and, in line with many other makers, the company will quote on-the-road prices, including delivery, numberplates and road tax, in all future price lists. Exceptions to the rise include the Ka, Fiesta Classic and Escort Focus. The increase takes the on-the-road price of a Fiesta 3-door 1.25 LX from £9,805 to £9,945 and of a 2-litre Galaxy Aspen from £17,880 to £18,285.

Proton is also putting up prices by about 0.5 per cent, giving the Persona 5-door LSSEi an on-the-road tag of £13,665. For the next three months Proton is also offering all potential UK customers free use of a demonstration car for 24 hours, subject to driver status and mileage limitations.

## Autosport on show

THE racing car show, Autosport International 97, runs at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, from Friday until Sunday. The Live Action arena features rally challenges, kart racing and quad bikes among other vehicles. Tickets and information: 0121-767 4747.



Haldane



10



SATURDAY JANUARY 4 1997

CAR 97

The next stage is GDI... Anthony Lewis on how Mitsubishi has found the Holy Grail of engine technology



Mitsubishi Galant: 90 per cent of saloon customers are ordering the GDI engine

## Your fuel will be with you directly

First there was the carburettor, then in the late 1970s came fuel injection. Now in the search for petrol-powered economy, Mitsubishi can claim a huge leap forward with the gasoline direct injection (GDI) engine, already powering the new Galant in Japan and due to arrive in Europe next summer.

In terms of engine technology, it is a Holy Grail. It offers a 35 per cent improvement in fuel economy, a 10 per cent power increase over a conventional petrol engine and a reduction of between 70 and 90 per cent in harmful exhaust emissions.

Mitsubishi has been inundated with inquiries from its rivals, said Kazuo Nagasawa, the man in charge of international business for Mitsubishi Motors in Tokyo.

Among the first customers for the GDI Galant were Toyota and General Motors, even though Toyota is due to launch its own GDI engine shortly.

Mitsubishi plans to be magnanimous and make the technology available — at a price — when it can. More than 180 patents have been

taken out to protect the invention and the company is working flat out to keep pace with domestic demand.

Orders for the Galant, Japan's Car of the Year, are running at almost three times the sales target, with 90 per cent of saloon customers wanting the GDI engine and one in three estate customers. The current waiting list is two to three months. Eventually half the 2.5 million petrol engines Mitsubishi builds each year will use direct injection.

The breakthrough came five years ago when, by using laser technology and high-speed cameras, engineers were able to study exactly what goes on at the moment of ignition.

In the GDI, petrol is directly injected into the cylinder, as in a diesel engine, but the injection timings are precisely controlled to match load conditions.

To achieve this, the GDI engine has an upright straight intake port to get the best airflow into the cylinder, a curved-top piston rather than a flat top to help the air-fuel mixture swirl towards the spark plug in a controlled pattern and a high-pressure fuel pump that feeds pres-

**GALANT GDI**  
Engine: 1.84cc, four-cylinder 16-valve.  
Maximum power: 148bhp at 6,500rpm.  
Economy: 53.4mpg (Japanese urban cycle); 57.5mpg at 38mpg.

sured fuel into the injectors. These control the air-fuel mixture and vary the spray pattern, depending on throttle opening and the curved-top pistons help keep the sprayed fuel in a compact form until the last moment before ignition by spark plug.

In diesel engines, the light oil is easily ignited by compression, but petrol needs a spark — the key for the GDI engine was controlling the air-fuel mixture around the spark plug.

The GDI engine costs £160 more to build than a similar petrol engine, but £250 less than a turbo diesel unit, and it is considerably lighter than a diesel.

The engine is now being tuned for use in Europe where higher speeds and mileage create different demands, as do EC emission laws. The target, says Akira Kijima, head of the engine design department, is to keep economy close to the 35 per cent savings in Japan without affecting the higher power output.

He believes GDI bridges the gap between spark ignition petrol and compression ignition diesel, inheriting the benefits of both with none of the drawbacks.

There's a breathlessness about conventional lean-burn engines that makes them unrewarding to drive, especially at higher revs. And we all know that diesels, while fine once up and running, can be noisy and awkward at lower speeds, often needing a hefty right foot to make any headway.

A modest 80-mile drive — thankfully free of Japan's notorious traffic jams — suggested that Kijima was right.

The Galants used for the test were fitted with instant fuel consumption read-out devices. Bowling along the freeway at 50mph — fairly normal in Japan — produced an impressive 50mpg, while at 60mph it was 67mpg.

A 12-mile mountain road,

complete with hairpins, plenty of second gear work and hard acceleration (about the only way to have fun in speed-conscious Japan), saw an equally laudable 28mpg return.

City driving was, thankfully, excused, but Mitsubishi claims a 5 per cent improvement over the best diesels with similar power — the 1.8-litre GDI unit produces 148bhp.

The clever bit in the development was the high-pressure fuel pump and injector that allows a 40:1 air-fuel ratio compared to a conventional engine's 15:1. Normally, combustion begins to deteriorate

beyond a ratio of 20:1. But even when deliberately running in a high gear and with little throttle, the GDI engine picks up smoothly and cleanly and then carries on across the rev range with the transition from ultra-economy running to higher power unnoticeable.

Idling speed is 600rpm rather than the 750rpm of most engines and this, says Mitsubishi, reduces fuel consumption by 40 per cent at idling, so you can feel smug when at a standstill. In a car such as the Galant a 1.8-litre engine might seem too small, but the GDI has the drivability of a two-litre (it is actually more powerful than Mitsubishi's current two-litre engine), a feeling enhanced by the flat torque curve giving plenty of usable power between 2,000rpm and 4,500rpm.

The Galant goes on sale in the UK in April next year with

choice of saloon or estate — but it will probably be late 1998 before the GDI engine is available. The Dutch-built Carisma will be first with GDI power, late in 1997.

Mitsubishi believe that the Galant, while traditionally in the Mondeo/Vectra class, forms a new sub-class under cars such as the BMW 5 series and Audi A4, both of which are on the hit list for sales in the UK.

The Galant looks the part, elegant and distinctive and even in Japanese trim the ride and handling impressed. Best of all though was the steering which, unusually for Japan, was pin sharp and responsive.

Engine choices for the UK will be 2-litre, four cylinder and 2.5-litre V6. Features include side airbags and electronically-operated anti-trap windows. Prices will be between £16,600 and £25,000.

## 'I ended up in a lady's greenhouse. I bought her a hydrangea'

Derek Nimmo tells Andrew Pierce about an uncontrollable encounter in Olney

It's pantomime season again when big name soap stars compete for the applause with many forgotten faces from the small screen. The services of Derek Nimmo are always in demand, currently as Baron Hardup opposite Patsy Palmer from *East Enders*, who has the lead role in *Cinderella* at the Theatre Royal in Bath.

He started his professional career at the Hippodrome Theatre, Bolton, more than 40 years ago. After a string of film and television series he was awarded the Royal Television Society's Silver Medal and is a former Variety Club and Showbusiness Personality of the Year. An accomplished wit and raconteur, he won the Benedictine After Dinner Speaker of the Year Award in 1990.

Nimmo, who for 29 years has been a panellist on Radio 4 shows such as *Just a Minute*, is not seen so often on television these days. Since 1975 he has been presenting plays, featuring star comedy names, in 30 countries as diverse as Australia, Singapore, Hong Kong, Thailand and Dubai.

In recent years Nimmo, the author of several books, has become a controversial figure in London clubland by leading the opposition to the admission of women members at his beloved Garrick Club. Don't tell *Cinderella*.

How did you first learn to drive?

I was taught by my father. A strict disciplinarian, he would probably have been better equipped as an instructor to a Panzer division. His tuition, although strict, was very meticulous. I passed my test at the first attempt.

What was your first car?

A 1937 Buick with running boards. The kind of transport much fa-

voured by Mr Al Capone. My first marital home was a caravan and my wife and I invested our joint savings in the mobile home, leaving only £37 to buy a car. It did just eight miles to the gallon and even on our first trip, to play the Nottingham Empire, the petrol tank sprang a leak.

The journey was a distinctly unhappy one. Having been advised by a passing AA scout that the only way we could reach our goal in time was by sticking chewing gum over the hole, we took to masticating a Wrigley's Spearmint as we drove along the M1. Once it had achieved the necessary consistency we would leap out of the car, add further repairs to the hole, and speed on our way.

What car do you drive now, and why?

A Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit because it epitomises the best of British design. It also has plenty of room for my grandchildren and is extremely comfortable. My wife is not so patriotic. She drives a Honda.

Do you enjoy driving?

Not in the slightest. My wife is a very much better driver than I am. She has complete concentration, whereas I tend to look at the scenery.

What is your dream car?

In the early 1970s I had a huge Hooper-bodied Si Bentley — aluminium body with a sunshine roof. At the time I was living near San Tropez and one has wondrous memories of driving to Monte Carlo, the car filled with children, and Elton John and James Taylor on the eight-track stereo.



Derek Nimmo and his best-of-British-design Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit: "My wife is not so patriotic. She drives a Honda"

What is your most hated car?

A canvas-sided Land Rover registration number MPJ 735. After the Buick finally blew up, my father bought me the Land Rover to tow the caravan. Alas, there was no heating in 1955 and the windscreen wiper was worked by a little machine outside the car. I was

touring with Peter Brough and Archie Andrews at the time throughout a long cold winter. We would arrive at the next theatre totally frozen.

What do you listen to in the car?

Radio 4. Sometimes I hear myself on *Just a Minute*. It is most

revealing. We do two programmes on the trot. Because it is so fast, with no hesitation or deviation, I can never remember a word I have said by the time I leave the studio.

What is your worst habit in the car?

Being a back seat driver.

What is the most unusual thing you have done in your car?

Last year I popped into the small Buckinghamshire market town of Olney to buy some Siltan. As I was manoeuvring the Rolls to leave, the accelerator became trapped beneath the carpet. The acceleration was horrendous. I instantly took off

like a rocket, and within some 20 seconds I had destroyed three other cars, gone straight through a garden fence, knocked over a tree and ended up inside a frightfully charming lady's greenhouse. I switched off the key and bought her a hydrangea.

What infuriates you most about other drivers?

The unforgivable increase in obscenities and vulgar gestures with which motorists seem today to express themselves when confronted by even the most minor frustration.

Have you ever had points on your licence?

I was given them some time ago. I was driving on a hard shoulder, because there was a queue of traffic, and a police car spotted me from the motorway bridge.

If you were Secretary of State for Transport, what is the first thing you would do?

I would make it absolutely clear that the speed limit is acceptable. Recently we were driving to Taunton. My wife kept the speed at 72mph, even when she saw she was being followed by a police car. They pulled us on to the hard shoulder. The officer said: "Do you realise you were doing 70mph in the middle lane? If you choose to drive on a motorway, you should do at least 80mph." I said: "But surely that is exceeding the speed limit by 10mph." "Maybe it is," said the officer from Thames Valley. "But in the middle lane you have to do 60." Extraordinary.

What is your favourite/most hated car ad?

Favourite: any that have scantily-clad women draped all over the bonnets. The one I hate: the advertisement for a Nissan Primera where the car goes off for a journey of its own.



# 'If you're desperate to get away from it all, this is how to get a long way away in a short time'

**Helen Mound**  
finds the ideal  
Tango-coloured  
antidote for  
the aftermath  
of Christmas

Christmas is a difficult time of year. A three-day holiday of blissful family togetherness can so often turn into 72 unbroken hours of screaming spouse and feuding in-laws.

And New Year more often compounds Yuletide neurosis than offering any antidote. So if you are a shaking wreck emerging from the nether regions of a holiday from hell desperately seeking a pick-me-up why not try the Lotus Esprit GT3?

This Tango-coloured sports car will come screaming into your life like a whirling dervish, panting on your drive, waiting to be admired.

If you spent Advent proclaiming "Bah, humbug" to any mistletoe-wielding idiot who tried to get you into the festive spirit, and three days and three nights trapped with the in-laws has sent your stress levels into hyperspace, this could be just what you need. If you're desperate to get away from it all, this is how to get a long way away in a short time.

The Esprit GT3 is tantalisingly fast, stunning to look at, has ultra-sensitive steering, goes round corners faster than some cars can manage on the straight, and pushed to the red line in every gear it wails like a cat in a midnight choir.

Its 0-60mph sprint time of just over five seconds and top speed potential of 164mph is the perfect rush to cure post-Christmas blues. Further emotional abatement will come from the £39,450 price tag — not cheap I know, but it's £20,000 cheaper than the only other Esprit, the £59,995 V8. It's even £3,000 cheaper than the original "charge-cooled"



The Lotus Esprit GT3: tantalisingly fast, stunning to look at, corners faster than some cars can manage on the straight and, pushed to the red line in every gear, wails like a cat in a midnight choir

version of the Esprit Turbo SE launched in 1989. It's remarkable that Lotus has managed to produce this miraculous bargain supercar.

The Norfolk-based company has had nothing but problems in the past few years: buyouts, closures and redundancies have been con-

stantly threatened. And yet, in that time, Lotus has managed to develop the award-winning Elise, then the awesome Esprit V8 and now the stunning GT3. The company is on a roll.

Now its financial problems appear to have been resolved. Lotus has been bought by Proton, the Malaysian manu-

facturer, and things look promising. But the production of these three great sports cars is made all the more special by the fact that they were produced on a shoestring before the cavalry arrived in the shape of Malaysian investors. The idea for the Esprit GT3 is similar to that of Porsche's

968 Clubsport and Lamborghini's Diablo SV. It has been stripped of its luxuries in the name of weight and performance, although the designers have allowed electric windows and door mirrors to stay. It's an exotic little niche market this one, for the driver who wants a supercar but can't bear to be without the "raw" feel of a proper sports car.

It wasn't a complicated project. Lotus wanted to put a gap between the Esprit V8 and the old 2.2 Turbo SE version. Fortunately, the company already had an engine that fitted the bill, a turbo-charged 2-litre unit used for Continental markets. So in went the 2-litre engine, out came the "executive-appealing" trim, and on to the new car's flanks went a historic motorsport name.

The result is a rip-roaring, no-holds-barred, stuff-the-turkey, supercar. Inside, the same aggressive mood prevails. Echoing the idea of body-coloured mouldings inside Fiat's Barchetta and Coupé, the GT3's centre console is a bright splash of orange, as are the backs of the competition-

## LOTUS ESPRIT GT3

**Engine:** 16-valve, four-cylinder, turbocharged 1973cc producing 240bhp at 6,250 rpm.  
**Transmission:** Five-speed manual through rear wheels.  
**Performance:** Top speed 164mph, 0-60mph in 5.1 secs.  
**Economy:** Urban 14.9mpg; extra urban 32.8mpg; combined cycle 22.6mpg.  
**Equipment:** Anti-lock brakes, power steering and electric windows, but there is no stereo. The factory will fit one as a £445 option.  
**Price:** £39,450.

style bucket seats. (There are two alternative body colours, green and silver, for more retiring customers.) What is odd, is that while this is the base "stripped-out" version, no Esprit interior has ever looked this good or felt this solid. A word of warning: about those seats though — no one can maintain their dignity when clambering in and out of the deep buckets.

Fire-up this mid-engined supercar and you won't be immediately impressed. The engine is bad-mannered when idling, makes an unrewarding

zinging sound at low revs, and thanks to good-old-fashioned turbo-lag, you need to pile on the revs before the GT3 gets on the pace. But once you're above 2500rpm, the GT3 — and your senses — will light up, and the throttle response on the move is staggeringly swift.

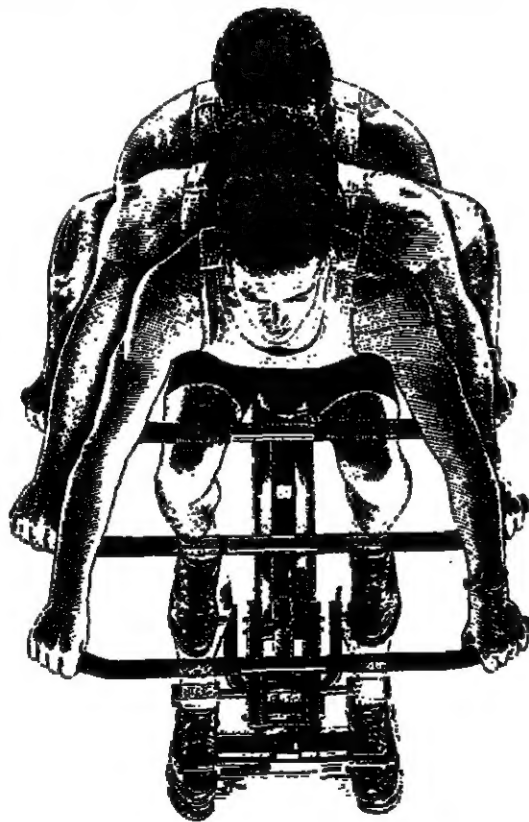
Take it wailing to the red line in second gear (that's for having to be so nice to the in-laws for so long), howl through the revs in third gear (and that's for sitting me next to your deaf Uncle Rupert at lunch): reach maximum revs

in fourth, and unless you're lucky enough to have your own race track, you'll spend the end of the holiday season in a 9ft by 12ft cell in solitary confinement. This is an astonishingly quick car and it's as well to treat its performance with respect, as it has a habit of creeping up on you un-

awares (honest, officer). But what really excites about the GT3 is its cornering. Only a go-kart could respond more precisely. Make the slightest movement with the thick-rimmed steering wheel and the car reacts as if it has already read your mind. Only the deranged or racing driver (one and the same thing, perhaps?) would deliberately try to push beyond the tyres' phenomenal dry-weather grip. This is what the motoring world calls "an engaging drive" and stress relief doesn't get any better.

The Esprit is 21 years old this year and, it's clear, that Lotus has found a fitting way to celebrate its coming of age with the GT3, the finest version yet of a legendary British sports car.

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## Bull-bar deaths questioned

**Jonathan Prynn**  
on figures that  
shift the blame

Estimates of the number of people killed by steel "bull-bars" attached to the front of four-wheel-drive vehicles may be hugely overstated, latest research has found.

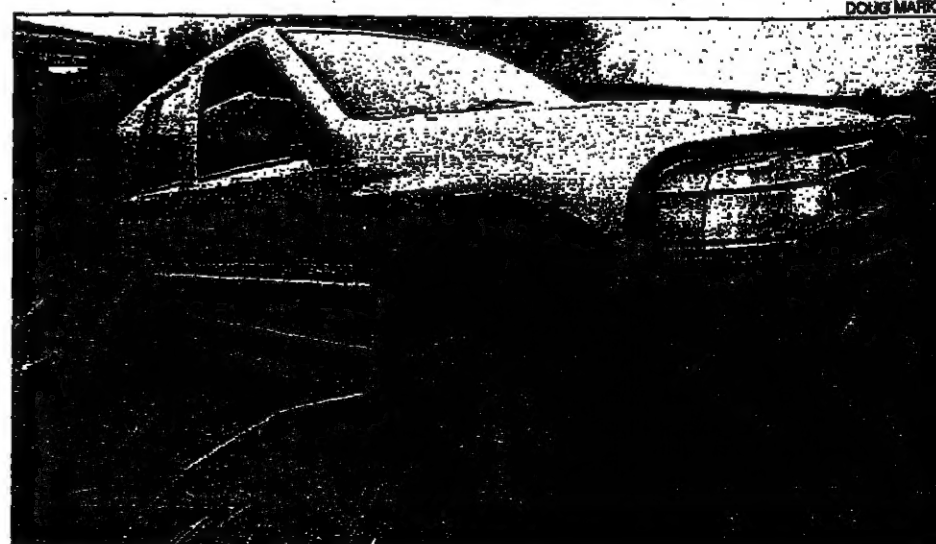
The Transport Research Laboratory (TRL) has downgraded its figure for the number of deaths caused each year by bull-bars from 35 to two or three, and the number of injuries from 350 to 40.

The figures are based on a survey of accidents during 1994 in which vehicles with bull-bars injured cyclists or pedestrians.

Brian Hardy, a safety expert at the TRL, who studied the data from the crashes, said: "As a result of this study of reported accidents, we are now able to revise our estimates of the numbers of deaths and serious casualties caused by bull-bars from their initial high levels."

The available accident data provides evidence of only two or three deaths and 40 serious casualties resulting directly from the presence of bull-bars. "These current estimates are much lower than most previous estimates but, in relation to the number of vehicles fitted with bull-bars, the increases are still significant."

The use of bull-bars has come under unrelenting attack



Bull-bars: unrelenting attack from politicians and safety groups since a series of fatalities

from politicians and safety groups since a series of high profile fatal accidents involving vehicles with bull-bars in the early 1990s.

Steve Norris, the former transport minister, said last year that he would ban them if he had legal powers to do so, but was prevented by European trade rules.

Paul Flynn, the Labour MP for Newport West who has led campaigns against bull-bars, said: "Bull-bars remain the most obvious manifestation of the move from defensive to offensive driving and fly in the face of moves towards more pedestrian-friendly front ends to cars." He is to introduce a Bill to the Commons to ban bull-bars on January 14.

Edmund King, head of campaigns for the RAC, said: "The TRL itself admits that there is a huge degree of uncertainty about bull-bars. The safety case against them has been highlighted in several tragic accidents when the coroner and police officers expressed the view that bull-bars made the injuries worse. Any fashion accessory which makes a vehicle more dangerous must be opposed in the interests of road safety."

Richard Freeman, of the AA, said: "It is only possible to estimate the harmful effects of bull-bars, although it is quite obvious that if you bolt pieces of metal to the front of a vehicle it will

concentrate the impact in a particular area.

"You do not have to be a genius to work out that it will cause more harm to a pedestrian or another vehicle if they are hit by a bull bar. It is also clear that bull-bars are more dangerous to a pedestrian if they are hit by a vehicle at the same speed than one that is not fitted with them."

An estimated 500,000 vehicles in the UK are fitted with the metal bars, originally designed to protect the front of Australian farm vehicles from the effects of striking kangaroos. Some manufacturers have already begun to replace them with "soft" bars made from plastic compounds that inflict less damage.